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O'Sullivan

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STUART LECONS

LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE

ANCIENNE ET MODERNE

PAR D. STUART

PRÉFACES

DES PRINCIPES DE GRAMMAIRE ANGLAISE

LES PLUS CÉLÈBRES D'ANGLETERRE

PAR D. STUART

Les formalités exigées par la loi ayant été remplies,
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D. Stuart

Œuvre présentée par l'Université royale de France

à l'usage des Collèges et Institutions

J. M. H. H. H.

TOME I. — PROSE

PARIS.

LA LIBRAIRIE CLASSIQUE

DE MADAME V. MAIRIE-NYON.

13, QUAI CONTI, PRÈS DE L'HÔTEL DES MONNAIES.

1845

LEÇONS
DE
LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE
ANCIENNE ET MODERNE,

PRÉCÉDÉES
DES PRÉCEPTES DU GENRE TIRÉS DES LITTÉRATEURS
LES PLUS CÉLÈBRES D'ANGLETERRE;
SUIVIES
D'UNE BIOGRAPHIE
DES PROSATEURS LES PLUS ESTIMÉS
DE LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE, DE L'IRLANDE ET DE L'AMÉRIQUE.

PAR D. O'SULLIVAN,
PROFESSEUR DE LANGUE ET DE LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISES
AU COLLÈGE ROYAL DE SAINT-LOUIS, ETC.

Ouvrage prescrit par l'Université royale de France
à l'usage des Collèges et Institutions.

Quatrième Edition.

TOME I. — PROSE.

PARIS.
A LA LIBRAIRIE CLASSIQUE
DE MADAME V^e MAIRE-NYON,
13, QUAI CONTI, PRÈS DE L'HÔTEL DES MONNAIES.

1845

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM
THE MOST CELEBRATED
BRITISH PROSE WRITERS,
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY
CONTAINING THE OBSERVATIONS OF
SWIFT, JOHNSON, BLAIR, SIR WALTER SCOTT, HAZLITT, ETC.
ON
THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PROSE COMPOSITION;
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
AND
CRITICAL REMARKS.

BY D. O'SULLIVAN, B. A.

ENGLISH PROFESSOR AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS, ETC.

Adopted by the French University for the Use
of Colleges and Schools.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which Poetry, Eloquence,
and History are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish
in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune,
and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great. BLAIR.

Fourth Edition.

VOL. I.—PROSE.

PARIS :

V^e MAIRE-NYON,

13, QUAI CONTI, NEAR THE HÔTEL DES MONNAIES.

1845

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AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

CONTAINING THE OBSERVATIONS OF

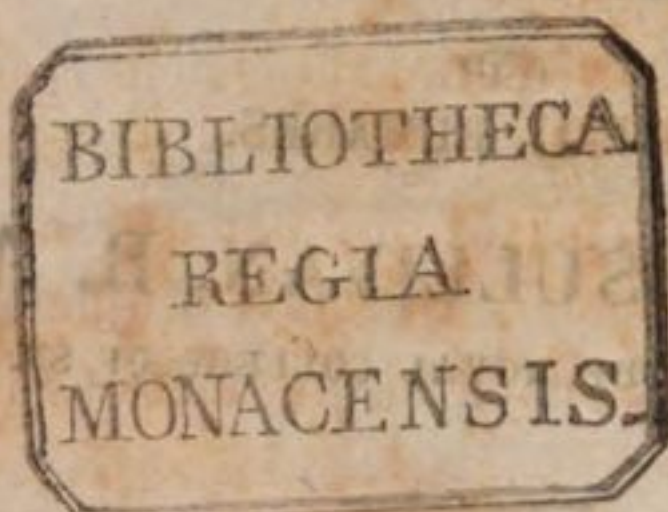
SWIFT, JOHNSON, BLAIR, SIR WALTER SCOTT, HARRIS, ETC.

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and the admiration of what is truly divine and great.

Fourth Edition

VOL. I. PROSE.

PARIS :

MAIRIE-NYON

PARIS. — IMPRIMERIE DE FAIN ET THUNOT,
Rue Racine, 28, près de l'Odéon.

PRÉFACE

DE LA PREMIÈRE ÉDITION.

L'expérience a démontré que l'étude des langues étrangères influe puissamment sur les progrès des lettres, des sciences, des arts, et de la civilisation. C'est par suite de leur utile secours que s'établissent les relations entre les peuples; que nous apprécions leurs poètes, le mérite de leurs auteurs et de tous les grands hommes qui ont contribué à étendre la sphère de nos connaissances; que nous étudions leur législation et leurs mœurs; enfin, c'est par cette même étude que l'histoire des nations pass : d'âge en âge jusqu'à la postérité la plus reculée.

Laissant de côté tout esprit de nationalité, nous croirons n'être que juste en disant que l'Angleterre avait déjà adopté les bons auteurs français quand la plupart de ceux de la Grande-Bretagne étaient encore presque inconnus en France. Aujourd'hui SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, THOMSON, POPE, YOUNG, GOLDSMITH, ADDISON, LORD BYRON, WALTER SCOTT, THOMAS MOORE, CAMPBELL, ROGERS, etc., sont aussi familiers aux littérateurs français que PRIESTLEY, CAVENDISH, H. DAVY, PERKINS, WOLLASTON, DALTON, THOMSON, etc., le sont aux chimistes et aux physiciens. On peut donc assurer avec certitude que, grâce à l'extension donnée à l'étude de la langue française en Angleterre, et de la langue anglaise en France, il existe entre ces deux nations un échange continuel de rapports scientifiques et littéraires, de découvertes, de perfectionnements, de pratiques nouvelles, enfin de toutes les productions de l'esprit humain, qui ont placé ces deux peuples à la tête de la civilisation.

L'accroissement qu'a pris l'étude de la langue anglaise est tel, qu'on la regarde maintenant comme le complément d'une bonne éducation. Disons-le hardiment, il y a eu, jusqu'à présent, dans l'enseignement universitaire, des lacunes que le temps seul pourra remplir. Ce n'est pas ici le lieu d'examiner s'il ne serait pas convenable d'adopter un plan d'éducation qui, sans nuire aux études solides, dont la littérature ancienne serait toujours la base, en respectant les langues d'Homère et de Virgile sans les rendre exclusives, fût plus en harmonie avec l'esprit du siècle, et rendit plus facile et plus fructueuse l'étude des di-

verses branches des connaissances humaines. Bornons-nous à faire des vœux pour qu'une sage administration, secouant les préjugés de la routine, apporte, dans une affaire aussi importante, les améliorations dont le besoin est généralement senti. Il serait honteux, en effet, que la France, ennoblie par tant d'illustrations, restât sur ce point en arrière de quelques autres nations, et qu'une jeunesse studieuse, si avide d'instruction, fût privée de la connaissance d'une langue si féconde en beautés, d'une littérature si riche en chefs-d'œuvre de tous les genres, d'une langue qui dédommage de ses difficultés par les charmes et les avantages réels qu'elle offre. Mais un motif plus puissant encore a fait sentir la nécessité d'en introduire l'enseignement dans les collèges royaux : les vaisseaux anglais couvrent toutes les mers ; l'empire britannique comprend plus de la septième partie de la population du globe. Sur cent cinquante millions d'habitants, la sixième partie parle habituellement anglais, et, parmi le reste de cette immense population, un grand nombre commence à l'apprendre. Enfin, partout où se trouvent des comptoirs anglais, les écoles de Lancaster propagent cette langue, jusque dans les dernières classes de la société, avec une rapidité presque magique. Il y a quarante ans que les anciennes colonies anglaises se sont séparées de la métropole ; ces trois millions d'hommes ont plus que quadruplé. Luttant, depuis cette époque, en industrie, en commerce, avec l'ancienne mère patrie, les Américains commencent aussi à lutter avec elle en littérature, et les ouvrages de WASHINGTON IRVING et de FENIMORE COOPER ne sont pas déplacés à côté des pages immortelles d'ADDISON et de l'illustre romancier écossais, dont la république des lettres pleure la perte. Un des hommes d'État les plus célèbres d'Angleterre, CANNING, en reconnaissant l'indépendance des nouveaux États de l'Amérique, malgré toute l'Europe menaçante, a, selon sa belle expression, donné naissance à un nouveau monde. Par suite des relations amicales et commerciales établies entre l'Angleterre et ces peuples, la langue anglaise y a acquis une immense préférence sur toutes celles d'Europe (celle du pays exceptée). En un mot, dans quelque coin du globe vers lequel on tourne les yeux, on est sûr d'y trouver des Anglais. Ignorer donc une langue qui s'annonce comme devant être un jour la langue indispensable des voyageurs et du commerce de tous les peuples, ce serait à la fois méconnaître ses intérêts et se priver des avantages que procure la certitude d'être compris dans

presque toutes les contrées où les événements incertains de la vie pourraient nous jeter. Répétons-le encore une fois, il n'est plus permis d'ignorer une langue qui offre tant d'avantages ; aussi voyons-nous aujourd'hui qu'en France , dans toutes les classes de la société, *on apprend l'anglais* ; et nous devons nous féliciter qu'une étude , à laquelle on se livre avec tant d'empressement et de zèle , soit comme un lien de plus qui serve à rapprocher les deux grandes nations que tous les genres d'illustrations ont placées , comme nous l'avons déjà dit , à la tête des peuples civilisés.

Le Recueil que nous offrons au public nous paraît avoir satisfait aux conditions d'un ouvrage consacré à l'agrément de la jeunesse , autant qu'à ses besoins et à son instruction. En effet, réunir dans un seul cadre les extraits les plus remarquables des prosateurs et des poètes anglais anciens et modernes ; les ranger dans un ordre tel que l'esprit du lecteur puisse se délasser par la variété des sujets ; exercer tout à la fois son goût et son jugement par leur comparaison ; en présenter les beautés les plus frappantes, tant sous le rapport du style que sous celui de la conception et du génie , en sorte que ces morceaux ainsi rapprochés , et , pour ainsi dire , mis en présence les uns des autres , puissent former un tout propre à offrir une analyse des ouvrages de chaque auteur : tel est le but que nous nous sommes proposé.

Ce qui distingue cet ouvrage de tous les autres du même genre , ce sont les instructions mises en tête de chaque volume, formées des règles du goût , des préceptes du genre , et de l'histoire de chaque branche de la littérature et des écrivains qui s'y sont distingués , ainsi que les notices biographiques qui paraissent pour la première fois dans un pareil livre. Les premières ont été , en grande partie , puisées dans les excellents ouvrages de SWIFT, JOHNSON, BLAIR, W. SCOTT, HAZLITT, DRAKE, DUNLOP et DALZELL. Nous sommes redevable des critiques littéraires et des biographies aux mêmes écrivains , ainsi qu'à DRYDEN, WARTON, AIKIN, EDGEWORTH , à Mesdames BARBAULD, INCHBALD et SEWARD , à MM. ELLIS, PERCY, HEADLY, PINKERTON, CAMPBELL, PLAYFAIR, et à la *Biographia britannica*. Nos relations avec des auteurs contemporains nous ont mis à même d'en recueillir un grand nombre , qui ne se trouvent nulle part. Ces préceptes , ces règles de goût , ainsi que ces notices biographiques , forment un véritable cours de littérature , et donnent une idée complète du caractère politique des grands hommes d'État de l'Angleterre. Rien n'a

été négligé pour rendre cette partie de l'ouvrage aussi complète que possible. Nous aimons à la regarder comme une innovation heureuse qui indique à l'instant à l'élève les auteurs les plus estimés et les plus beaux passages. L'homme de lettres peut y trouver aussi sous la main ce qui lui coûterait un temps infini à chercher dans les ouvrages de tant de maîtres différents, ainsi que plusieurs notices nouvelles qui n'ont paru encore dans aucun autre recueil de ce genre. De cette manière, l'histoire de la littérature anglaise ne présente qu'une chaîne dont Chaucer, dans le quatorzième siècle, forme le premier anneau, et qui finit après avoir successivement parcouru tous les écrivains célèbres, par ceux de nos jours.

A l'exemple de l'abeille, nous avons mis à contribution toutes les fleurs, et nous offrons à la jeunesse studieuse ce tribut de nos veilles. Nous trouverons, dans son utilité, la plus douce récompense de nos efforts.

PRÉFACE

DE LA QUATRIÈME ÉDITION.

Dans un siècle qui marche si rapidement vers l'émancipation intellectuelle des peuples, et dont les innombrables productions tendent en général à propager, dans toutes les classes de la société, les connaissances les plus variées et les plus utiles aux divers besoins de la vie, les *illustrations scientifiques et littéraires* ne sauraient rester étrangères à cette impulsion générale donnée à l'instruction des nations. Travaillant à la fois pour leur siècle et pour la postérité, c'est à elles qu'est réservée la noble mission de ne mettre au jour que des ouvrages sanctionnés par le bon goût et la raison, sans céder aux caprices de la mode, ni se laisser séduire par quelques productions éphémères plus propres à contribuer à la décadence de la littérature qu'à ses progrès.

De toutes les améliorations réclamées par ces mêmes progrès des sciences et des lettres, il n'en est pas peut-être, de plus grandes, nous dirons même de plus importantes, que celles qui ont pour but de rendre familiers à tous les peuples les auteurs

célèbres de tous les pays. A ce titre, ne devons-nous pas nous empresser de faire connaître ceux de l'Angleterre, qui fut le berceau de la civilisation moderne dans les deux mondes, et dont l'histoire se trouve si intimement liée à celle de la France par ses découvertes et ses relations scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles? Après plusieurs siècles de luttes guerrières, l'Angleterre et la France, marchant à la tête de l'Europe savante, ont enfin secoué le joug des préjugés populaires d'une vieille rivalité, pour y faire succéder une estime réciproque et un nouveau genre d'émulation tendant à se disputer le glorieux privilège de répandre en tous lieux les bienfaits de la civilisation.

Tel est le but que nous nous sommes proposé en publiant les *Elegant Extracts*, qui ont tant contribué à populariser en France l'étude de la littérature anglaise.

La rapidité avec laquelle les premières éditions de cet ouvrage ont été enlevées; le cachet d'utilité que lui a imprimé l'Université, en le prescrivant pour l'enseignement, et la bienveillance dont nous ont honoré MM. les Directeurs des établissements universitaires et MM. les Professeurs de langue et de littérature anglaises; enfin, les éloges que les journaux lui ont donnés, nous ont fait un devoir de mériter de plus en plus cette faveur, en l'enrichissant d'un nouveau choix fait chez les meilleurs auteurs anciens et modernes. Outre l'avantage d'initier le lecteur à tout ce que la littérature a enfanté de plus sublime et de plus admirable dans tous les genres, on trouvera, dans le volume de prose, tracés par des mains savantes, les événements les plus importants de l'histoire d'Angleterre, les portraits inimitables des souverains et des plus grands hommes qu'elle a produits. Le lecteur, une fois familiarisé avec ces célébrités de l'histoire moderne, d'après le jugement qu'en ont porté leurs contemporains, les suivra à Westminster, ce théâtre de leur gloire; c'est là qu'il entendra STRAFFORD, à ses derniers moments, réhabiliter en quelque sorte, par son maintien noble et les paroles touchantes qu'il adresse à ses juges, une vie de bassesse et de tyrannie. Il partagera les nobles transports de CHATHAM, lorsque, s'élevant avec indignation contre des ministres faibles et inhabiles, qui osaient proposer de déchaîner contre leurs concitoyens, dans le Nouveau-Monde, les sauvages habitants des forêts, il électrise l'assemblée par sa sublime éloquence en faveur des droits de l'homme. Il admirera ERSKINE, la gloire du barreau écossais, s'efforçant de défendre la liberté contre le despotisme, l'abus

des lois, et prêtant plus tard sa voix éloquente pour protéger la religion contre l'anarchie et l'impiété. Il assistera à ces débats mémorables où le patriote irlandais GRATTAN, par son éloquence entraînant, arrache aux tyrans de son pays les droits dont ils l'avaient dépouillé, et meurt à la lueur de l'émancipation de ses concitoyens. D'un côté, c'est CURRAN, le Démosthène irlandais, tonnant contre les oppresseurs de son pays, et traçant en lettres de feu ses malheurs et ses désastres. De l'autre, PITT demandant, avec toute l'énergie de son éloquence, l'abolition de l'esclavage des nègres; et les célèbres orateurs irlandais SHERIDAN et BURKE, *dans les discours les plus éloquents qui aient été jamais prononcés*, soulevant l'indignation publique contre Warren Hastings pendant les débats solennels d'un procès qui a duré vingt-deux ans. Plus tard, ce même BURKE et son élève FOX, devenu alors son antagoniste, s'emparant de la sanglante révolution française, on les verra tour à tour combattre et défendre cet événement mémorable, qui a bouleversé le monde entier. Le lecteur assistera aux débats de ce procès remarquable, où le patriote écossais MACKINTOSH défend les droits de l'hospitalité dans la personne de l'émigré français Peltier contre Napoléon, parvenu au faite de la gloire et du pouvoir, et se soulève contre le despotisme monstrueux qui a privé la Pologne de son rang parmi les nations. On entendra PLUNKET faire jurer à ses enfants, sur l'autel de la patrie, qu'ils se donneront la mort plutôt que de souffrir qu'on prive l'Irlande de ses droits. Tantôt c'est CANNING qui déchaîne les foudres de son éloquence contre toute l'Europe menaçante, et qui donne naissance à un nouveau monde; tantôt SHIEL qui soulève les flots irrités de sept millions de ses compatriotes, émancipés enfin par la persévérance et les efforts gigantesques du célèbre patriote O'CONNELL. On verra ce dernier s'élever avec indignation contre la tyrannie de l'Église anglicane, dont les ministres s'enrichissent des sueurs d'un peuple noble et généreux, qu'ils osent encore même insulter et mépriser. Enfin, l'on entendra GREY et BROUGHAM revendiquer les droits de leurs concitoyens, contre les abus introduits dans l'élection des représentants, et demander une représentation réelle des intérêts du peuple.

Les siècles d'Élisabeth, de la reine Anne et le dix-neuvième siècle, trois époques glorieuses dans les annales d'Angleterre, se disputent l'âge d'or de la poésie. Ce serait ici le lieu de parler de ces auteurs immortels qui ont tant contribué à élever la

littérature moderne au niveau et même au-dessus de celle de l'ancienne Grèce et de Rome ; mais ayant eu déjà occasion de traiter cette question sous toutes ses faces , dans les introductions et les notices biographiques , nous nous bornerons à attirer l'attention de nos lecteurs sur un seul point.

Les Français commencent à s'apercevoir , mais un peu tard , de l'extravagance , de la folie où les ont jetés les mots malencontreux de *romantique* et de *classique*, triste héritage que nous a légué madame de Staël. Les auteurs anglais ont eu le bon esprit de réunir ce qu'ils ont trouvé de mieux dans chaque école , et c'est à cette union et à l'immense avantage que possède la langue anglaise pour la poésie que les poètes anglais contemporains doivent une supériorité immense sur ceux de tous les autres pays de l'Europe.—

Mais à côté de cette école moitié classique et moitié romantique , s'est élevée une autre école dite *des lacs** ; selon ces novateurs tout était à recommencer : il aurait fallu arracher du Parnasse anglais l'immortel auteur de la Boucle de Cheveux enlevée , des Épîtres Morales et de tant d'autres chefs-d'œuvre ; GOLDSMITH , BEATTIE , GRAY , COLLINS , devaient partager la disgrâce de POPE. A leurs places , nos rêveurs se proposaient de créer une poésie à l'aide du langage ordinaire ; à l'élégance classique des écrivains du siècle de la reine Anne , ils voulaient substituer un style vulgaire , affecté , dépourvu de dignité , un mysticisme métaphysique qui jette un voile épais , impénétrable aux intelligences ordinaires , sur les passages les plus brillants et les plus magnifiques de leur poésie. Sans doute SOUTHEY par ses excursions dans les régions de l'histoire et du roman , COLERIDGE dans ses admirables fictions , et WORDSWORTH par son mysticisme , son amour platonique du *Suprême bien* et de la *Suprême beauté* , qu'il cherche partout et qu'il sait toujours trouver , n'ont pas peu contribué à élever la poésie moderne anglaise au rang qu'elle occupe ; mais il en est de nos réformateurs comme de tant d'autres ; ils prétendent rester fidèles à leurs théories , quand ces théories sont souvent démenties par leurs œuvres : ces œuvres , ajoutées à celles de THOMAS MOORE , de lord BYRON , de CAMPBELL et d'une foule d'auteurs illustres , font la gloire du dix-neuvième siècle ; mais POPE ne reste pas moins une des plus grandes illustrations du Parnasse anglais.

* Ainsi appelée parce que Wordsworth Coleridge et Southey , apôtres de cette école , habitaient un pays entrecoupé de lacs.

Ces nouvelles théories, une fois proclamées, ont gagné un nombre immense de prosélytes dont les rangs s'augmentaient d'une nouvelle phalange encore plus redoutable. En Angleterre, tous les jeunes talents veulent se faire une réputation en contribuant aux *Revue*s et aux *Magazines*; et, comme ils ne pouvaient pas lutter contre les premiers écrivains de leur pays, ils voulaient au moins se distinguer par la nouveauté de leurs doctrines. En décrivant les auteurs du règne de la reine Anne, quelques écrivains anonymes de la *Revue d'Edinburgh* n'avaient d'autre but que d'exercer leurs talents à captiver l'attention du public, afin de pouvoir un jour se frayer une route à la gloire et à la célébrité; en outre, la plupart des collaborateurs de cette Revue favorisaient les novateurs, dont plusieurs exerçaient une grande influence dans les principaux recueils périodiques du jour. Ceux-ci, devenus en quelque sorte juges dans leur propre cause, ont fait une guerre à mort aux écrivains qu'ils voulaient supplanter. C'est ainsi que ce journal, précédemment le plus grand admirateur de Pope, était devenu son détracteur le plus acharné; circonstance qui s'explique facilement lorsqu'on pense que l'éditeur de cette feuille n'a pas voulu se priver de collaborateurs habiles, et qu'il s'est vu forcé, par son propre intérêt, de tolérer l'extravagance de leurs théories littéraires*.—

Il faut pourtant rendre justice à la *Revue d'Edinburgh*, sans contredit le recueil le plus parfait qui existe dans ce genre. — Elle est revenue un peu des folles théories de quelques-uns de ses collaborateurs; mais le premier coup porté n'en a pas moins produit des résultats déplorables, en couvrant de son immense autorité les rêveries des écrivassiers qui, sans posséder la millième partie du talent de Wordsworth, s'arment de ses folles prétentions et de l'appui du géant littéraire du Nord pour égarer le public anglais, et surtout les étrangers.

C'est précisément parce que cette manie de décrier Pope s'est reproduite dans quelques numéros des *Revue*s françaises, que nous sommes entré dans ces détails, afin de prémunir la jeunesse contre ces théories extravagantes et absurdes, dont les plus ardents défenseurs sont déjà honteux, et dont lord Byron a fait justice complète dans sa lettre à Bowles, qui n'a publié

* Les lecteurs qui voudraient avoir des détails plus complets à ce sujet, peuvent consulter le tome XI du *New Monthly Magazine*, le numéro xcvi du *Quarterly Review*, et l'ouvrage de Bulwer intitulé: *l'Angleterre et les Anglais*.

une édition de Pope que pour trouver l'occasion d'en dire tout le mal possible.

Afin d'augmenter l'intérêt du volume de poésie, nous y avons compris un grand nombre de ces ballades charmantes dont la poésie anglaise est si riche. Les extraits des vieux auteurs anglais ou écossais ont été imprimés en langage moderne. Lorsqu'il a fallu conserver les mots primitifs pour ne pas détruire le charme de l'expression poétique ou nuire à la rime, nous avons indiqué le sens au bas de chaque page, afin d'éviter au lecteur le désagrément d'être obligé de les chercher dans un glossaire à la fin du volume : c'est ainsi que nous avons profité des judicieuses observations qui nous ont été faites par un journal très-estimé.

L'essai qui sert d'introduction contient des préceptes sur tous les genres de poésie ; nous y en avons ajouté de nouveaux et des notices sur nos plus célèbres écrivains modernes. Pour remédier à la sécheresse qu'une longue suite de définitions ne manquerait pas de présenter, nous y avons joint un grand nombre d'extraits choisis dans les classiques anglais les plus estimés, ce qui forme en quelque sorte un cours de rhétorique dépouillé de tout cet attirail aride de définitions qui effraye souvent les plus studieux. Ce petit traité, puisé dans les ouvrages de tant de littérateurs célèbres, est par cela même plus parfait qu'aucune production en ce genre : l'utile y est joint à l'agréable.

Les notices biographiques et critiques ont dépassé les bornes que nous nous étions prescrites dans la précédente édition. C'est principalement sur ces articles biographiques que portent nos améliorations et nos changements : près de la moitié de ces notices ont été refaites. Tous les littérateurs anciens et modernes, ainsi que toutes les publications trimestrielles et mensuelles qui ont paru jusqu'à ce jour dans la Grande-Bretagne, ont été mis à contribution, notamment : *The Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Westminster Review*, *American Quarterly Review*, *New Monthly Magazine*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *London Magazine*, *Literary Gazette*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, etc., etc.

Des anecdotes à la fois amusantes et curieuses sur les poètes et la poésie anglaise ont été puisées dans des ouvrages rares et peu connus de la plupart des lecteurs. Par suite nous avons été conduit à parler de nos vieux poètes, dont plusieurs, quoique

x PRÉFACE DE LA QUATRIÈME ÉDITION.

possédant un mérite réel et un génie incontestable, ne sont connus, en Angleterre même, que par leurs noms. Par notre persévérance, nous croyons avoir vaincu toutes les difficultés qui ont nécessairement accompagné l'exécution de tant de portraits en miniature, et rendu cette biographie non-seulement instructive, mais intéressante et utile.

Nous avons été guidé dans la composition de ce choix par une longue expérience dans l'enseignement, et par les observations que nous ont laissées les grands maîtres qui nous ont servi de modèle. Le goût le plus sévère a présidé à ce choix, et nous avons apporté la plus scrupuleuse attention à en bannir tout ce qui peut porter la plus légère atteinte aux mœurs. Ainsi l'esprit y trouvera de quoi se satisfaire sans danger pour le cœur.

Plus de quinze cents volumes ont été consultés pour former cette collection que nous avons composée d'après le désir exprimé par MM. les hauts fonctionnaires de l'Université, ainsi que par presque tous les chefs d'institution de la capitale, qui ont facilité la publication de cet ouvrage classique, si propre, malgré la modicité de son prix, à remplacer avantageusement tous les autres livres élémentaires anglais, dont l'insuffisance a été bien reconnue par l'Université. Ces livres n'ont point, d'ailleurs, comme celui-ci, le mérite de familiariser les élèves avec les idiotismes de la langue, en leur donnant, en même temps, une idée vraie de la littérature anglaise et des chefs-d'œuvre qui ont fait école.

Sous ces divers points de vue, l'on peut regarder cet ouvrage comme la collection la plus parfaite que l'on ait encore publiée dans un cadre si étroit. Nous ne pousserons pas plus loin cette analyse; ce que nous venons d'exposer nous paraît offrir une preuve évidente du soin que nous avons apporté à cette nouvelle édition, qui dépasse de près de trois cents pages l'édition précédente. Nous aimons donc à croire que le lecteur saura apprécier le désir que nous éprouvons de justifier de plus en plus l'accueil bienveillant que l'Université, le corps enseignant, les journaux et le public ont daigné faire à cet ouvrage.

D. O'SULLIVAN.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. — The Language which is, at present, spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the Island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gaelic, common to them with Gaul; from which country, it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic Tongue, which is said to be very expressive, and copious, and is, probably, one of the most ancient Languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the Language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and, very probably, of Spain also; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first, of the Romans, and afterwards, of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe, this Tongue was gradually obliterated; and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the lower classes of the Irish. For the Irish, the Welsh, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same Tongue, the ancient Celtic.*

* This pedigree of the Celts must not be allowed to stand unquestioned. There are few subjects of history which have excited such tedious, lengthened, and bitter controversy as the history of the Celts. The disputants often waxed so warm, that they lost sight of the subject in the indulgence of their animosity. Many elaborate and learned books have been written, but the subject is at this moment as open for discussion and unsettled as if it had never been agitated. Sir William Betham, after having examined the construction of the Welsh Language, found that it differed totally from the Gaelic or Irish, a fact which of itself is sufficient to demonstrate that the origin of the two nations could not have been the same. Lhuyd and Rowland, two of the most eminent of the Welsh writers, had unwillingly been coerced into the opinion, that a radical difference existed between the Welsh and Irish Languages, that a people who spoke the Irish Language were the predecessors of the Welsh in Wales, and gave names to most of the places in that country and all parts of England; and that Welsh names of rivers and places were only to be found in the eastern and southern parts of Scotland; but wanted nerve to declare their conviction of these facts, from an apprehension of exciting against them the national prejudices and animosity of their countrymen, by destroying all their cherished and darling pretension to a Celti-

This, then, was the Language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants that we know of in our island; and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their Language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their Tongue, a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic, laid the foundation of the present English Tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a Language, probably, from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island, till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the Language of the court, which made a considerable change in the Speech of the nation; and the English which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon and this Norman French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English Language can, in this manner, be clearly traced. The Language spoken in the Low Countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English.

From what has been said, it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present Speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our Language. A very great number of our words, too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These we had not directly from the Latin, but

origin. Therefore, says Sir William, it appears clear, that the Picts, who inhabited that country, must have been the ancestors of the Welsh, and that they conquered Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, on the fall of the Roman empire, and calling themselves Cymbri, they were a colony of Cymbri, a people who once inhabited the neighbouring coasts of Jutland, the ancient Cimbric Chersonesus, the country opposite the land of the Picts.—The false statements respecting the received history of the Welsh had their origin in the fabrications of Geoffry of Monmouth and the Welsh Triads. The reader will find satisfactory information on the history of the English Language, as well as on the origin of Language, in the *Introductory Essay to my Universal English and French and French and English Dictionary*, and in the *Preface to my History of English Literature*, and *Essay on Irish Literature*.

most of them, it is probable, entered into our Tongue through the channel of that Norman French, which William the Conqueror introduced. For, as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the Language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romanshe : and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them, the Language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded Language, must needs be somewhat irregular. But these disadvantages, if they be such, of a compound Language, are balanced by other advantages that attend it; particularly by the number and variety of words with which such a Language is likely to be enriched. Few Languages are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects especially, historical, critical, political, and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our Tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people, has brought together great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich too in the Language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical Language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose.

It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, and with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our Language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger.* But, in describing the more delicate sentiments, and emotions,

* Anger, wrath, passion, rage, fury, outrage, fierceness, sharpness; animosity, choler, resentment, heat, heart-burning; to fume, storm, inflame, be incensed; to vex, kindle, irritate, enrage, exasperate, provoke, fret; to be sullen, hasty, hot, rough, sour, peevish, etc.—
Preface to Greenwood's Grammar.

our Tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed, that the French Language far surpasses ours, in expressing the nicer shades of character; especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour, which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Indeed, no Language is so copious as the French for whatever is delicate, gay, and amusing. It is, perhaps, the happiest Language for conversation in the known world; but, on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably.

By our abounding in terms for expressing all the strong emotions of the mind, and by the liberty which we enjoy, in a greater degree than most nations, of compounding words, our Language may be esteemed to possess considerable force of expression.—The style of MILTON alone, both in poetry and prose, is a sufficient proof, that the English Tongue is far from being destitute of nerves and energy.

The flexibility of a Language, or its power of accommodation to different styles and manners, so as to be either grave and strong, or easy and flowing, or tender and gentle, or pompous and magnificent, as occasions require, or as an author's genius prompts, is a quality of great importance in speaking and writing. It seems to depend upon three things: the copiousness of a Language; the different arrangements of which its words are susceptible; and the variety and beauty of the sound of those words, so as to correspond to many different subjects. If any one will consider the diversity of style which appears in some of our classics, that great difference of manner, for instance, which is marked by the style of Lord SHAFTESBURY and that of Dean SWIFT, he will see, in our Tongue, such a circle of expression, such a power of accommodation to the different tastes of writers, as redounds not a little to its honour.

The melody of our versification, its power of supporting poetical numbers, without any assistance from rhyme, is alone a sufficient proof that our Language is far from being unmusical. Our verse is the most diversified and harmonious of any of the modern dialects; unquestionably far beyond the French verse, in variety, sweetness, and melody.

After having given the foregoing history of the rise and progress of the English Language, and having pointed out in what its superiority over the other modern languages consists, it may

not be improper, previous to entering on the different kinds of prose composition, to treat: of Taste; of the Construction of Sentences; and of the different Sorts of Style, as well as of the writers who have excelled therein.

TASTE may be defined, 'The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art.'—It is a faculty common in some degree to all men. Nothing that belongs to human nature is more general than the relish of beauty of one kind or other; of what is orderly, proportioned, grand, harmonious, new, or sprightly. In children, the rudiments of Taste discover themselves very early in a thousand instances; in their fondness for regular bodies, their admiration of pictures and statues, and imitations of all kinds; and their strong attachment to whatever is new or marvellous. The most ignorant peasants are delighted with ballads and tales, and are struck with the beautiful appearance of nature in the earth and heavens. Even in the deserts of America, where human nature shows itself in its most uncultivated state, the savages have their ornaments of dress, their war and their death songs, their harangues, and their orators. We must, therefore, conclude the principles of Taste to be deeply founded in the human mind.

The Tastes of men may differ very considerably as to their object, and yet none of them be wrong. One man relishes Poetry most; another takes pleasure in nothing but History. One prefers Comedy; another, Tragedy. One admires the simple, another the ornamented style. The young are amused with gay and sprightly compositions. The elderly are more entertained with those of a graver cast. Some nations delight in bold pictures of manners, and strong representations of passion. Others incline to more correct and regular elegance both in description and sentiment. Though all differ, yet all pitch upon some one beauty which peculiarly suits their turn of mind; and therefore no one has a title to condemn the rest. It is not in matters of Taste, as in questions of mere reason, where there is but one conclusion that can be true, and all the rest are erroneous. Truth, which is the object of reason, is one; Beauty, which is the object of Taste, is manifold.

With regard to the length and CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES,

the French critics make a very just distinction of Style, into *Style Périodique*, and *Style coupé*. The *Style Périodique* is, where the Sentences are composed of several members linked together, and hanging upon one another, so that the sense of the whole is not brought out till the close. This is the most pompous, musical, and oratorical manner of composing; as in the Sentences of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE (see his letter to Lady Essex, p. 451). Cicero abounds with sentences constructed after this manner.

The *Style Coupé* is, where the sense is formed into short independent propositions, each complete within itself; as in the following of POPE: « I confess, it was want of consideration that made me an author. I wrote, because it amused me. » I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write. I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. » (Preface to his Works.) This is very much the French method of writing; and always suits gay and easy subjects. The *Style Périodique* gives an air of gravity and dignity to composition. The *Style Coupé* is more lively and striking. According to the nature of the composition, therefore, and the general character it ought to bear, the one or other may be predominant. But, in almost every kind of composition, the great rule is to intermix them.

There are two things on which the music of a Sentence chiefly depends. These are, the proper distribution of the several members of it; and, the close or cadence of the whole.

The Greek and Latin writers, by the great liberty of inversion which their Languages permitted, could choose the most advantageous situation for every word; and had it thereby in their power to give their Sentences more force. Within certain bounds, and to a limited degree, our Language does admit of inversions; and they are practised with success by the best writers. So POPE, speaking of Homer, 'The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, but his invention remains yet unrivalled.' It is evident, that, in order to give the sentence its due force, by contrasting properly the two capital words, 'judgment and invention,' this is a happier arrangement than if he had followed the natural order.

MILTON, in some of his prose works, has very finely turned periods; but the writers of his age indulged a liberty of inversion, which now would be reckoned contrary to purity of style:

and though this allowed their Sentences to be more stately and sonorous, yet it gave them too much of a Latinized construction and order. Of later writers, SHAFTESBURY is, upon the whole, the most correct in his numbers. As his ear was delicate, he has attended to music in all his Sentences; and he is peculiarly happy in this respect, that he has avoided the monotony into which writers, who study the grace of sound, are very apt to fall: having diversified his periods with great variety, ADDISON has also much harmony in his style; more easy and smooth, but less varied than Lord SHAFTESBURY. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE is, in general, very flowing and agreeable. Archbishop TILLOTSON is too often careless and languid; and is much outdone by Bishop ATTERBURY in the music of his periods. Dean SWIFT despised musical arrangement altogether.

STYLE is the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself; so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, PERSPICUITY and ORNAMENT. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the

minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse.

A DIFFUSE WRITER unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness.

Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. ADDISON also, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, come in some degree under this class.

Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English language; such as Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Sir FRANCIS BACON, HOOKER, CHILLINGWORTH, MILTON in his prose works, HARRINGTON, CUDWORTH, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elisabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences.

The restoration of King Charles II. seems to be the æra of the formation of our present Style. Lord CLARENDON was one of the first who laid aside those frequent inversions which prevailed among writers of the former age. After him, Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE polished the language still more. But the author, who, by the number and reputation of his works, formed it more than any one, into its present state, is DRYDEN. DRYDEN began to write at the Restoration, and continued long an author both in poetry and prose. He had made the language his study; and though he wrote hastily, and often incorrectly, and

his Style is not free from faults, yet there is a richness in his diction, a copiousness, ease, and variety in his expression, which has not been surpassed by any who have come after him. Since his time, considerable attention has been paid to Purity and Elegance of Style; but it is Elegance rather than Strength, that forms the distinguishing quality of most of the good English Writers.

A PLAIN STYLE rises one degree above a Dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. Dean SWIFT may be placed at the head of those who have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the English language: and therefore to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his language. His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean SWIFT, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, LOCKE comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever.

AN ELEGANT STYLE is a character, expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to Style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects.

An elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding: and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we

place only the first-rate writers in the language; such as ADDISON, DRYDEN, POPE, TEMPLE, BOLINGBROKE, ATTERBURY, and a few more writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, who we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place.

SIMPLICITY is the great beauty of Archbishop TILLOTSON's manner. TILLOTSON has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence, and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his work, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above TILLOTSON; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a

prolix and remiss style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits.

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct and ornamented degree of the simple manner, ADDISON is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particular in similes and metaphors; which are so employed as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shows for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on MILTON.

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord SHAFTESBURY. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly showed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and censuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord SHAFTESBURY possessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and sickly; but he had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and stately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleasantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man.

This much it is sufficient to have said upon what relates to Taste, Language, and Style; it is necessary now to ascend a step higher, and to examine the subjects upon which Style is employed, namely the various species of Prose Composition*, whether, Philosophical, Oratorical, Historical, Epistolary, or Dramatic, and as those principal divisions are generally found

* See Introductory Essay to Vol. II. for the remarks on the Different Kinds of Poetical Composition. See also the *History of fiction* prefixed to the book of *standard tales and legends*,

to comprise, in a greater or less degree, Allegories, Characters, Dialogues, Descriptions, and Narratives, each of these also will be discussed in its proper place.

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITING will not lead us into any long discussion. As the professed object of philosophy is to convey instruction, and as they who study it are supposed to do so for instruction, not for entertainment, the style, the form, and dress, of such writings, are less material objects. They are objects, however, that must not be wholly neglected. He who intends to instruct mankind, without studying, at the same time, to engage their attention, and to interest them in his subject by his manner of exhibiting it, is not likely to prove successful. The same truths and reasonings, delivered in a dry and cold manner, or with a proper measure of elegance and beauty, will make very different impressions on the minds of men.

To be clear then and precise, is one requisite which we have a title to demand from every philosophical writer. He may possess this quality, and be at the same time a very dry writer. He should therefore study some degree of embellishment, in order to render his composition pleasing and graceful. One of the most agreeable, and one of the most useful embellishments which a philosopher can employ, consists in illustrations taken from historical facts, and the characters of men. All moral and political subjects naturally afford scope for these; and wherever there is room for employing them, they seldom fail of producing a happy effect. They diversify the composition; they relieve the mind from the fatigue of mere reasoning, and at the same time raise more full conviction than any reasonings produce: for they take philosophy out of the abstract, and give weight to speculation, by showing its connexion with real life, and the actions of mankind.

Philosophical writing admits, besides of a polished, a neat and elegant style. It admits of metaphor, comparison, and all the calm figures of speech, by which an author may convey his sense to the understanding with clearness and force, at the same time that he entertains the imagination. He must take care, however, that all his ornaments be of the chastest kind, never partaking of the florid or the tumid; which is so unpardonable in a professed philosopher, that it is much better for

him to err on the side of naked simplicity, than on that of too much ornament. Some of the ancients, as Plato and Cicero, have left us philosophical treatises composed with much elegance and beauty. Seneca has been long and justly censured for the affectation that appears in his style. He is too fond of a certain brilliant and sparkling manner, of antitheses and quaint sentences. It cannot be denied, at the same time, that he often expresses himself with much liveliness and force, though his style, upon the whole, is far from deserving imitation. In English, LOCKE's celebrated treatise on Human Understanding may be pointed out as a model, on the one hand, of the greatest clearness and distinctness of philosophical style, with very little approach to ornament. Lord SHAFTESBURY's writings, on the other hand, exhibit philosophy dressed up with all the ornament which it can admit; perhaps with more than is perfectly suited to it.

ALLEGORIES were a favourite method of delivering instructions in ancient times; for what we call fables or parables are no other than allegories, where, by words and actions attributed to beasts or inanimate objects, the dispositions of men are figured; and what we call the moral, is the unfigured sense or meaning of the allegory. An enigma or riddle is also a species of allegory; one thing represented or imaged by another; but purposely wrapped up under so many circumstances, as to be rendered obscure. Where a riddle is not intended, it is always a fault in allegory to be too dark. The meaning should be easily seen through the figure employed to shadow it. However the proper mixture of light and shade in such compositions, the exact adjustment of all the figurative circumstances with the literal sense, so as neither to lay the meaning too bare and open, nor to cover and wrap it up too much, has ever been found an affair of great nicety; and there are few species of composition in which it is more difficult to write so as to please and command attention, than in allegories. In some of the visions of the SPECTATOR, RAMBLER, etc., we have examples of allegories very happily executed.

ELOQUENCE is the Art of Speaking in such a manner as to attain the end for which we speak. Whenever a man speaks or writes, he is supposed, as a rational being, to have some end in

view : either to inform, or to amuse, or to persuade, or, in some way or other, to act upon his fellow creatures. He who speaks, or writes, in such a manner as to adapt all his words most effectually to that end, is the most eloquent man. Whatever then the subject be, there is room for Eloquence ; in history, or even in philosophy, as well as in orations. The definition which I have given of Eloquence, comprehends all the different kinds of it ; whether calculated to instruct, to persuade, or to please. But, as the most important subject of discourse is Action, or Conduct, the power of Eloquence chiefly appears when it is employed to influence Conduct, and persuade to Action. As it is principally with reference to this end, that it becomes the object of Art, Eloquence may, under this view of it, be defined, The Art of Persuasion.

We may distinguish three kinds, or degrees, of Eloquence. The first, and lowest, is that which aims only at pleasing the hearers. Such, generally, is the Eloquence of panegyrics, inaugural orations, addresses to great men, and other harangues of this sort.

A second and higher degree of Eloquence is when the Speaker aims not merely to please, but also to inform, to instruct, to convince : when his Art is exerted in removing prejudices against himself and his cause, in choosing the most proper arguments, stating them with the greatest force, arranging them in the best order, expressing and delivering them with propriety and beauty ; and thereby disposing us to pass that judgment or embrace that side of the cause, to which he seeks to bring us. Within this compass, chiefly, is employed the Eloquence of the bar.

But there is a third, and still higher degree of Eloquence, wherein a greater power is exerted over the human mind ; by which we are not only convinced but are interested, agitated, and carried along with the Speaker ; our passions are made to rise together with his ; we enter into all his emotions ; we love, we detest, we resent, according as he inspires us ; and are prompted to resolve or to act, with vigour and warmth. Debate in popular assemblies, opens the most illustrious field to this species of Eloquence ; and the pulpit, also, admits it.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.—The dawn or revival of letters is commonly dated from the begin-

ning of the sixteenth century; but though Italy and France may boast of having taken the lead in various works of taste and genius, yet neither of them produced a Demosthenes or a Cicero. This honour was reserved for England, whose sons, animated by the spirit of liberty, rose to the utmost heights of oratorical eminence, and have regularly consigned the elevated post to their successors for a longer period than ever before had been known in the history of man. It was not however till the close of the seventeenth century, after domestic tyrants had been expelled, and the pride of foreign enemies humbled in the dust; after proper checks had been imposed on the abuse of royal authority, and the rights and privileges of the people distinctly ascertained, that the freedom of the press and the still more uncontrolled freedom of speech in parliament gave to British eloquence that fire, energy, and grandeur, for which it has ever since been so justly admired and distinguished.

If we take a view of Cicero's highly finished gallery of oratorical portraits, and, after doing ample justice to the painter's exquisite art, come to consider the small collection of proper subjects that he discovered worthy of notice from the beginning to the termination of the Roman republic, we shall be astonished to find the first twenty or thirty years of British liberty producing a far greater number of illustrious orators than the eminent historian of eloquence, with all his accuracy of research and his ardent zeal for the honour of his country, could discover in its most brilliant annals for a series of five centuries. In the short reigns of king William and queen Anne, we may proudly mention the names of a SOMERS, a HOLT, an ASHLEY, a MONTAGUE, a HARLEY, a ST. JOHN, a CONINGSBY, a JEKYL, and many of their contemporaries, whose speeches and whose writings may be opposed, without the least dread of inferiority, to any of those so highly extolled by the Roman panegyrist.

Several other contemporary orators were little inferior to SOMERS or to BOLINGBROKE; and it is farther remarkable that many of our most admired writers in every department of useful and polite learning flourished nearly at the same period. The art of thinking, of judging, of reasoning, was reduced to a few plain principles by LOCKE, whose Essay on the Human Understanding ought to supersede for ever all the former subtilties and barbarous jargon of the schools. NEWTON, about the same time, excited still greater astonishment by

his discoveries in natural philosophy, and by explaining the sublimely simple laws of the universe with the utmost clearness and precision. SWIFT, ADDISON, POPE, and their friends, formed, as it were, a constellation of wit and genius, the lustre of which will never fade.

Almost all the celebrated writers in the reign of queen Anne continued their equally brilliant and useful exertions during the government of her successor. Some of the former orators also remained; and the names of a WINDHAM, a WALPOLE, a TOWNSEND, a SHIPPEN, a RAIMOND, an ATTERBURY, and a BATHURST, may be added to the illustrious list.

In the reign of George II., the oratorical catalogue was considerably enlarged; and we know not which most to admire, the extraordinary height to which eloquence was then carried, or the numberless variety of forms in which it appeared. But it would require the glowing pencil of a Cicero to do justice to the energy and vehemence of an ARGYLE; — to the extensive knowledge and vigorous genius of a CARTARET; — to the commanding simplicity of a SCARBOROUGH, whose voice was said to have been borrowed by truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments; — to CHESTERFIELD's elegance both of style and delivery, to his uncommon union of perspicuity with conciseness, of genteel humour with sound reasoning, of purity, precision, and a happy choice of words with the utmost ease and fluency; — to the irresistible force and poignancy of a PULTENEY, whose tongue was more dreaded by the minister than any other man's word; — to the plausible reasoning, the calm, sweet-toned, insinuating persuasiveness of a MURRAY; — and to the transcendent powers of a PITT, who, though more indebted to nature than any other orator that ever existed, was not under less obligation to good fortune in having appeared on the great theatre of the world at a time when there was a GRATTAN to draw a portrait of him.

IRISH ELOQUENCE. — The transfer of the Irish parliament brought more immediately under the English eye the eloquence, which had so characterized that assembly, and convinced England that the style, which had enchanted her in BURKE and in SHERIDAN was not so much an individual deviation in them, as in some sort an appendage to their nativity — a kind of *mental complexion* distinguishing their origin and derived at once from their country and their ancestors.

In the series of great masters, BURKE, FLOOD, BURROWES, SHERIDAN, GRATTAN, CURRAN, CANNING, PLUNKET, O'CONNELL, SHIEL*, (some of whose fragments are given in this volume) there will be found evident traces of a common origin. The same lofty sentiment—the same wildness of imagery—the same impassioned declamation—the same power either of the pathetic or the humorous—the same absolute mastery over the human heart, to which, indeed, rather than to the judgment, they frequently apply themselves. This is one of their undeniable peculiarities—persuasion rather than conviction is their usual object, but both are the legitimate means of oratory, and perhaps if one was compelled to decide between them, the first would be considered both as the more affective and the more natural—much of course depends on the occasion, but on every human topic, man will be found most defenceless on the side of his passions. Such is the too true and pitiable condition of humanity.

Another peculiarity, and one indeed which has been most condemned, is the continual recurrence of imagery. No doubt the abuse of this, like all other abuses, is censurable; but still its exercise, even in the extreme, is very fascinating, and few who have been in the habit of attending public meetings can deny its effect. The untutored heart speaks in imagery—it is the first language of a nation's infancy, and like every thing attached to infancy, it retains a charm—it is the vocabulary of nature, and until man be so hardened and polished that nature's weapons must rebound from him, it will not plead in vain. Indeed the very face of nature itself must be changed ere the genius of Ireland ceases to express itself in imagery—it opens its infant eye upon the wildness of creation, the romantic and the magnificent identify themselves with its imagination, the mind never can reject their association, and resorts for the illustration of its more matured ideas to the rock, and the torrent, and the mountain with which its childhood had been familiar.

The grand mistake into which our modern critics have fallen, upon the subject of eloquence, has been in subjecting to the same rules the essay composed to be read and the speech arranged to be delivered. No two things in the world can be more opposite. What might appear extravagant in the one is

* To the above illustrious names may be added that of BUSHE—and several others—from whose speeches the limited space of the present work does not admit of inserting any extracts.

chaste in the other, and the allusion studiously suited to inflame the delirium of a crowd, must appear wild and rhapsodical in the seclusion of the closet. The scene — the surrounding objects—the materials to be worked—the end to be obtained and the means to be used, are all different. The reader, in the silence of retirement, sees nothing but his book and may pause for observation at the close of every period—the hearer, on the contrary, all eye and ear, hurried away by the rapidity of his feelings, and heated by the sympathy of his associates, has no time to criticise the evanescent image, which, delighting him at the moment, may owe its whole success to the tone in which it is uttered, or the gesture that accompanies it. The efforts of the orator, like the efforts of the dramatist, tend to the production of a public effect rather than to the satisfaction of a syllable-weighting pedantry.—With such a censor CURRAN is too wild, and Demosthenes too studied, and SHAKSPEARE, speaking with the tongue of nature, a victim to the *unities*.

The first earl of CHATHAM and the first lord HOLLAND have the farther honour of having left behind them in their respective families two sons, WILLIAM PITT, and CHARLES FOX, who, with EDMUND BURKE, may be said to have formed the oratorical triumvirate of the reign of George III. They also are dead; but their speeches will be preserved as long as our language; and, if we had no other specimens of British eloquence, would alone be sufficient to place it on a level with the most admired productions of antiquity.

After the decease of those three great orators, the British Parliament, the most august theatre for eloquence to be found in any country of Europe, can boast of the no less illustrious names of ERSKINE, SHERIDAN, GRATTAN, CURRAN, MACKINTOSH, and CANNING*. These too have disappeared from the senate, but the splendid talents of a PLUNKET, a BROUGHAM, an O'CONNELL, a JEFFREY, a PEEL, a SHIEL, a MACAULEY, and other distinguished orators, induce us to hope that genuine eloquence will not be suffered to languish amongst us.

“The last thirty years of the reign of George the Third (says Galt) will be remembered as one of the most remarkable epochs

* See p. 236—301 for the speeches, and p. 420—424, 437—440 for the characters of these celebrated orators.

in the moral history of the world. Among other memorable things, it will hereafter be celebrated for the extraordinary elevation which the oratory, both of the bar and the senate, attained. It will require other events and circumstances, equally stupendous with those of the past, to call forth again the energies of eloquence to the same degree of effect and splendour. But perhaps no single occurrence in all those mighty and manifold exertions is more interesting than the trial, in the Court of King's Bench, of Peltier, for a libel on Bonaparte. It was considered as the first attempt of that magnificent adventurer to overthrow the liberty of the British press; and it was instituted at a time when many gathering and darkening circumstances indicated that a war was coming on in which the very existence of the British state would be put to the most imminent peril, by all the efforts that prodigious power and boundless profligacy could exert, — in every shape that force and fraud, either combined or separated, can employ. But although the speech of Sir James Mackintosh on that occasion is one of the most splendid compositions of the time, it has not obtained the durable popularity of which so noble an effort might have been deemed beyond all question secure."

As it is the office of an Orator to persuade, it is that of an Historian to record truth for the instruction of mankind. This is the proper object and end of history, from which may be deduced many of the laws relating to it; and if this object were always kept in view, it would prevent many of the errors into which persons are apt to fall concerning this species of composition. As the primary end of history is to record truth; Impartiality, Fidelity, and Accuracy, are the fundamental qualities of an historian.

HISTORICAL COMPOSITION is understood to comprehend under it, Annals, Memoirs, Lives. But these are its inferior subordinate species, on which I shall hereafter make some reflections, when I shall have first considered what belongs to a regular and legitimate work of History. Such a work is chiefly of two kinds. Either the entire History of some state or kingdom through its different revolutions, such as Livy's Roman History; or the History of some one great event, or some portion or period of time which may be considered as making a whole by itself; such as Thucydides's History of the Pelopo-

nesian War, Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France, or CLARENDON'S of those of England.

The country in Europe where the Historical Genius has, in later ages, shone forth with most lustre, beyond doubt, is Italy. The national character of the Italians seems favourable to it. They were always distinguished as an acute, penetrating, reflecting people, remarkable for political sagacity and wisdom, and who early addicted themselves to the arts of Writing. Accordingly, soon after the restoration of letters, Machiavel, Guicciardin, Davila, Bentivoglio, Father Paul, became highly conspicuous for historical merit. They all appear to have conceived very just ideas of History; and are agreeable, instructive, and interesting Writers. In their manner of narration, they are formed upon the Ancients; some of them, as Bentivoglio and Guicciardin, have, in imitation of them, introduced Oration into their History. In the profoundness and distinctness of their political views, they may, perhaps, be esteemed to have surpassed the Ancients.

Among the French, as there has been much good Writing in many kinds, so also in the Historical. That ingenious nation, who have done so much honour to Modern Literature, possess, in an eminent degree, the talent of Narration. Many of their later Historical Writers are spirited, lively, and agreeable; and some of them not deficient in profoundness and penetration. They have not, however, produced any such capital Historians as the Italians whom I mentioned above.

THE GREAT HISTORIANS OF ENGLAND: HUME, ROBERTSON, GIBBON.—Among the prodigious improvements, which, during the last half century, have taken place in British literature, none is more conspicuous than the appearance of three historians, the least of whom may be entitled to rank with the first writers of antiquity. This island, though from the spirit, the vigour, and intelligence of its inhabitants, ever fruitful in memorable events, and, from the mixed nature of its government, ever prone to those civil commotions, which more agitate the passions and call forth the powers of eloquent and impassioned narrative, than transactions with foreign enemies, had been distinguished rather by the number and the bulk, than by the elegance and finished composition of the volumes which constitute its historical library. The noble historian, indeed, of

one most interesting period, will never be read by any man of taste and feeling, without the most lively emotions. More than intimately acquainted, even identified, with the transactions which he records; of the clearest head, the warmest heart, the sincerest probity, the most unaffected piety, with an intuition into the views of men never surpassed, and a faculty of delineating characters perhaps never equalled, Lord CLARENDON will always remain the pride and delight of Englishmen, who 'love the language of the heart.' But the narrow period which his history embraces, the peculiar and fugitive, though picturesque system of manners which he describes; and, above all, that air of an advocate, which, in despite of his integrity and himself, the irresistible bias of party compelled him to wear, while they leave him in possession of all, and more than all the praise which belonged to his archetype Thucydides, would, perhaps, even by his own suffrage, permit the describers of entire dynasties and empires, when illuminated by genius, and informed by elaborate investigation, to assume higher niches in the temple of historic fame.

After an interval of little less than a century, when the written dialect of the northern and southern parts of this island had been nearly assimilated, we have had the satisfaction of beholding from those opposite quarters, the rise and full splendour of three historical luminaries who, in different ways, and on different subjects, have at least attained to an equality with their greatest rivals in antiquity. Of these, HUME, the most contracted in his subject, is the most finished in execution; — the nameless, numberless graces of his style; the apparent absence of elaboration, yet the real effect produced by efforts the most elaborate; the simplicity of his sentences, the perspicuity of his ideas, the purity of his expression, entitle him to the name and to the praises of another Xenophon. ROBERTSON never attained to the same graceful ease, or the same unbounded variety of expression. With a fine ear and exact judgment in the construction of his sentences, and with an absence of Scotticisms truly wonderful in one who had never ceased to converse with Scotsmen, there is in the sentences of this historian something resembling the pace of an animal disciplined by assiduous practice to the curb, and never moving but in conformity to the rules of the manege. The taste of HUME was Greek, Attic Greek: he had, as far as the genius of the two languages would permit,

connected the very juice and flavour of their style, and transfused it into his own. ROBERTSON, we suspect, though a good, was never a profound scholar : from the peculiar nature of his education, and his early engagement in the duties of his profession, he had little leisure to be learned. Both, in their several ways, were men of the world ; but HUME, polished by long intercourse with the best society in France, as well as his own country, transferred some portion of easy high-breeding from his manners to his writings ; while his friend, though no man was ever more completely emancipated from the bigotry of a Scots minister, or from the pedantry of the head of a college, in his intercourse (which he assiduously courted) with the great, did not catch that last grace and polish, which intercourse without equality will never produce, and which, for that reason, mere *savants* rarely acquire from society more liberal or more dignified, than what is found in their own rank. HUME, in the best company, was treated alike as a man of birth and of letters.

In the meridian of the reputation of the two former, and without forming himself upon either of their models, arose a young Englishman (GIBBON), of feeble frame, and of irregular and neglected education, who, with the defect of a style less chaste and simple, surpassed both of them, and all preceding historians, in the extent and variety of his researches, and produced a work, which, from the dignity of its subject, the amplitude of its range, and the lofty tone assumed and maintained by its author, has no rival in ancient or modern times. Great indeed would have been the pride of Britain in such a constellation, had its brightness beamed with a benignant aspect on the best interests of mankind ! But, to the unspeakable grief of the friends of revealed religion, the event has been far otherwise ; and the posthumous publication of some free and confidential correspondence has disclosed a painful truth, long before suspected, that, while HUME and GIBBON were avowed infidels, their friend and rival, a minister of the gospel, could endure to spend his days in the public exercise of a religion, of the truth of which he doubted, at best ; and, regarding the common tie of genius, elegance, and similar pursuits, as more than sufficient to unite those whom the great bar of the profession of faith and unbelief ought for ever to have disjoined, could receive into his bosom the bitterest enemies of that reve-

lation which he was commissioned to teach and to maintain.

DR. LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND is the fruit of great industry, learning, and acuteness, directed by no ordinary talents. It is written in a clear and agreeable manner. His periods are poised, and musical in their cadence, with a variety in their structure that pleases without palling on the ear. His style is nervous and concise, and never enfeebled by useless epithets, or encumbered with redundant, unmeaning phrases. If it be deficient in that happy negligence and apparent ease of expression,—if it want ‘those careless, inimitable beauties,’ which in HUME excited the despair and admiration of GIBBON,—there is no other modern history with which it may not challenge a comparison. The narrative of Dr. LINGARD has the perspicuity of ROBERTSON, with more freedom and fancy. His diction has the ornament of GIBBON, without his affectation and obscurity.

It would be unjust, however, to Dr. LINGARD, to confine our praise of his work to its style and diction. He possesses what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records. He has not copied at second-hand from other compilers; nor, like many of his brethren, retailed to us the vapid dregs of repeated transfusions from the primary sources of information. To borrow his own metaphor, he has not drawn from the troubled stream, but drank from the fountain-head. His narrative has accordingly a freshness of character, a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general history of England in common use.

His diligent perusal and study of our ancient historians, his critical examination of their works, his careful and judicious comparison of their statements where they differ, have enabled Dr. LINGARD to explain many transactions that were before obscure, to show the connexion between events that appeared before disjoined, and to make many silent corrections in our history, which are not the less valuable, because they are not ostentatiously obtruded on our notice, and may therefore pass unobserved by the more careless of his readers. To one desirous of making a study, and not a mere amusement of the history of his country, we know no general history of England that we should sooner recommend than the work before us. In the multitude of authorities to which it appeals, and in the exactness of its references, it will bear a comparison with the productions of ROBERTSON or of GIBBON.

The drawing of CHARACTER is one of the most splendid and, at the same time, one of the most difficult ornaments of historical composition. For characters are generally considered as professed exhibitions of fine writing; and an historian who seeks to shine in them, is frequently in danger of carrying refinement to excess, from a desire of appearing very profound and penetrating. He brings together so many contrasts, and subtle oppositions of qualities, that we are rather dazzled with sparkling expressions, than entertained with any clear conception of a human character. A writer who would characterize in an instructive and masterly manner, should be simple in his style, and should avoid all quaintness and affectation; at the same time, not contenting himself with giving us general outlines only, but descending into those particularities which mark a character in its most strong and distinctive features. The Greek historians sometimes give eulogiums, but rarely draw fully any professed characters. The two ancient authors who have laboured this part of historical composition most, are Sallust and Tacitus.

The works of CLARENDON, HUME, SMOLLETT, ROBERTSON, GIBBON, and LINGARD, abound with highly finished characters. If to those we add the contemporary characters drawn by CHESTERFIELD, BURKE, EDGEWORTH, GRATTAN, Sir WALTER SCOTT, etc., and those which are to be met with occasionally in the Reviews and Magazines, the English language may be justly said to excel by far all others in this species of composition.

CYCLES OF LITERATURE.—“I have often thought,” says Galt, “that there are cycles of particular literature. One age excels in the drama, another in history, another in general poetry; the present seems to be that of novels. After epochs of action and enterprise, in which individual peculiarities are called into impassioned exercise, we should expect the drama to thrive: the history of English literature shows as much. The conflicts of the York and Lancaster wars; the controversies of the Reformation; the vicissitudes of fortune; the struggles and conspiracies of fashion; the wrongs done to private affection by the same causes, all combined to prepare the way in England for some extraordinary display of dramatic power; and accordingly we find in Shakspeare, and his illustrious contemporaries, such a stupendous store of talent for that species of writing,

as never was seen at any one period in the world before.

“The dramatic age was followed by the historical. The compilations in that sort of composition, both in the latter part of Elizabeth’s reign, and throughout the whole of King James the First’s time, are still the most valuable and important that have yet been made in English literature. The literature of no other country possesses any thing to be put into comparison with the chronicles of these kingdoms.

“After the historical cycle came that of general poetry, the genius of which addressed itself, not to the description of scenes or of feelings, but almost exclusively to the associations which constitute the basis of rational knowledge. Pope may be said to have been the chief in this species of composition, and I am not sure that, since his time till the present, the literature of this country has had any decided character, or made any important progress. It has been classical, correct, moral, and philosophical, perhaps beyond the attainments of the existing epoch, but it has been general, and, in some respects, I may almost say, featureless. It has consisted rather of compendious views of what had been done and established in preceding times, than of additions to our knowledge respecting the recesses of nature and of passion.

“We are now, I think, evidently entered into a new cycle. All the past has become, in some degree, obsolete, or is only drawn on to furnish illustrations to characters, possessing something in common with that high state of excitement into which we have ourselves been raised by the vast and wonderful events of the age. The theatre, owing to the general ignorance and conceit of the players, being, in the management, so much under the common level of the taste and knowledge of the time has gone out of fashion, and the consequence is, that the talent, which would otherwise have been directed in another state of things to furnish the empty stage with life, energy, and truth, is now engaged in providing a similar sort of entertainment in the shape of tales and romances, so highly imbued with poetical ornament, and the emphatic disclosures of sentiment and passion, that they bear scarcely any likeness to the compositions, which, during the earlier part of the late reign, were called novels, while they have much of the air and complexion of the works of the old dramatists.

“When this cycle is run out, then we shall have another his-

torical period; and what theme for eloquence, aphorisms, and description, await the pen of the unborn Humes, and Robertsons, and Gibbons, in the gorgeous calamities and magnificent crimes and enterprises of the revolutionary war!—a subject in itself, from the beginning to the end, the most complete and epic which the whole history of mankind affords.

“In the meantime, we may expect to meet with occasional preparatory passages, treated with discrimination and ability, and which will serve the future historian as materials for his ‘imperial theme.’ Of this kind I consider Southey’s History of the Peninsular War,—a work, so far as it has gone, highly creditable to his industry and talents, and, indeed, one of the most favourable specimens of narration which has yet appeared on the greatest of subjects; I speak of the whole conflict, of which the peninsular war, like the Egyptian expedition can only be considered as a chapter.”

The British historians of the last fifty years are numerous, and some of them of great original genius; but they are, in general, with the exception of LINGARD, whose splendid history of England has been already noticed, more remarkable for diligence than dignity; for graphic spirit of detail, than loftiness of sentiment or massive vigour of narration.—We have political, religious, military, commercial, constitutional, and colonial histories, exhibiting religious animosities or party hues, and deformed by the sentiments of interest or prejudice; but none exhibiting in one picture the united energies of a great nation, in arts and arms, in commerce and policy. Neither have we had a history of British literature, of which the poetic portion was commenced by Warton.—In vigour and variety of genius ROBERT SOUTHEY has few equals. In history he occupies the first rank after Lingard. SOUTHEY’S *History of the Peninsular War*, for accuracy of information, for living pictures of the encounters of the adverse hosts, for pathetic truth of delineation, whether he records the fate of armies, or cities, or individuals, has not yet been equalled. In his *Book of the Church*, he has given offence to the Catholics. In unity, diversity and originality, the *History of Brazil* is the noblest of all his prose works. For some time he has been contemplating the continuation of WARTON’S *History of Poetry*, a task worthy of the genius of Southey. GEORGE CHALMERS, in his *Caledonia*, and SHARON TURNER, in the

History of the Anglo-Saxons, have shown an extensive acquaintance with old British lore, and a patience of enquiry unexampled in modern literature. The *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, by Dr. JAMIESON, is scarcely inferior to the Caledonia in learning, research, and sagacity. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH'S *History of England*, which was in hand for nearly twenty years, was to commence with the revolution of 1688, and conclude with the overthrow of Napoleon and the return of peace to Europe. The two volumes which appeared in 1830 and 1831 are only an expansion of the preface which was to usher in his great undertaking; but there is nothing in them of that high and commanding order, which makes common readers pause and say a new light has arisen in the land. Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote *two Histories of Scotland*; one is of the familiar, fireside sort, the other of a graver character and loftier pretension. The former is the better; it is supposed to be spoken to his grandson, now like himself in the dust. It is all life and chivalry and romance.—The graver history of Scotland is cold, formal,—without ease and without dignity. The crushing hand of misfortune was on him at the time he wrote it. Scott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* was written when national animosity was unsubsidied. The author was an ardent lover of his country, and of the order of things which the genius of Napoleon sought to abolish. It is not to be wondered at, that with such a difference of education and feeling Scott should appear unjust to the merits of Napoleon. Yet notwithstanding the numerous errors of this marvellous book, it will be long before a work appears to eclipse its vigorous, picturesque, and glowing narratives, and give a more lively account of that terrible and all but invincible warrior. WILLIAM ROSCOE, in his excellent histories of *Lorenzo de' Medici* and of *Leo the Tenth*, was one of the first who made us acquainted with the latter princes, and taste and talent of Italy. The life of Sir JOHN MALCOLM is as interesting as his histories; and they are learned, dramatic, and eloquent. He went out when a boy to India, and soon became remarkable for his acquirements in native lore. During marches and embassies he amassed sixty or seventy volumes of individual or national anecdote. In his *History of Persia*, he has made a sensible use of materials of that nature. He visited in person all the remarkable places in Hindostan, of which his *History of Central India* required him to speak. His *Persian*

Sketches consist chiefly of legends, ceremonies, and scenes; they are all stamped with the impress of the East; and *the Political History* has often been referred to by men well acquainted with Eastern affairs. The original air and chivalrous spirit of the works of Malcolm render them acceptable to all who desire to become acquainted with the fortunes of Persia and Hindostan. COLONEL NAPIER'S *History of the Peninsular War*, in which he acted a distinguished part, is one of the most remarkable books of modern times. The generals and leaders are exhibited as in life—and all the varied fortunes of the fight are delineated with a burning energy, unknown to the calmer pages of ordinary historians. Napier has produced a work which for vivid beauty of narrative may vie with Cæsar or Tacitus. *The State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, and *The Constitutional History of England*, are works by which the name of HENRY HALLAM will be known to posterity. ISAAC D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature*, and other admirable productions, shed abundance of light on the character and condition of literary men. He detects in the most barren places an anecdote which supplies the world with matter for a month's talk, on the calamities, folly, or wisdom of men of genius. His *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First* exhibit all the research and learning of his earlier works. It was intimated that he had the history of British literature in contemplation.

BIOGRAPHY. The penury of British biography was remarked by Johnson; he did much, indeed, to remove the reproach, and succeeding writers added largely to the structure which he may be said to have commenced. We had before his day individual biographies, such as SPRAT'S *Life of Cowley*, and CIBBER'S *Apology*, remarkable for elegance of eulogium and liveliness of detail; but we had no connected series of Lives before those of the poets, and even in these, some of the greatest poets England has produced, are omitted. (See Johnson's Biographical Sketch, p. 710—712.) It was the object of Johnson, when uninfluenced by party spirit or prejudice, to exhibit the genius as well as the persons of the poets; to give us their mental picture along with their bodily—Succeeding biographers have thought differently; we have diaries rather than memoirs, and letters substituted for characters. BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson* led to these inflictions. The *Life of Burns*, by JAMES CURRIE,

followed that of Johnson : the memory of Burns owes much to his biographer. WILLIAM HAYLEY is the author of a *Life of Romney*, and of the *Life of Cowper*, which is only relieved from unelevated mediocrity, by the fine letters with which the narrative is embellished. WILLIAM GIFFORD wrote a short account of his own eventful life, and a *Memoir of Ben Jonson*. The latter is, notwithstanding all its blemishes, remarkable for its old English lore as well as for sagacity of criticism. WILLIAM GODWIN, in his *Life of Chaucer*, has written a romance, yet he scatters learning all around, and shows every where a deep sense of the merits of the father of English poetry. MALCOLM LAING, in his *Life and Works of Macpherson*, has acquitted himself cleverly in pointing out some of the forgeries on which has been raised that *splendid fabric of imposture*, that under the assumed name of OSSIAN had for so long a period dazzled and imposed upon the world. Sir WALTER SCOTT'S *Lives of Dryden and of Swift* though possessing great merit, are not equal to his brief and happy *Sketches of the Novelists*. Scott's intimate knowledge of the art in which the Smolletts, the Fieldings, the Richardsons excelled, enabled him to accomplish this without any effort. His account of the novelists is worthy of being classed with Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. The most perfect piece of biography in the language is the *Life of Nelson* by ROBERT SOUTHEY. The *Life of Wesley* possesses considerable merit. The *Memoirs of John Bunyan*, as well as that of *Kirke White*, is another beautiful narrative. In his *Lives of the British Admirals* Southey has also cleverly acquitted himself in a task worthy of his genius. JOAN GIBSON LOCKHART'S *Life of the poet Burns*, and his *Memoirs of the life of Sir Walter Scott*, are first-rate productions. PATRICK FRASER TYTLER'S *Lives of the Scottish Worthies* are distinguished by great candour and no common research. His *Life of Raleigh* is full and satisfactory. LEIGH HUNT'S account of himself and his family, appended to his *Life of Byron*, is full of life. His account of Byron, the world resented as an indignity offered to one whom it had itself too much insulted.—Of the same great poet another memoir was written by JOHN GALT, who had already shown some biographical skill in his account of *Benjamin West*. For this memoir Galt obtained high praise, and very sharp censure. Galt has given to the world his Autobiography, which contains much that is valuable and curious. THOMAS MOORE'S

Life of Sheridan is a work displaying eloquence and spirit, which made it acceptable to all who loved free utterance of feeling. Moore in his *Life of Byron* had a task to perform of no ordinary difficulty. The biographer, out of respect to the world, as well as for the sake of the poet, should have interpreted rather sparingly much that was not worthy of being known. — The work has, however, many beauties: it shows the poet at home in his study; it exhibits him full dressed in the public places; and it displays him joyous with wine and gladdened with witty company. It discloses his inmost thoughts: now he is stung to the heart by some allusion to his lameness, or some stern attack on his poetry; then he is seen gloomy, and even fierce, pondering over the shipwreck of his fortune and the ruin of his domestic peace; nor are there wanting hours of melting weakness. — The *Life of Fitzgerald* is much inferior to the two other biographies.

EPISTOLARY WRITING possesses a kind of middle place between the serious and amusing species of Composition. It appears at first view, to stretch into a very wide field. For there is no subject whatever, on which one may not convey his thoughts to the public, in the form of a letter. Lord SHAFTESBURY, for instance, Mr. HARRIS, and several other Writers, have chosen to give this form to philosophical treatises. But this is not sufficient to class such treatises under the head of Epistolary Composition.

AS LETTERS are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining, that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style, most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments.

The purpose for which letters are written, when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve, in the minds of the absent, either love or esteem; to excite love, we must impart pleasure; and to raise esteem, we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unex-

pected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building, which has no strength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

CICERO'S EPISTLES, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are, on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept the copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of the freedman Tyro for the large collection that was made, after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand. They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state, the greater part of them being written during that important crisis when the republic was on the point of ruin, the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents as well as himself are elegant and polite writers, which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age.

PLINY'S LETTERS are one of the most celebrated collections, which the ancients have given us in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man

of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend.

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of POPE, Dean SWIFT, and their friends, partly published in POPE's works and partly in those of Dean SWIFT. This collection is, in the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. ARBUTHNOT, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean SWIFT's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all his defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord BOLINGBROKE's, and of Bishop ATTERBURY's letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on POPE himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation.

The letters of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE retain more the character of agreeable epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language.

GRAY, CHESTERFIELD, STERNE, JOHNSON, HORACE WALPOLE, MISS CARTER, MISS ANNE SEWARD, COWPER, Sir PHILIP FRANCIS (under the fictitious name of JUNIUS), and several other writers of merit have considerably enriched this department of English literature.

The first virtue of HISTORICAL NARRATION, is Clearness, Order, and due Connection. To attain this, the Historian must be completely master of his subject; he must see the whole as at one view; and comprehend the chain and dependance of all its parts, that he may introduce every thing in its proper place; that he may lead us smoothly along the tract of affairs which

are recorded, and may always give us the satisfaction of seeing how one event arises out of another.

It is by means of circumstances and particulars properly chosen, that a narration becomes interesting and affecting to the reader. These give life, body, and colouring to the recital of facts, and enable us to behold them as present, and passing before our eyes. It is this employment of circumstances, in Narration, that is properly termed Historical Painting.

In all these virtues of narration, particularly in this last, of picturesque descriptive narration, several of the Ancient Historians eminently excel. Hence, the pleasure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. They are all conspicuous for the art of Narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable Writer, and relates every thing with that *naïveté* and simplicity of manner, which never fails to interest the Reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harsh, yet on great occasions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the Siege of Plataea, the sedition in Corcyra, the Defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he displays a very strong and masterly power of description. Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and his *Anabasis* or Retreat of the Ten Thousand, are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narration is easy and engaging : but his *Hellenics*, or Continuation of the History of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Sallust's Art of Historical Painting in his *Catilinarian*, but more especially in his *Jugurthine War*, is well known, though his Style is liable to censure, as too studied and affected.

There is one kind of conversation, which every one aims at, and every one almost fails in ; it is that of STORY-TELLING. I know not any thing which engages our attention with more delight, when a person has a sufficient stock of talents necessary for it, such as *good sense, true humour, a clear head, a ready command of language, and a variety of proper gesture*, to give life and spirit to what he says. If any of these be wanting, the listeners, instead of being diverted, are disoblinded ; but if the person be utterly void of them all, as it is very often the case, he becomes a nuisance to the company, and they are so long upon the rack as he speaks. It has sometimes fallen to my lot, that a man whom I never offended, has laid me under the

persecution of a long story, and compelled me to hear, what neither concerned himself, nor me, nor indeed any body else, and at the same time he was as much in earnest, as if both our lives and fortunes, and the felicity of the whole kingdom depended upon what he said. A humour very unaccountable ! That a man shall be letting off words for an hour or two, with a very innocent intention, and after he has done his best, only makes me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

I shall, in a few words, divide the STORY-TELLERS into the SHORT, the LONG, the MARVELLOUS, the INSIPID, and the DELIGHTFUL.

The SHORT STORY-TELLER is he, who tells a great deal in few words, engages your attention, pleases your imagination, or quickly excites your laughter. Of this sort were Xenophon, Plutarch, Macrobius, among the ancients.

When the Nepheli of Aristophanes, a satire upon Socrates, was acting, his friends desired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, said Socrates, I will stand up here, where I may be seen ; for now I think myself like a good feast, and that every one has a share of me.

Brasidas, the famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a *mouse* : it bit him, and by that means made its escape. O Jupiter, said he, what creature so contemptible, but may have its liberty if it will contend for it !

Diogenes having sailed to Chios, while it was under the dominion of the Persians, said in a full assembly, the inhabitants were fools for erecting a college, and building temples, since the Persians would not allow them the privilege of making their own *priests*, but sent them over the most illiterate of their *magi*.

Augustus, while he was encamped with his army somewhere near Mantua, was disturbed three nights successively by the hooting of an owl. Proclamation was made to the soldiers, that whoever caught the offender (so that he might be brought to justice) should have an ample reward for his pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the pursuit of this bird : at last, one more vigilant than the rest, found him in a hollow tree, so brought him in triumph to the emperor, who saw him with the greatest joy, but gave the soldier a sum of money so far below his expectation, that he let the owl fly away that instant. So true a sense of liberty ran through the very meanest of the Romans !

The LONG STORY-TELLER is one who tells little or nothing in a great number of words; for this many among the moderns are famous, and among ourselves in this kingdom we have a vast number of the better sort. As well as I can recollect, there are six deans, four judges, six-and-thirty counsellors at law, sixty-five attorneys, some few fellows of the college, every alderman through the whole nation, except one. All old gentlemen and ladies, without exception, five of the college of physicians, three or four lords, two hundred 'squires, and some few people of distinction beside.

The MARVELLOUS, is he who is fond of telling such things as no man alive, who has the least use of his reason, can believe. This humour prevails very much in travellers, and the vain-glorious, but it is very pardonable, because no man's faith is imposed upon, nor does any ill consequence attend persons seriously extravagant, expecting another should give credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest dunce to swallow.

One of these, who had travelled to Damascus, told his company, that the *bees* of that country were as big as *turkies*. Pray, Sir, said a gentleman, (begging pardon for the question,) how large were the hives? The same size with ours, replied the traveller. Very strange, said the other. But how got they into their hives? That is none of my business; egad, let them look to that.

Another, who had travelled as far as Persia, spoke to his man John, as he was returning home, telling him how necessary it was, that a traveller should draw things beyond the life, otherwise he could not hope for that respect from his countrymen, which otherwise he might have. But at the same time, John, said he, wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my chair, and if I do very much exceed the bounds of truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself. It happened on a day, that he dined with a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirmed that he saw a *monkey*, in the island of Borneo, which had a tail threescore yards long. John punched him. I am certain it was fifty at least. John punched again. I believe, to speak within compass, for I did not measure, it must have been forty. John gave him t'other touch. I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty. John at him again. I could take my oath it was twenty. This did not satisfy John. Upon which the master

turned about in a rage, and said, Damn you for a puppy, would you have the *monkey* without any tail at all?

Did not the famous Dr. BURNET, whose history is much of the same stamp with his travels, affirm that he saw an *elephant* play at ball? And that grave gentleman, Isbrant Ides, in his travels through Muscovy to China, assures us that he saw *elephants* which were taught to low like *cows*, to yell like *tigers*, and to mimic the sounding of a trumpet; but their highest perfection, as he relates it, was that of singing like canary birds. However, this is not so marvellous (for Pliny relates wonderful things of their docility) as what a gentleman told a full company, in my hearing, within this fortnight: that he had seen a show at Bristol, which was a *hare*, taught to stand upon her hind legs and bow to all the company, to each person in particular, with a very good grace, and then proceed to beat several marches on the drum. After this a *dog* was set upon the table. His master, the *showman*, made many grievous complaints against him, for high crimes and misdemeanours. The hare knits her brows, kindles her eyes like a lady, falls in a passion, attacks the dog with all her rage and fury, as if she had been his wife, scratches, bites, and cuffs him round the table, till the spectators had enough for their money.

There is a certain gentleman, now in Ireland, most remarkably fond of the marvellous (but this through vanity), who, among an infinite number of the like rarities, affirms that he has a *carp* in a pond, by itself, which has for twenty years past supplied him and his friends with a very good dish of fish, when they either came to dine or sup with him. And the manner of it is thus: The cook maid goes with a large kitchen knife, which has a whistle in its handle; she no sooner blows it, but the *carp* comes to the sluice and turns up its belly, till she cuts out as much as she has occasion for, and then away it scuds. The chasm is filled in a day or two, and the *carp* is as sound as a *roach*, ready for the knife again.

I should be glad to spend an evening with half a dozen gentlemen of this uncommom genius, for I am certain they would improve upon one another, and thereby I might have an opportunity of observing how far the marvellous could be carried, or whether it has any bound at all.

The INSIPID, who may not unfitly be called SOPORIFIC, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull relation of unimportant

facts : you shall have an account from such a person of every minute circumstance which happened in the company where he has been, what he did, and what they did, what they said, and what he said, with a million of trite phrases, with *and so on* beginning every sentence ; and *to make a long story short* ; and *as I was saying*, with many more expletives of equal signification. It is a most dreadful thing, when men have neither the talent of speaking, nor the discretion of holding their tongues, and that, of all people, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this way of conversation.

The DELIGHTFUL STORY-TELLER is one who speaks not a word too much, or too little, who can, in a very careless manner, give a great deal of pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert than be applauded ; who shows good understanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him ; who can entertain his company better with the history of a child and its *hobby-horse*, than one of the soporifics can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a person is not unlike a bad reader, who makes the most ingenious piece his own ; that is, dull and detestable, by only coming through his mouth.

DIALOGUE-WRITING may be executed in two ways, either as direct conversation, where none but the speakers appear, which is the method that Plato uses ; or as the recital of a conversation, where the author himself appears, and gives an account of what passed in discourse ; which is the method that Cicero generally follows. But though those different methods make some variation in the form, yet the nature of the composition is at bottom the same in both, and subject to the same laws.

Among the ancients, PLATO is eminent for the beauty of his dialogues. The scenery, and the circumstances of many of them, are beautifully painted. The character of the Sophists, with whom Socrates disputed, are well drawn, a variety of personages are exhibited to us ; we are introduced into a real conversation, often supported with much life and spirit, after the Socratic manner. For richness and beauty of imagination, no philosophic writer, ancient or modern, is comparable to Plato. The only fault of his imagination is such an excess of fertility, as allows it sometimes to obscure his judgment. It frequently carries him into allegory, fiction, enthusiasm, and airy regions of mystical theology. The philosopher is, at times,

lost in the poet. But whether we be edified with the matter or not, (and much edification he often affords,) we are always entertained with the manner; and left with a strong impression of the sublimity of the author's genius.

CICERO's dialogues, or those recitals of conversation which he has introduced into several of his philosophical and critical works, are not so spirited, nor so characteristical, as those of Plato. Yet some, as that *de Oratore* especially, are agreeable and well supported. They show us conversation carried on among some of the principal persons of ancient Rome, with freedom, good breeding and dignity.

LUCIAN is a dialogue-writer of much eminence, though his subjects are seldom such as can entitle him to be ranked among philosophical authors. He has given the model of the light and humorous dialogue, and has carried it to great perfection. A character of levity, and at the same time of wit and penetration, distinguishes all his writings.

In the invention of Dialogues of the Dead, Lucian has been followed by several Modern Authors. Fontenelle, in particular, has given us Dialogues of this sort, which are sprightly and agreeable. Lord LYTTELTON's *Dialogues of the Dead* exhibit many Characters very happily and properly distinguished.

As calm conversation furnishes none of those assistances for bringing characters into light, which the active scenes, and interesting situations of the drama, afford, few authors are eminent for Characteristical Dialogue on grave subjects. One of the most remarkable in the English Language, is a writer of the last age, Dr. HENRY MORE, in his Divine Dialogues, relating to the foundations of Natural religion. Though his style be now in some measure obsolete, and his speakers be marked with the academic stiffness of those times, yet the Dialogue is animated by a variety of Character and a sprightliness of Conversation, beyond what are commonly met with in writings of this kind. Bishop BERKELEY's Dialogues concerning the existence of matter, do not attempt any display of Characters; but furnish an instance of a very abstract subject, rendered clear and intelligible by means of Conversation properly managed.

DESCRIPTION.—In the happy selection of circumstances, lies the great art of picturesque description. In the first place, they ought not to be vulgar, and common ones, such as are ap

to pass by without remark; but, as much as possible, new and original, which may catch the fancy, and draw attention. In the next place, they ought to be such as particularize the object described, and mark it strongly. No description, that rests in generals, can be good. For we can conceive nothing clearly in the abstract; all distinct ideas are formed upon particulars. In the third place, all the circumstances employed ought to be uniform, and of a piece; that is, when describing a great object, every circumstance brought into view should tend to aggrandise; or when describing a gay and pleasant one, should tend to beautify, that by this means, the impression may rest upon the imagination complete and entire; and lastly, the circumstances in description should be expressed with conciseness, and with simplicity; for, when either too much exaggerated, or too long dwelt upon and extended, they never fail to enfeeble the impression that is designed to be made. Brevity, almost always, contributes to vivacity. These general rules will be best understood by illustrations, founded on particular instances.—

FICTITIOUS HISTORIES furnish one of the best channels for conveying instruction, for painting human life and manners, for showing the errors into which we are betrayed by our passions, for rendering virtue amiable and vice odious. The effect of well-contrived stories, towards accomplishing these purposes, is stronger than any effect that can be produced by simple and naked instruction; and hence we find, that the wisest men in all ages have more or less employed fables and fictions, as the vehicles of knowledge. These have ever been the basis of both Epic and Dramatic Poetry. It is not, therefore, the nature of this sort of Writing, considered in itself, but the faulty manner of its execution, that can expose it to any contempt.

In all countries we find its origin very ancient. The genius of the Eastern nations, in particular, was from the earliest times much turned towards invention and the love of fiction. Their Divinity, their Philosophy, and their Politics, were clothed in fables and parables. The Indians, the Persians, and Arabians, were all famous for their tales. The 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' are the production of a romantic invention, but of a rich and amusing imagination; exhibiting a singular

and curious display of manners and characters, and beautified with a very humane morality.

During the dark ages, this sort of writing assumed a new and very singular form, and for a long while made a great figure in the world. The martial spirit of those nations, among whom the feudal government prevailed: the establishment of single combat, as an allowed method of deciding causes both of justice and honour; the appointment of champions in the cause of women, who could not maintain their own rights by the sword; together with the institutions of military tournaments, in which different kingdoms vied with one another, gave rise, in those times, to that marvellous system of chivalry, which is one of the most singular appearances in the history of mankind. Upon this were founded those romances of knight-errantry, which carried an ideal chivalry to a still more extravagant height than it had risen in fact. There was displayed in them a new and very wonderful sort of world, hardly bearing any resemblance to the world in which we dwell. — Not only knights setting forth to redress all manner of wrongs, but in every page, magicians, dragons, and giants, invulnerable men, winged horses, enchanted armour, and enchanted castles; adventures absolutely incredible, yet suited to the gross ignorance of these ages, and to the legends, and superstitious notions concerning magic and necromancy, which then prevailed. This merit they had, of being writings of the highly moral and heroic kind. Their knights were patterns, not of courage merely, but of religion, generosity, courtesy, and fidelity; and the heroines were no less distinguished for modest delicacy, and the utmost dignity of manners. These were the first Compositions that received the name of ROMANCES.

The Crusades both furnished new matter, and increased the spirit for such Writings; the Christians against the Saracens made the common ground-work of them; and from the 11th to the 16th century they continued to bewitch all Europe. In Spain, where the taste for this sort of writing had been most greedily caught, the ingenious Cervantes, in the beginning of the 17th century, contributed greatly to explode it; and the abolition of tournaments, the prohibition of single combat, the disbelief of magic and enchantments, and the change in general of manners throughout Europe, began to give a new turn to fictitious Composition.

Then appeared the *Astræa* of D'URFÉ, the *Grand Cyrus*, the *Clelia* and *Cleopatra* of Mad. Scuderi, the *Arcadia* of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, and other grave and stately Compositions in the same style. They may be considered as forming the second stage of Romance writing.

This sort of Composition soon assumed a third form, and from magnificent HEROIC ROMANCE, dwindled down to the Familiar NOVEL. These Novels, both in France and England, during the age of Lewis XIV. and king Charles II., were in general of a trifling nature, without the appearance of moral tendency, or useful instruction. Since that time, however, somewhat better has been attempted, and a degree of reformation introduced into the spirit of Novel Writing. Imitations of life and character have been made their principal objects.

Of all the works of Imagination to which English genius has given origin, the novels of the celebrated HENRY FIELDING are, perhaps, most decidedly and exclusively her own. They are not only altogether beyond the reach of translation, in the proper sense and spirit of the word, but we even question whether they can be fully understood, or relished to the highest extent, by such natives of Scotland and Ireland as are not habitually acquainted with the character and manners of Old England. *Parson Adams*, *Partridge*, above all *Squire Western*, are personages as peculiar to England as they are unknown to other countries. Nay the actors whose character is of a more general cast, as *Allworthy*, *Mrs. Miller*, *Tom Jones* himself, and almost all the subordinate agents in the narrative, have the same cast of nationality, which adds not a little to the verisimilitude of the tale. The persons of the story live in England, travel in England, quarrel and fight in England; and scarce an incident occurs without its being marked by something which could not well have happened in any other country. This nationality may be ascribed to the author's own habits of life, which rendered him conversant, at different periods, with all the various classes of English society, specimens of which he has selected, with inimitable spirit of choice and description, for the amusement of his readers.

The genius of SMOLLETT may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and

in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to SMOLLETT an equal rank with his great rival FIELDING, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition. They were both so eminently successful as Novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with FIELDING and SMOLLETT.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to FIELDING, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shown by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character than SMOLLETT was able to present. If he is surpassed by FIELDING in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. FIELDING has no passages which approach in sublimity to the robber scene in *Count Fathom*; or to the terrible description of a sea engagement, in which *Roderick Random* sits chained and exposed upon the poop, without the power of motion or exertion, during the carnage of a tremendous engagement. Upon many other occasions, Smollett's descriptions ascend to the sublime; and, in general, there is an air of romance in his writings which raises his narratives above the level and easy course of ordinary life. He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our own day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropists, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works as robbers in those of *Salvator Rosa*, and are drawn in most cases with the same terrible truth and effect.

With the exception perhaps of GOLDSMITH's *Citizen of the World*, the English have no production of any celebrity re-

sembling the Jewish Spy, or Persian Letters, and in which various remarks on the manners and customs of a country are presented through the supposed medium of a foreigner, unbiassed by the habits and associations of a native. In the class of fairy and oriental tales, we are equally deficient; but in that of the *voyages imaginaires*, no nation of Europe has produced three performances of equal merit with DE FOE's *Robinson Crusoe*, SWIFT's *Gulliver's Travels* and BERKELEY's *Gaudentio di Lucca*. DE FOE and SWIFT, though differing very widely in education, opinions and characters, have strong points of resemblance. Both intermingle so many minute circumstances, and state so particularly names of persons, and dates, and places, that the reader is involuntarily surprised into a persuasion of their truth.—But the moral of Robinson Crusoe is very different from that of Gulliver's Travels. Never did human being excite more sympathy in his fate than this shipwrecked mariner: we enter into all his doubts and difficulties, and every rusty nail which he acquires, fills us with satisfaction. We thus learn to appreciate our own comforts, and we acquire at the same time a habit of activity: but above all, we attain a trust and devout confidence in Divine mercy and goodness. The author also, by placing his hero in an uninhabited island in the Western ocean, had an opportunity of introducing scenes which, with the merit of truth, have all the wildness and horror of the most incredible fiction.—*That foot in the sand—Those* Indians who land on the solitary shore to devour their captives, fill us with alarm and terror.—The deliverance of Friday, and the whole character of that young Indian, are painted in the most beautiful manner; and, in short, of all the works of fiction that have ever been composed, Robinson Crusoe is perhaps the most interesting and instructive. The moral effect of Gulliver's Travels is very different. Swift's work betrays evident marks of a diseased imagination and a lacerated heart,—in short of that frame of mind which led him in the epitaph he composed for himself, to describe the tomb as the abode, *Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*. We rise, accordingly, from Gulliver's Travels, not as from the work of De Foe, exulting in our nature, but giddy and selfish, and discontented. *Gaudentio di Lucca* is generally supposed to be the work of the celebrated Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, one of the most profound philosophers and virtuous visionaries of his age. The principal effect

of this work apparently is to describe a faultless and patriarchal form of government, as exhibited in the journey of Gaudentio to Mezzoramia, a country in the heart of the deserts of Africa, whose inhabitants had lived unknown to the rest of the world. The portrait of the English freethinker, towards the end of the work, is skilfully drawn, and the absurdity of the arguments of Hobbes very humorously displayed.

From the popularity of Robinson Crusoe, many compositions of a similar description appeared in England towards the middle of the last century. Such are the Travels and Adventures of William Binglefield, Esq.; and also the Life and Adventures of John Daniel, containing his shipwreck with one companion on a desolate island; a description of an eagle invented by his son Jacob, on which he flew to the moon; with some account of its inhabitants; his return and accidental fall into the habitation of a sea monster, with whom he lived two years. Of all these fictions, the best is the Voyage of Peter Wilkins, which was written about 1750, and has now fallen into merited neglect. In that work, the simplicity of the language of De Foe, and also several of the incidents of Robinson Crusoe, have been happily imitated.

HORACE WALPOLE'S *Castle of Otranto* has recommended itself to a numerous class of readers, by exciting powerful emotions of terror. The extravagance of this work, though declared by the author to be an attempt to blend the ancient romance and modern novel, has no resemblance to the machinery of the tales of chivalry. For the tented fields of chivalry, and its airy enchantments, we have hollow groans, gothic windows that exclude the light, and trap-doors with flights of steps descending to dismal vaults.—*The Old English Baron*, by CLARA REEVE, is the literary offspring of the *Castle of Otranto*, and, like it, hinges on the discovery of a murder, by supernatural agency, and the consequent restoration of the rightful heir to his titles and fortune. As a master of the terrible and mysterious, Lewis has shown considerable powers in his wild creation of the *Monk*; and he has wove his materials, in a great measure borrowed from different sources, with much dexterity, into an interesting whole. He has exhibited, however, such a pruriency of imagination, as to render his volumes, written as they are for a circulating library, extremely seductive and dangerous. This melodra-

matic sort of representation startled for a time, but could not last.

There are few novels which display more powerful painting, or excite higher interest than Godwin's *Caleb Williams*. The character of Falkland, the chief actor, is formed on visionary principles of honour.—But the accumulated wretchedness with which he is overwhelmed, the inscrutable mystery by which he is surrounded, and the frightful persecutions to which he subjects the suspected possessor of his dreadful secret, are represented with a force which has not been surpassed in the finest passages and scenes of poetic or dramatic fiction. In Godwin's other novel, *St. Leon*, the character of the hero is ably sustained. We are charmed with his early loyalty and patriotism—his elevation of soul and tender attachment to his family, while we feel deeply interested for his successive imprisonments in the jail of Constance, the cells of the Inquisition, and the dungeon of Bethlem Gabor. Through the whole romance, the dialogues are full of eloquence, and almost every scene is sketched with the strong and vivid pencil of a master.

MADAME D'ARBLAY, in her *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, *Evelina*, and other productions, leads us back to the days when a more studied sort of language, and less natural freedom of expression, characterized our romantic literature. Her power in individual portraiture is great, but her works are deficient in original vigour of conception, and her characters in depth and nature. She paints the punctilios and peccadillos of polished life, and would rather allow one of her heroines to stain her reputation than soil her kid gloves.—ELIZABETH HAMILTON's pictures of social life are taken from the shepherd's hut and the husbandman's hovel. She lectured the dames and the maidens of Scotland on the merits of activity and cleanliness, with a sharp and eager tongue. Amid much truth in her domestic pictures of that period, there is an inclination to overcharge and caricature.—Of MISS FERRIER's talents for observation of life, and skill in delineating the passions, follies, and virtues of human nature, her novels of "*Marriage*," and "*Inheritance*," sufficiently testify.—JANE and ANNA MARIA PORTER have both obtained great distinction in the ranks of imaginative writers. The former, in her "*Scottish Chiefs*," relates the fortunes of Wallace, and frequently interests our hearts and excites our imagination. The works of Anna Maria amount to nearly fifty volumes: nor are those of her sister Jane much less numerous. The first is

one of those early prodigies in literature, who astonish their friends and perplex biographers. She wrote and published her artless tales at twelve years of age. She was, when some six years old, acquainted with Walter Scott; it was his custom, when let loose from school, to hasten to her mother's residence, and tell her interminable stories of fairies and witchcraft.—Anna Maria died in 1832; Jane, the most eminent, survives.—Of HANNAH MORE it is not easy to speak. The sentiments which she utters have a scriptural source, and the aim of her numerous productions is the eternal welfare of mankind : but she has never succeeded in communicating that life or variety which brings popularity. One listens with reverence to speculations from the pulpit, but with impatience to all lay lectures.—Mrs. INCHBALD'S *Simple Story*, and *Nature and Art*, attracted much attention. She was an admirable novelist, shrewd and observing, and a handsome woman. She lived in a simple way, that she might be independent, and also apply the residue of her income to the maintenance of her sister, and to deeds of benevolence and charity.—“MISS AUSTEN'S works,” says the *Quarterly Review*, “may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction and amusement.” Her works are : *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Persuasion*. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD is no sighing sister, like Hannah More, but a kindly and gladsome lady, who promotes the happiness of the nation by her hearty sketches of domestic manners, rural pursuits, village pastimes of cottage dames and rustic husbandmen. In doing this she is promoting morality and true devotion, more than if she were to come abroad in a religious allegory, and prove to the world that we are sunk in folly and sin, and that hell is gaping for nine-tenths of mankind. Her charming sketches and tales vindicate old England from the aspersions of Crabbe. Miss Mitford has made a strong impression on the public mind as a dramatist. She is the authoress of *Julian*, the *Vespers of Palermo*, *Foscari*, and *Rienzi*, the most esteemed of her various plays. THEODORE HOOK may be compared, for the sake of contrast, with Miss Mitford : she is of the country, he is of the town.—THOMAS HOPE, as author of *Anastasi*, claims a distinguished place among the children of fiction.—The *Vathek* of BECKFORD is little known, and was never popular with the public ; it has admirers among the inge-

nious and travelled, who can appreciate its merits.—JOHN WILSON is the most imaginative of all English writers of fiction. To all that is lovely in the realms of reality, he unites all that is ethereal in the dominions of fancy. With what fine tact and ready wit he deals out his sallies of humour, and sarcasm, and praise, and criticism, in his dramatic papers, so long the charm in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The chief prose works of Wilson are: the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life and Character*, the *Trials of Margaret Lindsay*, and the *Foresters*. They are justly popular. His dramatic talents are as great as his other poems, and in poetic criticism he excels.—HORACE SMITH is author of *Brambletye House*, *Tor Hill*, and other tales. There is an excess of the descriptive in his stories. Smith is a successful parodist on Crabbe, Scott, and other chief poets. He is famous for lively sallies in rhyme, and for pictures of city life and manners, in both prose and verse.—On the novels of JOHN BANIM, the world has pronounced on the whole a very favourable opinion. The wild fits of despair and exultation, of enthusiasm and despondency, the indignant bursts of patriotism, and overflowings of tenderness and love, which are so abundant in the *O'Hara Tales*, and other compositions of the same author, though sometimes overstrained, are redeemed by ten thousand touches of truth and feeling.—EDWARD LYTTON BULWER has vigorous and varied powers. In one work he hits off the court and the parliament, where ladies wear their plumes, and the eloquent are on their feet; in a second he depicts London in the darkness of night, when the wise with their follies, and the vicious with their plots, are all abroad, and the sharper and the shameless wanton come out for prey; and in a third he has introduced us to the proud and the ingenious, debased by poverty and stained by crime. We are struck with his extensive acquaintance with the world, and the fine views which he takes on civil policy and social life, but we are soon made to feel the presence of something jarring and unwelcome; and this is as observable in his work on the manners, literature, and arts of England, as in *The Disowned*, *Paul Clifford*, *Devereux*, and his other novels. Bulwer is devoted to the cause of literature; in private as well as in public life, he is its warm and eloquent advocate. The fictions of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART are very various—his *Peter's Letters* are all life and character, and full of wit and humour. *Valerius* is an image of the domestic condi-

tion of the nobler Romans during the days of Cæsar, *Adam Blair* gives evidence now and then of the distempered feeling of the German school. *Reginald Dalton* exhibits talents of an order admirably fitted to excel in the study of fiction: but Lockhart was called to another destiny—to judge rather than invent; and seems not to have been unwilling to lay down the enchanter's wand and take up the critic's rod.—There is fine poetic feeling and much brightness of fancy in BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI'S *Vivian Grey*, *Contarini Fleming* and *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*.—J. P. R. JAMES belong to the historical school of fiction; his best works are: *Richelieu*, and *Mary of Burgundy*.—*Salathiel, or The Tale of the Wandering Jew*, by the REV. GEORGE CROLY, is a magnificent fiction. This author's poem of *May Fair* contains passages remarkable for condensed vigour of thought and language.—In her *Irish Stories*, MRS. HALL excels. Her rustic maidens are copied from the cottage; nothing can be more faithful and lively, nor are her hinds and husbandmen any thing inferior: we nowhere see the Irish character more justly or so pleasantly represented.

These are not the whole, and some I fear are not the best of our living novelists. More than twenty contributors to our amusement and instruction must be crowded together in one short notice. The *Tremaine* of WARD; the *Matilda* of Lord MULGRAVE; the *Granby* of LISTER; and many of Mrs. GORE's novels, are works in which the present state of society and manners is more or less clearly impressed. Something of the same kind may be said of *The Kuzzilbash*, by FRASER, and the *Highways and Byways*, *The Heiress of Bruges*, and *Jacqueline of Holland*, by THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN. The *Hajji Baba* of MORIER is different; and the *Tales and Confessions* of LEITCH RITCHIE, the *Munster Festivals* of GRIFFIN, the *Witch Finder* of GASPEY, and the *Fairy Legends* by CROKER, are of another order. The *Naval Sketches* of MARRYAT, GLASCOCK, CHAMIER, and BASIL HALL, are truths touched slightly by the fingers of fiction. The authors of *The Patrician at Sea*, and of *Elizabeth Bruce*, merit a particular mention.

STERNE'S *Tristram Shandy*, GOLDSMITH'S inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield*, MACKENZIE'S *Man of Feeling*, MATURIN'S *Family of Montorio*, and many other productions of modern writers, as has been already noticed, had placed the English language far above any other in this species of composition long before the

publication of the historical novels of the illustrious author of *Waverley* on whom HAZLITT passes the following encomium.

‘ Sir WALTER SCOTT has found out (oh, rare discovery) that facts are better than fiction; that there is no romance like the romance of real life; and that if we can but arrive at what men feel, do, and say in striking and singular situations, the result will be ‘ more lively, audible, and full of vent,’ than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. Our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in ‘ their habits as they lived.’ He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records; he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bed-ridden sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way; and by borrowing of others, has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original, authentic sources, in large concrete masses, and not tampered with, or too much frittered them away. He is the only amanuensis of truth and History. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is.

‘ All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon (wide as the scope is), the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character, of fanciful belief, come thronging back upon our imaginations.’—The Historical and national novels of F. COOPER and Lady MORGAN deserve to be mentioned together with those of their illustrious Contemporary as being no less founded on real life and facts.

CRITICISM.—This is the age of criticism. Lord Kames and the learned Blair spoke of genius with respect and reverence: a race of men bold and intrepid came after them; men with a good deal of learning and wit and a vast deal of assurance, sat down in the critic’s chair, and dealt out their raw, rash, and audacious opinions.—To combat the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly Review* was established. The learning and irony of the *Quarterly* were well contrasted with the eloquence and wit of the *Edinburgh*; but genius suffered sadly in the strife. Gene-

rally speaking, however the atrocities of the *Edinburgh* were fourfold in amount to those of the *Quarterly*. In looking over the volumes of these different productions, we may see that both have sometimes exalted a dunce as a genius, and knocked down a genius as a dunce. They have each their coterie prejudices. The *Quarterly* loves lords and ladies; the *Edinburgh* political economists and speculators. The chief apostles and founders of these fierce systems were JEFFREY and GIFFORD—men of humble birth, of good education, with wit at will, and unbounded confidence in their powers. In the vast harm and little good which JEFFREY did to literature, he was aided by WILLIAM GIFFORD, who, if he did not originate, edited for many years the *Quarterly Review*. He was a man of extensive knowledge—he almost rivalled Jeffrey in wit, and he surpassed him in scorching sarcasm and crucifying irony.—If Gifford injured genius he was not slow in exposing ignorance.—The Review abounds with instances of successful and meritorious criticism; there are admirable discussions on old English poetry, and on dramatic literature: there Gifford was in his glory and in his strength.—Among the chiefs of Jeffrey's critical staff, Lord BROUGHAM must be named with the foremost. No other living man knows so much; his wit is ready and unwearied; while his power of illustration ranges through all that is learned, tasteful and scientific, a high sense of his own powers, and a contempt for those of other men, make him an indifferent critic. SYDNEY SMITH has long been numbered among the stern band of critics, who love to harass the sensitive sons of verse. His wit and his learning entitle him to judge of high matters. He is one of those persons who miss the way to fame in original composition, and then set up for judges of the very articles which they could not themselves produce. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, a critic of a milder mood, was familiar with the history of our literature. WILLIAM HAZLITT was a skilful judge in art; his taste in literature was undoubted; but his passion for singularity was injurious to his fame. Hazlitt could go at once into the true beauties of a poem as a bee goes to the honey of a flower. His Characters of Shakspeare's Plays, View of the English Stage, Spirit of the Age, Lectures on Dramatic Literature, on the English poets, are capital productions; in the last work, however, he animadverts too severely on the

works of Canning, Byron, T. Moore, Campbell, and Rogers. CARLYLE's articles, amid much that is odd and startling, abound with flashes of natural fire.—MACAULAY perhaps is the only one of all the club of northern critics, who unites high imagination with deep sagacity. He has aided in giving a tone of kindliness to the *Edinburgh Review*, which was greatly wanted : Gifford had the help of some of the first men of the age in his *Quarterly*. JOHN WILSON CROKER more than approached the editor in sarcastic sallies and biting wit. To his pen many articles full of political wormwood are attributed. Sir WALTER SCOTT contributed largely to the *Quarterly Review* : his articles are full of sagacious remarks, sparkling observations, and anecdotes of a historical and biographical nature. He gave to his disquisitions all the attractions of a memoir, and sometimes of a romance.—Those who desire to see the wonders which genius can work ought to read the reviews of SOUTHEY. Though he avoids severity, he is, on fitting occasions, sarcastic and stern.—True genius can be safer with no one than Southey. Since JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART succeeded Gifford, a change was soon visible in the *Quarterly*. It showed a wider and deeper sympathy in the fortunes of genius. Lockhart has imagination and learning—a union not common in editors.—Though the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Westminster* are the chief English periodicals, some of the best disquisitions on poetry ever penned do not belong to them, but to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and are by a true poet, JOHN WILSON. The imagination which Jeffrey wants he has to overflowing. The *Atlas*, the *Spectator*, the *Examiner*, the *Scotsman* and other periodicals, though sometimes hasty and sometimes severe, contain criticisms of no common merit ; and several of the *Magazines* exhibit fine taste and feeling. BULWER, author of *England and the English*, and Mrs. JAMIESON, author of the *Female Characters of Shakspeare*, have lately aided the general cause of genius. In the first Bulwer has maintained the supremacy of natural genius. In the second Mrs. Jamieson has with the most delicate tact and discrimination revealed, as it were, the secrets of her sex, and made us acquainted with female nature as it appeared to Shakspeare. In doing this they have fulfilled the highest duties of criticism. Dunlop's admirable history of fiction, Drake's Shakspeare and his times ; Evenings in Autumn ; Memoirs of Shakspeare ; Literary Hours ; Essays on the Rambler, Adventurer and Idler,

and on the Tattler, Spectator, and Guardian, display learning, research, a cultivated taste, and an extensive acquaintance with old English literature.

COMEDY is sufficiently discriminated from Tragedy, by its general spirit and strain. While pity and terror, and the other strong passions, form the province of the latter, the chief, or rather sole instrument of the former, is ridicule. Comedy may be divided into two kinds : Comedy of Character, and Comedy of Intrigue. In the latter, the plot or the action of the Play, is made the principal object. In the former, the display of some peculiar character is chiefly aimed at ; the action is contrived altogether with a view to this end, and is treated as subordinate to it. The French abound most in Comedies of Character. All Moliere's capital pieces are of this sort ; his *Avare*, for instance, *Misanthrope*, *Tartufe* ; and such are those of the other chief French Comedians. The English abound more in Comedies of intrigue. In the Plays of CONGREVE, and in general, in all English Comedies, there is much more story, more bustle and action, than on the French Theatre.

The Style of Comedy ought to be pure, elegant, and lively, very seldom rising higher than the ordinary tone of polite conversation ; and, upon no occasion, descending into vulgar, mean, and gross expressions. Here the French rhyme, which in many of their Comedies they have preserved, occurs as an unnatural bondage. Certainly, if Prose belongs to any Composition whatever, it is to that which imitates the conversation of men in ordinary life.

Critics distinguish three stages of Comedy among the Greeks, which they call the Ancient, the Middle, and the New. The ancient comedy consisted in direct and avowed satire against particular known persons, who were brought upon the Stage by name.

Soon after the days of Aristophanes, the liberty of attacking persons on the Stage by name, being found of dangerous consequence to the public peace, was prohibited by law. The Chorus also was, at this period, banished from the Comic Theatre, as having been an instrument of too much license and abuse. Then, what is called the Middle Comedy, took rise, which was no other than an elusion of the law.

The only remains which we now have of the New Comedy,

among the Ancients, are the Plays of Plautus and Terence; both of whom were formed upon the Greek Writers.

There is too much low wit and scurrility in Plautus; too much of quaint conceit, and play upon words. But withal, he displays more variety, and more force than Terence. His characters are always strongly marked, though sometimes coarsely. His *Amphitryon* has been copied both by Moliere and by DRYDEN; and his *Miser* also (in the *Aulularia*), is the foundation of a capital Play of Moliere's, which has been once and again imitated on the English Stage. Than Terence, nothing can be more delicate, more polished, and elegant. His Style is a model of the purest and most graceful Latinity. His dialogue is always decent and correct; and he possesses, beyond most Writers, the art of relating with that beautiful picturesque simplicity, which never fails to please.

From the ENGLISH THEATRE, we are naturally led to expect a greater variety of original characters in Comedy, and bolder strokes of wit and humour, than are to be found on any other Modern Stage. Humour is, in a great measure, the peculiar province of the English nation. The nature of such a free Government as ours; and that unrestrained liberty which our manners allow to every man, of living entirely after his own taste, afford full scope to the display of singularity of character, and to the indulgence of humour in all its forms. Whereas, formerly in France, the influence of a despotic court, the more established subordination of ranks, and the universal observance of the forms of politeness and decorum, spread a much greater uniformity over the outward behaviour and characters of men. Hence Comedy has a more ample field, and could flow with a much freer vein in Britain, than in France.

It was not till the æra of the Restoration of King Charles II. that the licentiousness which was observed, at that period, to infect the court, and the nation in general, seized, in a peculiar manner, upon Comedy as its province, and, for almost a whole century, retained possession of it. It was then first, that the Rake became the predominant character, and, with some exceptions, the Hero of every Comedy.

The first age, however, of English Comedy, was not infected by this spirit. Neither the Plays of SHAKSPEARE, nor those of BEN JONSON, can be accused of immoral tendency. SHAKSPEARE'S

general character, which I gave in the last Lecture*, appears with as great advantage in his Comedies, as in his Tragedies; a strong, fertile, and creative genius, irregular in conduct, employed too often in amusing the mob, but singularly rich and happy in the description of characters and manners. JONSON is more regular in the conduct of his pieces, but stiff and pedantic; though not destitute of Dramatic Genius. In the plays of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, much fancy and invention appear, and several beautiful passages may be found. But in general, they abound with romantic and improbable incidents, with overcharged and unnatural characters, and with coarse and gross allusions. These Comedies of the last age, by the change of public manners, and of the turn of conversation, since their time, are now become too obsolete to be very agreeable.

It is a high proof of SHAKSPEARE'S uncommon genius, that his character of *Falstaff* is to this day admired, and his *Merry Wives of Windsor* read with pleasure.

DRYDEN was the first considerable Dramatic Writer after the Restoration; in whose Comedies, as in all his works, there are found many strokes of genius, mixed with great carelessness, and visible marks of hasty composition. As he sought to please only, he went along with the manners of the times; and has carried through all his Comedies that vein of dissolute licentiousness, which was then fashionable. In some of them, the indecency was so gross, as to occasion, even in that age, a prohibition of being brought upon the Stage.

Since his time, the Writers of Comedy, of greatest note, have been CIBBER, VANBURGH, FARQUHAR, and CONGREVE. CIBBER has written a great many Comedies, and though, in several of them, there be much sprightliness, and a certain pert vivacity peculiar to him, yet they are so forced and unnatural in the incidents, as to have generally sunk into obscurity, except two, which have always continued in high favour with the Public, *The Careless Husband*, and *The Provoked Husband*. The former is remarkable for the polite and easy turn of the Dialogue: and, with the exception of one indelicate Scene, is tolerably moral too in the conduct, and in the tendency. The latter, 'The Provoked Husband', (which was the joint production of VANBURGH and CIBBER,) is, perhaps, on the whole, the best Co-

* The passage here alluded to, will be found in the Introductory Essay to Vol II.—For further information on the literary characters of the English Comic Writers, see their lives in the Biographical Sketches.

medy in the English Language. It is liable, indeed, to one critical objection, of having a double Plot: as the Incidents of the Wronghead Family, and those of Lord Townley's, are separate, and independent of each other. But this irregularity is compensated by the natural characters, the fine painting, and the happy strokes of humour with which it abounds. We are, indeed, surprised to find so unexceptionable a Comedy proceeding from two such loose Authors; for, in its general strain, it is calculated to expose licentiousness and folly, and would do honour to any Stage.

Sir JOHN VANBURGH has spirit, wit, and ease; but he is to the last degree gross and indelicate. He is one of the most immoral of all our Comedians. CONGREVE is, unquestionably, a Writer of genius. He is lively, witty, and sparkling; full of character, and full of action. His chief fault as a Comic Writer is, that he overflows with wit. It is often introduced unseasonably; and, almost every where, there is too great a proportion of it for natural well-bred conversation. FARQUHAR is a light and gay Writer; less correct, and less sparkling than CONGREVE; but he has more ease, and, perhaps, fully as great a share of the *Vis Comica*. The two best, and least exceptionable of his Plays, are *The Recruiting Officer*, and *The Beaux Stratagem*. I say the least exceptionable; for, in general, the tendency of both CONGREVE and FARQUHAR's Plays is immoral*.

Morals, repeatedly insulted, long demanded an avenger; and he arose in the person of GEREMY COLLIER. It is no disgrace to the memory of this virtuous and well meaning man, that to use the lawyer's phrase, he pleaded his cause too high. His arguments were directed as well against the use as the abuse of the stage. DRYDEN made a manly and liberal submission. CONGREVE, less prudent, made an angry and petulant defence, yet

* Sir WALTER SCOTT, from whom the following observations are borrowed, after having given the history of the rise and progress of dramatic art in the other nations of Europe, distinguishes the English Drama as divided into four periods.

- I. From the revival of the theatre until the great civil war.
- II. From the restoration to the reign of queen Anne.
- III. From the earlier part of the last century down to the present reign (George III.).
- IV. The present state of the British drama.

The narrow space to which this essay is necessarily limited, does not allow of inserting any remarks on the history of the two first periods from Sir WALTER SCOTT's able and beautiful essay on the drama. The following passage may be looked upon as a continuation of Dr. BLAIR's observations.

tacitly admitted the charge brought against him, by retrenching in the future editions of his plays, passages of grossness and profaneness which the restless antiquary still detects in the early copies. Since that period, indecency, that easy substitute for wit and pleasantry, has been gradually banished from the drama, where the Conversation is now (according to SHERIDAN) at least always moral, if not entertaining.

During the third period of the Drama, Comedy underwent several changes. The department called GENTEEL COMEDY, where the persons as well as the foibles ridiculed, were derived chiefly from high life, assumed a separate and distinct existence from that which ransacked human nature at large for its subject; like the tragedy of the period, this particular species of Comedy was borrowed from the French; it was pleasing to the higher classes, because it lay within their own immediate circle, and turned upon the topics of gallantry, persiflage, affectation and raillery.—With the fourth æra of English dramatic history commenced a return to a better taste, introduced by the celebrated GARRICK. The imitation of French tragedy, and the tiresome uniformity of Genteel Comedy, were ill adapted to the display of his inimitable talent, and thus, if the last generation reaped many hours of high enjoyment from the performances of this great actor, the present is indebted to him for having led back the public taste to the Dramas of SHAKSPEARE.

The plays of this great author had been altogether forgotten, or so much marred and disguised by interpolations and alterations, that he seems to have arisen on the British stage with the dignity of an antique statue disencumbered from the rubbish in which it had been enveloped since the decay of the art.

The comedy of the fourth period is chiefly remarkable for exhibiting *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. Critics prefer the latter; while the general audience reaps perhaps more pleasure from the former; the pleasantry being of a more general cast, the incidents more complicated and varied, and the whole plot more interesting. In both these plays, the gentleman-like ease of FARQUHAR is united with the wit of CONGREVE. Indeed the wit of SHERIDAN, though equally brilliant with that of his celebrated predecessor, flows so easily, and is so happily elicited by the line of the dialogue, that in admiring its sparkles, we never once observe the stroke of the flint which produces them. Wit and pleasantry seemed to be the natural atmosphere of this extraordinary man, whose history was at

once so brilliant and so melancholy. GOLDSMITH was, perhaps, in relation to SHERIDAN what VANBURGH was to CONGREVE. His comedies turn on an extravagance of intrigue and disguise, and so far belong to the Spanish school. But the ease of his humorous dialogue, and the droll yet true conception of the characters made sufficient amends for an occasional stretch in point of probability. The comedy of *She stoops to conquer*, is his best dramatic performance. The Elder COLMAN's *Jealous Wife*, *Clandestine Marriage*, and some of his smaller pieces, are worthy, and it is no ordinary compliment, of being placed beside these master-pieces. *The West Indian* raised its author very high in the class of Dramatic Writers, and had SHERIDAN not been—must have placed CUMBERLAND decidedly at the head of the list. It is a classical comedy; the dialogue spirited and elegant; the characters well conceived, and presenting bold features though still within the line of probability. *The Wheel of Fortune* was certainly one of the best acting plays of its time, but it was perhaps chiefly on account of the admirable representative which the principal character found in JOHN KEMBLE.

GEORGE COLMAN's comedy of *John Bull* is by far the best effort of the English late comic drama. The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters, reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought up scene of paternal distress, partake of the falsetto of German pathos. But the piece is both humoursome and affecting, and we readily excuse its obvious imperfection, in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.—It is no part of our plan to enter upon the criticism of our contemporaries. Suffice it to say, that the age has no reason to apprehend any decay of dramatic talent.

Neither can our actors be supposed inadequate to the representation of such pieces of dramatic art, as we judge our authors capable of producing. We have lost Mrs. SIDDONS, Miss O'NEIL, JOHN KEMBLE, and KEAN, but we still possess YOUNG, and MACREADY; and the stage has to boast other tragic performers of merit. In Comedy, perhaps, it was never more strong. In point of scenery and decoration, the English theatres are so amply provided, that they may rather seem to exceed than to fall short of what is required to form a classical exhibition.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE GOD OF NATURE.

Lift your view to that immense arch of heaven which encompasses you above. Behold the sun in all his splendour rolling over your head by day; and the moon, by night, in mild and serene majesty, surrounded with that host of stars which present to your imagination an innumerable multitude of worlds. Listen to the awful voice of thunder; listen to the roar of the tempest and the ocean. Survey the wonders that fill the earth which you inhabit. Contemplate a steady and powerful hand, bringing round spring and summer, autumn and winter, in regular course; decorating the earth with innumerable beauties, diversifying it with innumerable inhabitants, pouring forth comforts on all that live, and, at the same time, overawing the nations with the violence of the elements, when it pleases the Creator to let them forth. After you have viewed yourselves as surrounded with such a scene of

wonders—after you have beheld on every hand such an astonishing display of majesty united with wisdom and goodness,—are you not seized with solemn and serious awe? Is there not something which whispers you within, that to this great Creator reverence and homage are due by all the rational beings whom he has made? Admitted to be spectators of his works, placed in the midst of so many great and interesting objects, can you believe that you were brought hither for no purpose but to immerse yourselves in gross and brutal, or, at best, in trifling pleasures; lost to all sense of the wonders you behold; lost to all reverence of that God who gave you being, and who has erected this amazing fabric of nature, on which you look only with stupid and unmeaning eyes? —No : let the scenes which you behold prompt correspondent feelings. Let them awaken you from the degrading intoxication of licentiousness, into nobler emotions. Every object which you view in nature, whether great or small, serves to instruct you. The star and the insect, the fiery meteor and the flower of spring, the verdant field and the lofty mountain, all exhibit a supreme power, before which you ought to tremble and adore; all preach the doctrine, all inspire the spirit of devotion and reverence. *Regarding, then, the work of the Lord*, let rising emotions of awe and gratitude call forth from your souls such sentiments as these :— ‘ Lord, wherever I am, and whatever I enjoy, may I never forget Thee, as the Author of Nature! May I never forget that I am thy creature and thy subject! In this magnificent temple of the universe, where thou hast placed me, may I ever be thy faithful worshipper, and may the reverence and the fear of God be the first sentiments of my heart!’

BLAIR.

ADDRESS TO THE CREATOR.

O mighty Genius! Sole animating and inspiring Power! Author and subject of these thoughts! Thy influence is universal: and, in all things, thou art inmost. From Thee depend their secret springs of action. Thou movest them with an irresistible unwearied force, by sacred and inviolable laws, framed for the good of each particular being; as best may suit with the perfection, life, and vigour of the whole. The vital principle is widely shared, and infinitely varied: dispersed throughout; nowhere extinct. All lives; and by succession still revives. The temporary beings quit their borrowed forms, and yield their elementary substance to new comers. Called, in their several turns, to life, they view the light, and viewing pass; that others too may be spectators of the goodly scene, and greater numbers still enjoy the privilege of Nature. . . . No time nor substance is lost or unimproved. New forms arise: and when the old dissolve, the matter whence they were composed is not left useless, but wrought with equal management and art, even in corruption, Nature's seeming waste and vile abhorrence. The abject state appears merely as the way or passage to some better.

SHAFTESBURY.

BENEFITS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

How delightful are the scenes of rural nature! especially to the philosophic eye, and contemplative mind. I cannot wonder that persons in high life are so fond of retiring from a conspicuous and exalted station to the covert of a shady grove, or the margin of a crystal stream; are so desirous of quitting the smoky town, and noisy street, in order to breathe purer air, and survey the

wonders of creation in the silent, the serene, the peaceful villa.

'Tis true, in the country there are none of the modish ornaments of that false politeness, which refines people out of their veracity, but an easy simplicity of manners, with an unaffected sincerity of mind. Here the solemn farce of ceremony is seldom brought into play, and the pleasing delusions of compliment have no place: but the brow is the real index of the temper, and speech the general interpreter of the heart.

In the country, I acknowledge, we are seldom invited to see the mimic attempts of human art; but we, every where, behold the grand and masterly exertions of divine power.—No theatre erects its narrow stage, surrounds it with puny rows of ascending seats, or adorns it with a shifting series of gorgeous scenery. But fields extend their ample area, at first lightly clad with a scarf of springing green, then deeply planted with an arrangement of spindling stalks; as a few more weeks advance, covered with a profusion of bearded or husky grain, at last richly laden with a harvest of yellow plenty.

Meadows disclose their beautiful bosom, yield a soft and fertile lap for the luxuriant herbage, and suckle myriads of their fairest, gayest flowers, which, without any vain ostentation, or jealous anxiety, rival each other in all the elegance of dress. Groves of various leaf, arrayed in freshest verdure, and liberal of their reviving shade, rise in amiable, in noble prospect all around.—Droves of sturdy oxen, strong for labour, or fat for the shambles; herds of sleeky kine, with milk in their udders, and violets in their nostrils; flocks of well fleeced sheep, with their snowy lambkins frisking at their side; these compose the living machinery.—Boundless tracks of bending azure varnished with inimitable delicacy, and hung with starry lamps, or irradiated with solar lustre, form the

stately ceiling.—While the early breezes and the evening gales, charged with no unwholesome vapours, breeding no pestilential taint, but fanning the humid buds, and waving their odoriferous wings, dispense a profusion of sweets, mingled with the most sovereign supports of health.—This is the school of industry! this the magazine of plenty! and are they not incomparably more delightful as well as infinitely less dangerous than those seminaries of impiety, where sin and ruin wear the mask of pleasure? than those temples of profuseness and debauchery, where Belial is daily or nightly worshipped with, what his votaries call, modish recreation and genteel amusement?

Here, indeed, is no tuneful voice to melt in soft strains, and transfuse the sickening fondness to the hearer's breast. No skilful artist to inform the lute with musical enchantment; to strike infectious melody from the viol, and soothe away the resolution and activity of virtue, in indolence.—But the plains low, the hills bleat, and the hollow circling rocks echo with the universal song. Every valley remurmurs to the fall of silver fountains, or the liquid lapse of gurgling rills. Birds, when the cheerful morning rises, or the gentle evening descends, perched on a thousand boughs, play a thousand airs, wildly, yet sweetly harmonious. And did ever music exceed their untaught sprightly warblings? or can any colours outvie their gay and glossy plumage?

Charmed, therefore, with the finest views, lulled with the softest sounds, and treated with the richest odours, what can be wanting to complete the delight? Here is every entertainment for the eye, the most refined gratifications for the ear, and a perpetual banquet for the smell, without any insidious decoy for the integrity of our conduct, or even for the purity of our fancy.

O ye blooming walks, and flowery lawns surrounded with dewy landscapes! how often have patriots and heroes

laid aside the burden of power, and stole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themselves in your composed retreats!—Ye mossy couches and fragrant bowers, skirted with cooling cascades! how many illustrious personages, after all their glorious toil for the public good, have sought an honourable and welcome repose in your downy lap! Ye venerable oaks and solemn groves! woods that whisper to the quivering gale! cliffs that overhang the darkened flood! who can number the sages and saints, that have devoted the day to study, or resigned a vacant hour to healthy exercise beneath your sylvan porticoes and waving arches? that, far from the dull impertinence of man, have listened to the instructive voice of God, and contemplated the works of his adorable hand, amidst your moss-grown cells and rocky shades?

HERVEY.

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the DIVINE MIND; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting TRUTH; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and

talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence.—Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence.—To say no more, 'tis the Law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature: and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practice it!—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost. PRICE.

THE VISION OF

EXHIBITING A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that

reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery ; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other ? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity, which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life ; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of

it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them: but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it:

Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh : Alas, said I, man was made in vain ! how is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death ! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, in-somuch that I could discover nothing in it : but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical

instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the side of it. SPECTATOR.

YOUTH AND AGE COMPARED.

Young people enter upon life with the most sanguine expectations of finding in every event an inexhaustible fund of delight, and of seeing all their schemes and enterprises crowned with success. They behold Fame standing ready to sound the praise of their talents and merit, and Fortune waiting to reward their industry. Thus delighted with themselves and their prospects, they contemplate human life as an enchanting scene, inviting to action, pregnant with pleasure, and rich in hope; and they wonder at the peevishness and perverseness of those who can find in the world nothing but causes of vexation and complaint.

Such is human life in *prospect*. Let us now for a moment consider how it appears to those who view it in *retrospect*.

The gay illusions of youthful fancy are now all vanished. Through life they have met with many disappointments, perhaps with many heavy calamities. Plans which promised great things have failed: those in whom they confided have deserted them. With this appearance of the uncertainty and vanity of all earthly possessions, they are at length arrived at the period, when youthful strength and beauty are exchanged for feebleness and deformity,—when the senses are benumbed, and desire fails.

The companions of their youth having dropped one after another into the grave, what wonder if at fourscore they ask, Where is the world into which we were born? What wonder if, with all their own experience of misfortune, and with their long observation of the ills of life, the world should appear to them a dreary wilderness?

If the former of these views of life be too gay, the latter is certainly too gloomy. The true medium is the aspect under which life is seen at the middle station, in passing

from youth to age. By the help of long experience and cool reflection, it is clearly ascertained that this world is neither a paradise of flowers nor a wilderness of thorns; that though trouble and sorrow are the common lot of mortals, this sad account is, through the bounty of divine Providence, commonly far over-balanced by enjoyments and gratifications of various kinds, animal, social, and intellectual. ENFIELD.

MORNING SCENE.

Absorbed in melancholy reflections, did Amorassan, with the first break of morning, ascend a mountain at no great distance from his country palace. A profusion of cedars, cypresses, and lemon trees, adorned it, even to its loftiest summit. At its foot stood a pagoda of great antiquity and of extensive fame, venerable and magnificent. Here lived the light gazelles in tranquil security; many a sweet rivulet, sparkling among the cliffs, supplied their drink, and they satisfied their hunger with aromatic herbs: nor had the hunter's step ever been known to frighten into silence the brilliant feathered choristers of these protected groves.

The air was freshening. A cool and pleasant gale played round the thoughtful brows of the vizir, and bore to him, on their soft wings, the fragrance of the flowery vales below. The dwellings of men (as yet silent and tranquil as the grave), the blooming meadows and gardens, the mighty rivers, and the gently flowing brooks, all glowed and glittered, and melted together in a stream of roseate light, which was poured full upon them by the glory of the now-rising sun.

A deep silence prevailed above, below, around him; till the songs of birds seemed to bid creation awake and awake to happiness. LEWIS.

ADDRESS TO THE SEA.

Hail, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail, thou multitudinous ocean, whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and, after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world; and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connexion would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious, how awful are the scenes thou displayest! — whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, when the morning sun, as now, silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching heavens; — or whether we behold thee in thy terrors, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; — when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

The mind staggers with the immensity of its conceptions; and when she contemplates the *flux* and *reflux* of thy tides, which, from the beginning of the world, were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud wave shall be stayed! KEATE.

THE STUDY OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

Many, with unwearied diligence, pursue the progress of nature in the growth of a plant, or the formation of an insect. They spare neither labour nor expense to fill their cabinets with every curious production ; they travel from climate to climate ; they submit with cheerfulness to fatigue and inclement seasons ; and think their industry sufficiently compensated by the discovery of some unusual phenomenon. Not a pebble that lies on the shore, not a leaf that waves in the forest, but attracts their notice and stimulates their inquiry. Events, or incidents, that the vulgar regard with terror or indifference, afford them supreme delight ; they rejoice at the return of a comet, and celebrate the blooming of an aloe, more than the birth of an emperor. Nothing is left unexplored. Air, ocean, the minutest objects of sense, as well as the greatest and most remote, are accurately and attentively scrutinized. These researches are laudable, and are suited to the dignity and capacity of the human mind. RICHARDSON.

THE STORY OF OBIDAH.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY, A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was incited by desire ; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise ; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak,

monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on

every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo: he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect: he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. Whilst he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fears, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,

Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;

The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another ad-

vance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation ; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another: we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made ; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors ; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence ; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life. ’ RAMBLER.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties,

until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly culti-

vated! And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species : that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantage of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. SPECTATOR.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friends' woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn;

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particu-

larly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity; shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must

perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries !

A man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose ? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings ? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted ; capacities that are never to be gratified ? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive the first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity ?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity ; that she

will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

It thinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is : nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness? SPECTATOR.

THE MOTHER.

Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity: — and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE STRENGTH OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lapdog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided

her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said, with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction : since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided with plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that they thereby think themselves renewed in their children, and willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of

wit and cunning in these miniatures of man ; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them ! How amiable is such a weakness of human nature ! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name ! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents than we generally see ; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country ; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure ; which I shall relate in his own words.

‘ I had been in this condition for four days, when the Countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related ; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German ; that I had been robbed ; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The Countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was

lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

‘My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to bed for fifteen days. When the Countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; she came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered that she was niece to the Countess of Venoski.

‘I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. Every time she came to see me, a young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully.

‘They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the

gentleman. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, 'Ah, my dear child,' said I, 'yes, I am your father!' I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears.'

SPECTATOR.

ON TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always by endea-

vouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent,

that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our wordly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine Providence hath hid this truest point

of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

TILLOTSON.

THE NECESSITY OF FORMING RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES AT AN EARLY AGE.

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour, others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what

reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care? — Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart. BLAIR.

MISPENT TIME HOW PUNISHED.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, ‘What they had been doing?’ Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer... You, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dress-

ing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him 9000 cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, said she, I lived threescore-and-ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with pub-

lishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands before you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied: I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up Maydew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion...—

Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

GUARDIAN.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

Select any individual in your imagination,—surround him with every thing that men are accustomed to call fortunate, eminent, or enviable—health, fortune, friends, fame, cultivated intellect; add richer colouring to the picture—add till imagination and desire are exhausted, and when you have finished the portrait, it is the portrait of a finished wretch, if it be that of a being who knows not God,—who is conscious of an immortal spirit within him, but knows neither its destination nor its dignity,—who feels within him those cravings of unsatisfied desire that render all his present enjoyments hollow, worthless, and unsatisfactory—that poison them by an indefinite longing after immortality, of which his terror increases with his certainty. But show me a being crushed to the earth under all the accumulated evils of nature and fortune; one whom the rising sun wakens, to light up to suffer, and on whom it sets without bringing him the hope of rest; on whom the world has never regarded, but with the averted eye of scorn or of hatred; and that being is blessed—blessed above the lot of mankind—if God is the stay of his heart, and the consoler of his sorrows,—if religion has shed its wine and oil into his wounds...—What must be the power and blessedness of the religion of Christ, that can make us—frail and feeble beings as we are, bound down with the chains of infirmity—forget them; or feel them not when we are once brought under its gracious and superior influences! what must be its power, that, when it is thus put into one scale, can counterpoise all the evils of humanity in the other, and make them in comparison as the dust of the balance!....

MATURIN.



FROM AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS TO DEISTS.

Suppose the mighty work accomplished, the cross trampled upon, Christianity every where proscribed, and the religion of nature once more become the religion of Europe; what advantage will you have derived to your country, or to yourselves, from the exchange? I know your answer — you will have freed the world from the hypocrisy of priests, and the tyranny of superstition.— No; you forget that Lycurgus, and Numa, and Odin, and Manco-Capac, and all the great legislators of ancient and modern story, have been of opinion, that the affairs of civil society could not be well conducted without *some* religion: you must of necessity introduce a priesthood, with probably as much hypocrisy; a religion, with assuredly more superstition, than that which you now reprobate with such indecent and ill-grounded contempt. But I will tell you from what you will have freed the world: you will have freed it from its abhorrence of vice, and from every powerful incentive to virtue; you will, with the religion, have brought back the depraved morality of Paganism; you will have robbed mankind of their firm assurance of another life; and thereby you will have despoiled them of their patience, of their humility, of their charity, of their chastity, of all those mild and silent virtues, which (however despicable they may appear in your eyes) are the only ones which meliorate and sublime our nature; which Paganism never knew, which spring from Christianity alone, which do or might constitute our comfort in this life, and without the possession of which, another life, if after all there should happen to be one, must (unless a miracle be exerted in the alteration of our disposition) be more vicious and more miserable than this is.....

WATSON.

FROM AN ADDRESS TO INFIDELS.

We might ask the patrons of infidelity what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favourable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher perfection than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind, or which imbolden them to expect we should trample upon the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendour of talents, which enrols amongst its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, the glory of their species; and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius?.....

HALL.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

There are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connexions. What resources can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste through

which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end ; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamed of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labour are cut off from us, those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion ? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It should therefore be expected that those philosophers, who stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals, and to their happiness. — It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual. GREGORY.

VIRTUE, MAN'S TRUE INTEREST.

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? — No — nothing like it — the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone? —It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible. — What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this — If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existed.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? — If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house; and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest? Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? — The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals are enough to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man? — Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still — I stop not here — I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations.

I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. — Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again — I must have food and clothing — Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish — Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? — Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. — What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common parent.

HARRIS.

RELIGION THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT:

AN ALLEGORY.

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in

confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. 'Son of affliction,' said Omar, 'who art thou, and what is thy distress?' 'My name,' replied the stranger, 'is Hassan, and I am a native of this city : the Angel of Adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.' 'To deliver thee,' said Omar, 'belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil : yet hide not thy life from me ; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.' Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent ; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the Prophet's vicerent, he was diligent to dispense : in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression ; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency ; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power ; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions ; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge

of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: 'Hassan,' said he, 'forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered, 'Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will. 'Hassan,' he replied, 'I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.'

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my

behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness or folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness and vigour, I dreamed of splendid habits, of gardens, and palaces, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan,' said he, 'what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand? and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, 'Let my Lord forgive

the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed : thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy ; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth ?

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. ‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character ; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle ; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy ; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged : and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio ; I was attended by his own servants ; my provisions were sent from his own table ; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite ; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited ; and no time so well en-

joyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son, Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was passed, went to him, and taking him by the hand, ‘My son,’ said he, ‘more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

‘Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and

affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope ; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul ; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things ; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good ; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour ; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet : to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven.'

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning : he returned to his labour with cheerfulness ; his devotion became fervent and habitual, and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

ADVENTURER.

ON HONOUR.

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience,

duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, ‘that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.’

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

Honour’s a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind’s distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with.

CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country, who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive, an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage: by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and

betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

GUARDIAN.

ON MODESTY.

I know not two words that have been more abused, by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush. I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance. If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of the multitude are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than

they could have been by the most pathetic oration ; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in his son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world ; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice. Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned. A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue. It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world ; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous. SPECTATOR.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear ; — but I shall give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying me for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of *this* unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I therefore had resolved on living at the university, and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention; and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than that of their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that* which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he

had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy ; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood ; and when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations ; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled ; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, joining to that

I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly Hall*, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance;' and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me too see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress; and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat

of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy then understood that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.

Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauceboat, and knocking down a saltcellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the heat; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ar-

dent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes,—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

ANONYMOUS.

RESIGNATION.

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, some graze against us and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts; and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to as-

sume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to its order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us: for it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs and marches on with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthus did in those admirable verses, which are going to lose a part of their grace and energy in my translation of them:

Parent of nature! Master of the world?

Where'er thy Providence directs, behold

My steps with cheerful resignation turn.

Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.

Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear,

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity: but the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

BOLINGBROKE.

LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hope of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford or to any of those whom he traces in his line.

His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision, which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me or any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of these old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in

some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill, to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence, for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct : and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me. I owe it to him to show, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

BURKE.

THE PAINTER.

A young painter indulging a vein of pleasantry, sketched a kind of conversation piece, representing a bear, an owl, a monkey, and an ass, and to render it more striking, humourous, and moral, distinguished every figure by some emblem of human life.

Bruin was exhibited in the garb and attitude of an old toothless, drunken soldier; the owl, perched upon the handle of a coffee pot, with spectacles on its nose, seemed to contemplate a news-paper; and the ass, ornamented with a huge tye-wig (which, however, could not conceal his long ears), sat for his picture to the monkey, who appeared with the implements of painting. This whimsical group afforded some mirth, and met with general approbation, until some mischievous wag hinted that the whole was a lampoon upon the friends of the performer: an insinuation which was no sooner circulated, than those very people who applauded it before, began to be alarmed, and even to fancy themselves signified by the several figures of the piece.

Among others, a worthy personage in years, who had served in the army with reputation, being incensed at the supposed outrage, repaired to the lodgings of the painter, and finding him at home, "Hark ye, Mr. Monkey," said he, "I have a good mind to convince you, that though the bear has lost his teeth, he retains his paws, and that he is not so drunk but he can perceive your impertinence. — 'Sblood! Sir, that toothless jaw is a damned scandalous libel. — But, don't you imagine me so chop-fallen as not to be able to chew the cud of resentment." — Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a learned physician, who advancing to the culprit with fury in his aspect, exclaimed, "Suppose the augmentation of the ass's ears should prove the diminution of the baboon's — nay, seek not to prevaricate, for by the beard of Æsculapius! there is not one hair in this periwig that will not stand up in judgment to convict thee of personal abuse. — Do but observe, captain, how this pitiful little fellow has copied the very curls — the colour, indeed, is different; but then the form and foretop are quite similar." While he thus remonstrated in a strain of vociferation, a vene-

rable senator entered, and waddling up to the delinquent, “Jackanapes! cried he, I will now let thee see I can read something else than a news-paper, and that without the help of spectacles.—Here is your own note of hand, sirrah, for money, which if I had not advanced, you yourself would have resembled an owl, in not daring to show your face by day, you ungrateful, slanderous knave.”

In vain the astonished painter declared that he had no intention to give offence, or to characterize particular persons. They affirmed the resemblance was too palpable to be overlooked, they taxed him with insolence, malice and ingratitude; and their clamours being overheard by the public, the captain was a bear, the doctor an ass, and the senator an owl, to his dying day.

Reader, I beseech thee, remember this example. While thou art employed in the perusal of comic romance or a moral tale, seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thy own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that, though thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle-nose, twenty of thy neighbours may be in the same predicament. SMOLLET.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD FORTUNE ON THE SENTIMENTS OF MEN.

Had Cæsar, instead of gaining, lost the battle of Pharsalia, his character would at this hour have ranked a little above that of Catiline; and the weakest man would have viewed his enterprise against the laws of his country in blacker colours, than perhaps even Cato, with all the animosity of a party-man, ever viewed it at the time.

His real merit, the justness of his taste, the simplicity and elegance of his writings, the propriety of his eloquence, his skill in war, his resources in distress, his cool and sedate judgment in danger, his faithful attachment to his friends, his unexampled generosity to his enemies, would all have been acknowledged; as the real merit of Catiline, who had many great qualities, is acknowledged at this day. But the insolence and injustice of his all-grasping ambition would have darkened and extinguished the glory of that real merit. Fortune has in this, as well as in some other respects already mentioned, great influence over the moral sentiments of mankind; and according as she is either favourable or adverse, can render the same character the object either of general love and admiration, or of universal hatred and contempt. This great disorder in our moral sentiments is by no means, however, without its utility; and we may on this, as well as on many other occasions, admire the wisdom of God even in the weakness and folly of man. Our admiration of success is founded upon the same principle with our respect for wealth and greatness, and is equally necessary for establishing the distinction of ranks and the order of society. By this admiration of success we are taught to submit more easily to those superiors whom the course of human affairs may assign to us; to regard with reverence, and sometimes even with a sort of respectful affection, that fortunate violence which we are no longer capable of resisting; not only the violence of such splendid characters as those of a Cæsar or an Alexander, but often that of the most brutal and savage barbarians — of an Attila, a Gengis, or a Tamerlane. To all such mighty conquerors the great mob of mankind are naturally disposed to look up with a wondering, though no doubt with a very weak and foolish admiration.

ADAM SMITH.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.

It is easier to sound the depth of the ocean than the immeasurable folly of human inclinations : the heart of man is a labyrinth, of whose embarrassed and uncertain ways God alone can have a knowledge. Light, inconstant, eternally at variance with himself, he forms desires that are as suddenly destroyed by other desires : he loves every thing ; he loves nothing : what pleased him yesterday, displeases him to-day ; the object is the same, the affection is changed. Though the world should put him in possession of all its delights, and all its enjoyments, they would be insufficient to fix and satisfy, for he has one attachment nearly invincibly incompatible with rest and content, namely, an everlasting attachment to change and novelty. The love of happiness is essential to his being. When the appearance presents itself, he flies to it with rapidity. The moment that commences, nearly puts a period to his enjoyment. What does it serve us to possess, when we never cease to desire? . . .

KIRWAN.

THE DEAD ASS.

And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child ; but it was to his ass. The man seemed to lament it much ; and it instantly brought to my mind Sancho's lamentation for his ; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them

dawn—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of the ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the postchaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had reached so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them, by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St Jago in Spain.

When the mourner came to this part of his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend. Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said, he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and, on this, told them a long story of a mischance on their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass

had sought for him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarcely eaten or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast: I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. Shame on the world! said I to myself. Did we love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—it would be something.

STERNE.

NATURE.

How sweet is thy return, O Health! thou rosy cherub!—my soul leaps forward to meet thee, whose true value thy absence can only teach us! When thou comest with healing on thy wings,—when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office,—and when this complicated machine is so perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve, or artery, belonging to us,—how sweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleasure from every inlet of sense!

—God of my life, who numberest my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good, or ill, which, in the tide of time, shall float down with them! —but never withdraw from me those native spirits which have been the cheering companions of my existence, and have spread a gilding on every thing around me, that I may continue to view, with rapture, the inexhaustible volume of Nature that is thrown open before me, on every page of which is characterized the impression of thy omnipotent hand!

The pride of a potent monarch may be gratified in erecting some magnificent temple to his god : he may perpetuate the remembrance of his ancestors by superb mausoleums : he may command the daring pyramid to shoot upward to the skies—may inscribe his victories on the trophied column, or register his triumphs on the sculptured arch ! but even though no accident should abridge their duration, yet the revolving seasons soon sully their beauty ; and the silent power of Time gradually shakes their foundations, and at last levels them with the dust—While thy works, O Nature, remain uninjured, ever changing and ever reviving ! thou shinest unconscious of decay—still bright in immortal youth !—

KEATE.

ON A TASTE FOR THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun,—the sparkling concave of the midnight sky,—the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening,—the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view,—the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous,—and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom,—could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wrangling of a card-table !

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other ; and who, as avarice and ambition are not the infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim,

‘ I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of free Nature’s grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright’ning face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.’

THOMSON.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city, and howling wilderness,—in the cultivated province, and solitary isle,—in the flowery lawn, and craggy mountain,—in the murmur of the rivulet, and in the uproar of the ocean,—in the radiance of summer, and gloom of winter,—in the thunder of heaven, and in the whisper of the breeze,—he still finds something to rouse or soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding.

This happy sensibility should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works ; it purifies and harmonizes the soul, and prepares it for a moral and intellectual discipline ; it supplies an endless source of amusement ; it contributes even to bodily health ; and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination.

BEATTIE.

WALK AT SUNSET.

The evening was remarkably fine, and the romantic beauty of the surrounding scenery invited Julia to walk. She followed the windings of a stream which was lost at some distance amongst luxuriant groves of chestnut. The rich colouring of evening glowed through the dark foliage, which, spreading a pensive gloom around, offered a scene congenial to the present temper of her mind, and she entered the shades. Her thoughts, affected by the surrounding objects, gradually sunk into a pleasing and complacent melancholy, and she was insensibly led on. She still followed the course of the stream to where the deep shades retired ; and the scene again opening to day, yielded her a view so various and sublime, that she paused in thrilling and delightful wonder. A group of wild and grotesque rocks rose in a semicircular form, and their fantastic shapes exhibited nature in her most sublime and striking attitudes. Here her vast magnificence elevated the mind of the beholder to enthusiasm. Fancy caught the thrilling sensation, and at her touch the towering steeps became shaded with unreal glooms ; the caves more darkly frowned, the projecting cliffs assumed a more terrific aspect, and the wild overhanging shrubs waved to the gale in deeper murmurs. The scene inspired her with reverential awe, and her thoughts rose ‘ from nature up to nature’s God.’ The last dying gleams of day tinted the rocks, and shone upon the waters, which retired through a rugged channel, and were lost afar among the receding cliffs.

Mrs. RADCLIFFE.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE AN IN-EXHAUSTIBLE SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.

I am not at all surprised, that to one whose affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours should appear to have wanted employment in this place ; but there is one single act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too short. What time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being, among the works of whose stupendous creation not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should many of them be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit ? Can a man who, by divine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honour ! Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us ? and shall the space of time seem sluggish to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious ? As no time is sufficient, so no place is improper for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness ? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon ; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns, and shake the lofty forest ; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains : it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his majesty. There is not an insect, not a vegetable, of so low an order in the creation, as not to be honoured with

bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator ; marks not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness.

FIELDING.

THE PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD.

In the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the Goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield ; the outside of this shield was of gold and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed in the old British language, *To the Goddess ever favorable* ; and on the other, *For four victories, obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the Northern Islands*.

It happened one day that two knights completely armed, the one in black armour and the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time ; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscriptions, and observe the excellence of its workmanship. After contemplating it for some time, ' This golden shield, ' cried the black knight — ' Golden shield, ' cried the white knight, who, was as strictly observing the opposite side, ' why, if I have my eyes, it is silver. ' — ' I know nothing of your eyes, ' replied the black knight, ' but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one. ' ' Yes, ' returned the white knight, smiling, ' it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this : for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way ; and it appears by the date, that this has been here above three years. ' The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm

in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then fixed their spears in their rest, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time, as in a trance. A good druid who was travelling that way found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or in the forests; he stanchèd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as he found them sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. 'Why, this man,' cried the black knight, 'will have it that yonder shield is silver.' 'And he will have it,' replied the white knight, 'that it is gold,' and then told him all the particulars of the affair. 'Ah!' said the druid, with a sigh, 'you are both of you in the right and both of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look upon the opposite side of the shield as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to intreat you by all our Gods, and by this Goddess of Victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.'

BEAUMONT.

ADAPTATION OF ANIMATED BODIES TO INANIMATE NATURE.

Throughout the universe there is a wonderful proportioning of one thing to another. The size of animals, of man especially, when considered with respect to other animals, or to the plants which grow around him, is such as a regard to his conveniency would have pointed out. A giant or a pigmy could not have milked goats, reaped corn, or mowed grass; a giant could not have rode a horse, trained a vine, or shorn a sheep, with the same bodily ease as we do, if at all. A pigmy would have been lost amongst rushes, or carried off by birds of prey.

It may be observed, likewise, that the model and the materials of the human body being what they are, a much greater bulk would have broken down by its own weight. The persons of men who much exceed the ordinary stature, betray this tendency.

How close is the suitableness of the earth and the sea to their several inhabitants; and of these inhabitants to the places of their appointed residence!

Take the earth as it is; and consider the correspondency of the powers of its inhabitants with the properties and condition of the soil which they tread. Take the inhabitants as they are; and consider the substances which the earth yields for their use. They can open its surface; and its surface supplies all which they want. This is the length of their faculties; and such is the constitution of the globe, and their own, that this is sufficient for all their occasions.

When we pass from the earth to the sea, from land to water, we pass through a great change; but an adequate change accompanies us of animal forms and functions, of animal capacities and wants. The earth in its nature is

very different from the sea, and the sea from the earth ; but the one accords with its inhabitants as exactly as the other ; and the correspondency instituted by Divine Wisdom, pervades and harmonizes the whole. PALEY.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE VISIBLE IN THE WORKS OF THE CREATION.

If we look with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert ; the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries ; or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own Museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now past away ; with how much deeper a feeling of admiration must we consider these grand monuments of nature, which mark the revolutions of the globe : continents broken into islands ; one land produced ; another destroyed ; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil ; whole races of animals become extinct, and the bones and exuviae of one class covered with the remains of another ; and upon those graves of past generations, the marble or rocky tombs, as it were, of a former animated world, new generations rising, and order and harmony established, and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were, out of chaos and death : proving the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the Great Cause of all being ! SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

A VISIT TO BEDLAM.

Of those things called Sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To

that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it : ' Because,' said he, ' I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper ; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate.' He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend, and the other persons of the party, amongst whom were several ladies, and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrible state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return : he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others, who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned

to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. 'He fell a sacrifice,' said he, 'to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir,' continued the stranger, 'I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions.' Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-sea annuities, India-stock, and three per cent. annuities consol. 'This,' said Harley's instructor, 'was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town, to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me the other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum.'—

'It is a spondee, and I will maintain it,' interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. 'That figure,' said the gentleman, 'whose clothes are bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels.

In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

‘ But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited : the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large mad-house.’ ‘ It is true,’ answered Harley, ‘ the passions of men are temporary madnesses, and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

‘ From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.’

‘ It was indeed,’ said the stranger, ‘ a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions ; that would have been fatal indeed ; the balance of the North would then have been lost ; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.’ ‘ Sir !’ said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. ‘ Why, yes,’ answered the other, ‘ the Sultan and I ; do you know me ? I am the Chan of Tartary.’

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery ; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity, unmixed with horror : upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it : ‘ This,’ said he, ‘ is a young

lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune : but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress ; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent ; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her ; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty ; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar.'

Though this story was told in a very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice : he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet-ring she wore on her finger : she turned them now upon Harley. 'My Billy is no more,' said she, 'do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry ; and it burns, it burns, it burns!' — She drew nearer to Harley. — 'Be comforted, young lady,' said he, 'your Billy is in heaven.' 'Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? And shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not

be there? — Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing. You shall hear me, hush!

‘Light be the earth on Billy’s breast,

‘And green the sod that wraps his grave!’

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper’s, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

‘Do you weep again?’ said she; ‘I would not have you weep; you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy, it was the last time ever we met! —

‘It was when the seas were roaring — I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him.’ — She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. — ‘Nay, that is Billy’s ring,’ said she, ‘you cannot have it indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl — but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!’ — She pressed his hand to her bosom; then holding her head in the attitude of listening: — ‘Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold! — but I had forgotten the ring.’ — She put it on his finger. — ‘Farewell! I must leave you now.’ — She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. — ‘I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell’ She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. — Harley looked on his ring. — He put a

couple of guineas into the man's hand : ' Be kind to that unfortunate.' — He burst into tears, and left them.

MACKENZIE.

CREATION.

Though there was a period when this globe, with all that we see upon it, did not exist, we have no reason to think that the wisdom and power of the Almighty were then without exercise or employment. Boundless is the extent of his dominion. Other globes and worlds, enlightened by other suns, may then have occupied, as they still appear to occupy, the immense region of space. Numberless orders of beings, to us unknown, people the wide extent of the universe, and afford an endless variety of objects to the ruling care of the great Father of all. At length, in the course and progress of his government, there arrived a period when this earth was to be called into existence. When the signal moment, predestined from all eternity, was come, the Deity arose in his might, and with a word created the world.—What an illustrious moment was that, when, from non-existence, there sprang at once into being this mighty globe, on which so many millions of creatures now dwell! — No preparatory measures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. *He spoke, and it was done: He commanded, and it stood fast.* The earth was at first *without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep.* The Almighty surveyed the dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the several divisions of nature. He said: *Let there be light, and there was light.* Then appeared the sea, and the dry land. The mountains rose, and the rivers flowed. The sun and moon began their course in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and

the waters, were stored with their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finished, and pronounced it good. Superior beings saw with wonder this new accession to existence. *The morning stars sang together; and all the sons of God shouted for joy.* BLAIR.

ON STUDY.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those who are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with dili-

gence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a greet memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

BACON.

FILIAL DUTY.

Mr. Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study, by every softening and conciliatory art, to keep her husband in good humour with herself and her children, but too often failed in both.

Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions which, though easily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt against the exertions of passionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with sullen unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in consequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to submission, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to see his face again.

The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately, on foot, for London; where arriving, after much hardship and fatigue, he found out an East-Indian captain with whom his father had some acquaintance, and, after much solicitation, obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr. Hastings was, he could not help feeling considerable regret, on finding that his son had so well obeyed the command which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection and respect, was long inconsolable. From all their inquiries, they were only able to learn that their son was gone to sea; but to what part or in what situation, they could never discover.

To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighbouring village, where consumed by grief, with health and spirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obscurity.

One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Hastings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually softened, and his passions subsided; he attempted to alleviate by kindness the sufferings of his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing through a variety of fortune. His first setting out was very unfavourable. The captain to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died on the passage; and he was set on shore at Madras, without a patron or a friend.

He was almost ready to perish for want, when an opu-

lent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time in a very low station, the gentleman advanced him to his counting-house, and initiated him in the commercial business of the settlement.

During a short probation in this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent to a distance up the country, to a trading post of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honourable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for a long time stifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement, and resolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injustice of his expulsion. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity, and condemned his own obstinacy as at least equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took his passage for England, where he arrived safe, after an absence of nine years.

On his landing he met with a townsman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation.

With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple, in melancholy despondency, sat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Hastings had that day received from the landlord of their little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrear, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand 'What shall we do?' said he, 'he threatens to turn us out of doors. Unfeeling man! But how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I showed to my own son?' The reflection was too much for Mrs. Hastings to bear; she wrung her hands, sobbed and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their present situation dwelt on her mind: she only felt for her long lost son.

The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, went up to her mother and while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other supported her head. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaise had stopped before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when, on viewing the group before him, he had just strength to stagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried, 'My son, my son!' and sunk down beside him. The father stood a while, with his hands clasped, in stupid astonishment; then dropped on his knee, and exclaimed, 'Heaven, I thank thee!' He then flew to his son, took him in his arms, and by his

tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no sooner returned, than he threw himself at his father's feet, and asked forgiveness. 'Forgive thee, Charles!' said the father, 'it is I, my child, who ought to entreat forgiveness for the cruel injury I did thee.' He then raised him, and again clasped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay senseless in the arms of her daughter. The rest of the family, confused and affrighted, knew not what to think of the scene and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed, was to all appearance dead. It was long before the assiduities of her son and husband produced any signs of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had so long desired to see, the impression proved again too strong, and violent fits succeeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees she recovered serenity enough to behold and embrace her son. All the rest of the family by turns succeeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and inquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him; softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs; that he gave the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself as a sharer with the rest of the children.

The generosity and filial piety of this proposal excited their warmest admiration, and occasioned no small compunction in the father for his treatment of such a son. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, associated

him with himself in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handsomely for the rest of his days in ease and content.

AIKIN.

FINE MORALITY OF THE GOSPEL.

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry: I would not part with it for a thousand worlds; I congratulate the man who is possessed of it; for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

—— There is not a book on earth so favourable to all the kind and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. — It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence and peace.——

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the Divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.——

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras,

Socrates, and Aristotle, have never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament.

BEATTIE.

WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart, so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks: ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right-hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom: she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done; for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her coun-

sels, and sweetened by her endearments : he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife ; happy the child that calleth her mother. DODSLEY.

THE TORRID AND FRIGID ZONES.

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him ! How tedious are the winters there ! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day ! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How high and deep it lies, incumbent over the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs and trees, the dens of beasts and mansions of distressed and feeble men ! See ! where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts now masters of the wasted fields, and forced by hunger out of the naked woods !

—Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for, by art and prudence, the kind compensating gifts of heaven, men and their heirs may wait for a release. For at length the sun, approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provisions against the next return of cold. It breaks the icy fetters of the main, where vast sea monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock ; while others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone armed against all but man, whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and

force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great composer of these wondrous frames, and author of his own superior wisdom.

But leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for these happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. Overcome and fainting, they seek the shade and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favoured by which, the men and beasts pursue their labours; and plants, refreshed by dews and showers, can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

SHAFTESBURY.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best, is safest; lies most out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world: such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we

are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every-where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun,—from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them : and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

BOLINGBROKE.

INCONSISTENCY.

Bended knees, while you are clothed with pride; heavenly petitions, while you are hoarding up treasures upon Earth; holy devotion, while you live in the follies of the world; prayers of meekness and charity, while your heart is the seat of spite and resentment; hours of prayer, while you give up days and years to idle diversions, impertinent visits, and foolish pleasures, are as absurd, unacceptable services to God, as forms of thanksgiving from a person that lives in repinings and discontent.

LAW'S CALL.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together : the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world ; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together ; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world ; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed ; the previous ceremonies were performed ; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student ; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both ; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion ; and,

though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians by these means soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love : and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion ; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius : in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at

the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated; he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awakened him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. in this mansion of horror, laying

his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In those circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence, and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal; Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was

acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that 'no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.'

THE CHURCH-YARD.

What a number of hillocks of death appear all round us! What are the tombstones, but memorials of the inhabitants of their town, to inform us of the period of all their lives and to point out the day when it was said to each of them, 'your time shall be no longer!' O, may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground, it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man till the heavens be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral stone, without ornament, and below envy. There shall my tomb stand among the rest as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time.

It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear: one or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of mortality from my gravestone, which my lips are now preaching to the world: and if love and sorrows should reach so far perhaps while his soul is melting in his eye-lids, and his voice scarce finds an utterance, he will point with his finger and show his companion the month and the day of my decease. O that solemn, that

awful day, which shall finish my appointed time on earth, and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen! WATTS.

THE GRAVE.

There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy — there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble fluttering, thrilling — oh! how thrilling! — pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!—The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited — every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee — if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear ; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the

ng.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

COMPARISON OF OUR SAVIOUR AND MAHOMET.

“ Go, to your Natural Religion ; lay before her Mahomet, and his disciples, arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravished and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of

“ the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene,
“ carry her into his retirement ; show her the prophet’s
“ chamber... When she is tired with this prospect, then
“ show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing
“ good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in his
“ most retired privacies ; let her follow him to the mount
“ and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry
“ her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his
“ heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal,
“ and consider the patience with which he endured the
“ scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his
“ cross ; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear
“ his last prayer for his persecutors : *Father, forgive*
“ *them, for they know not what they do!*—When Na-
“ tural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her, which is
“ the Prophet of God ? But her answer we have already
“ had, when she saw part of this scene, through the eyes
“ of the Centurion, who attended at the cross. By him
“ she spoke, and said, *Truly this man was the son of*
“ *God.*” SHERLOCK.

TO THE SUN.

Prodigious orb ! bright source of vital heat, and spring
of day ! soft flame, yet how intense, how active ! how
diffuse and how vast a substance ; yet how collected thus
within itself, and in a glowing mass confined to the centre
of this planetary world ! Mighty being ! brightest image
and representative of the Almighty ! Supreme of the cor-
poral world ! Unperishing in grace, and of undecaying
youth ! Fair, beautiful and hardly mortal creature ! By
what secret ways dost thou receive the supplies, which
maintain thee still in such unwearied vigour and unex-

hausted glory ; notwithstanding those eternally emitted streams, and that continual expanse of vital treasures, which enlighten and invigorate the surrounding worlds ? Around him all the planets, with this our earth, single, or with attendants, continually move, seeking to receive the blessing of his light and lively warmth ! Towards him they seem to tend with prone descent, as to their centre ; but happily controlled by another impulse, they keep their heavenly order : and in just numbers, and exactest measure, go the eternal rounds.

But, O thou ! who art the author and modifier of these various motions ! O sovereign and sole mover, by whose high art the rolling spheres are governed, and these stupendous bodies of our world hold their unrelenting courses ! O wise economist, and powerful chief, whom all the elements and powers of nature serve ! How hast thou animated these moving worlds ? What spirit or soul infused ? What bias fixed ? or how encompassed them in liquid æther, driving them as with the breath of living winds, thy active and unwearied ministers in this intricate and mighty work ?

SHAFTESBURY.

NIGHT.

The glorious sun is set in the west ; the night dews fall ; and the air, which was sultry and oppressive, becomes cool. The flowers of the garden, closing their coloured leaves, fold themselves up and hang their heads on the slender stalk, waiting the return of day.

The birds of the grove have ceased their warblings ; they sleep on the boughs of trees, each one with his head behind his wing. The chickens of the farm yard are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest ; the hen, their parent, is at rest also. There is no mur-

mur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honeyed woodbines; they have finished their work, and now lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest in the fields upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating no longer resounds from the hills. There is no sound of the voice of the busy multitude, or of children at play, or the trampling of feet and of crowds hurrying to and fro. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil, nor the harsh saw of the carpenter. All men are stretched upon their quiet beds; and the infant reposes in peace and security on the bosom of its mother. Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground: every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who takes care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches? There is an eye that never sleeps; there is an eye that sees in the darkness of night as well as in the brightest sun-shine. When there is no light of the sun nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any star twinkling through the thick clouds; that eye sees every-where, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth.

The eye that sleeps not, is God's; his hand is always stretched out over us. He made sleep, to refresh us when we are weary: he made night that we might sleep in quiet. As the affectionate mother stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed; as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes; so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

When the darkness has passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through our eye-lids, begin the day with praising God, who has taken care of you through the

night. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves and smell sweet to his praise. Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs! Let his praise be in our hearts when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips when we awake.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL (1).

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF A TASTE FOR THE BELLES LETTRES.

Belles Lettres and Criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might

(1) See NARRATIONES ET CONCIONES ANGLAIS, for selections from the most esteemed translations of Demosthenes, Plato, Socrates, Pliny, Livy, Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus, Cæsar, Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Anacreon, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Lucan, Catullus, Lucretius, Juvenal, Tibullus, etc., etc. by Melmoth, Whitworth, Leland, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Woodhull, Francklin, Potter, Good, Smart, Rowe, Creech, Grainger, West, Lockhart, Moore, Carey, Hunt, Mickle, Bowring, Carlyle, Sir W. Jones, etc., etc.

have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this particular advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science, and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

BLAIR.

THE ASSIDUOUS STUDY OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICS RECOMMENDED.

To all such then, as wish to form their genius, let me warmly recommend the assiduous study of the ancient classics both Greek and Roman.

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Without a considerable acquaintance with them, no man, can be reckoned a polite scholar; and he will want many assistances for writing and speaking well, which the knowledge of such authors would afford him. Any one has great reason to suspect his own taste, who receives little or no pleasure from the perusal of writing, which so many ages and nations have consented in holding up as subjects of admiration. And I am persuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally studied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded in any country, good taste and good composition will flourish or decline. There are commonly none but the ignorant or superficial, who undervalue them.

BLAIR.

* ‘Read them by day and study them by night.’

FRANCIS.

GREAT MEN HAVE USUALLY APPEARED AT THE SAME TIME.

It is a remarkable phænomenon, and one which has often employed the speculations of curious men, that writers and artists, most distinguished for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in considerable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature seems to have exerted herself with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuse fertility. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the moral causes lie obvious; such as favourable circumstances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as these have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, physical causes have been also assigned; and the Abbé Dubos, in his *Reflections on Poetry and Painting*, has collected a great many observations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other such natural causes, may be supposed to have upon genius. But whatever the causes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more distinguished than others for the extraordinary productions of genius. BLAIR.

FOUR OF THESE AGES MARKED OUT BY THE LEARNED.

Learned men have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aris-

totle, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lysippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The second is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; affording us, Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is that of the restoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II., and Leo X.; when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flourished in France, Corneille, Racine, de Retz, Molière, Boileau, La Fontaine, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Pascal, Malebranche, Massillon, La Bruyère, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vertot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke...

BLAIR.

ON SEVERAL ADVANTAGES WHICH THE CLASSICS ENJOYED.

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want and abject dependance. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and expe-

rience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had infringed upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies, and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wisdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was said to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the soundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preserved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonishing respect that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illustrious countryman. As

many as could repeat any of Euripides's verses, were rewarded with their liberty, and generously sent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's side sprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens ; and by his mother's from Solon, their no less celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greatest men of the age wherein he lived ; and will be studied and admired by men of taste and judgment in all succeeding ages. In his works, are inestimable treasures of the best learning. In short, as a learned gentleman says, he wrote with all the strength of human reason, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates, king of Samos : and his sprightly muse, naturally flowing with innumerable pleasures and graces, must improve in delicacy and sweetness by the gaiety and refined conversation of that flourishing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age ; and conversation with the heroes qualified him to sing their praises with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games scarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celestial song. The noble Hiero of Syracuse was his generous friend and patron ; and the most powerful and polite state of all Greece esteemed a line of his in praise of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a statue. Most of the genuine and valuable Latin Classics had the advantages of fortune and improving conversation, the same encouragements with these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight into the cha-

racters and manners of mankind, such an elegant choice of words, and fluency of style, such judgment in the conduct of his plot, and such delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the conversation of Scipio and Lælius, the greatest men, and most refined wits, of their age; so much did this judicious writer, and clean scholar, improve by his diligent application to study, and their genteel and learned conversation, that it was charged upon him by those who envied his superior excellencies, that he published their compositions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world should believe those noblemen wrote his plays, but scarce believed it themselves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly slighted their malice, and made his great patrons the finest compliment in the world, by esteeming the accusation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence against it.

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive brevity, and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearness of style, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the mysteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning so useful to the world, and so honourable to himself, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and sharing in the important councils and debates of the senate.

Cæsar had a prodigious wit, and universal learning; was noble by birth, a consummate statesman, a brave and wise general, and a most heroic prince. His prudence and modesty in speaking of himself, the truth and clearness of his descriptions, the inimitable purity and perspicuity of his style, distinguish him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer resemblance to him in more instances than the admirable Xenophon. What useful and entertaining accounts might reasonably be expected from such a writer, who gives you the geography and history of those countries and nations, which

he himself conquered, and the description of those military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himself contrived and marked out!

The best authors in the reign of Augustus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, etc., enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumstances. That was the golden age of learning. They flourished under the favours and bounty of the richest and most generous court in the world; and the beams of majesty shone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from such poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by such patrons as Mæcenas and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with such skill and authority, that he makes such deep searches into the nature of things, and designs of men, that he so exquisitely understands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian. BLACKWALL.

THE OLD CRITICS TO BE STUDIED.

That we may still qualify ourselves the better to read and relish the Classics, we must seriously study the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the first are Aristotle, Dionysius Longinus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus : of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quintilian. These are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true sense and sublimity ; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence ; and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciously discover the excellencies of other authors, they successfully show their own ; and are glo-

rious examples of that sublime they praise. They take off general distastefulness of precepts ; and rules, by their dexterous management, have beauty as well as usefulness. They were, what every true critic must be, persons of great reading and happy memory, of a piercing sagacity and elegant taste. They praise without flattery or partial favour ; and censure without pride or envy. We shall still have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choicest authors in our own tongue, and some of the best writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the ancients in view, and write with their spirit and judgment. We have a glorious set of poets, of whom I shall only mention a few, who are the chief : Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley ; Dryden, Prior, Addison, Pope ; who are inspired with the true spirit of their predecessors of Greece and Rome, and by whose immortal works the reputation of English poetry is raised much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have prose writers of all professions and degrees, and upon a great variety of subjects, true admirers and great masters of the old Classics and Critics ; who observe their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotson, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I esteem them not inferior to the illustrious few I have mentioned, who are in high esteem with all readers of taste and distinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good sense and fine writing. Horace and Aristotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Essay on Translated Verse, Pope's Essay on Criticism, and Discourses before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Discourses, all the Spectators that

treat upon Classical Learning, particularly the justly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Dacier upon Aristotle's *Poetics*, Bossu, on *Epic Poetry*, Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, and Reflections on Longinus, Felton's *Dissertation on the Classics*, and Trapp's *Poetical Prelections*. These gentlemen make a true judgment and use of the ancients : they esteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them ; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them against the attacks of some over-forward wits, who furiously envy their fame, and infinitely fall short of their merit. BLACKWALL.

A COMPARISON OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN WRITERS.

If I may detain you with a short comparison of the Greek and Roman authors, I must own the last have the preference in my thoughts ; and I am not singular in my opinion. It must be confessed the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage ; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence ; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot, and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has censured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed *, that I shall only

* See the extracts from POPE's preface to his *Homer* page 121, and the beauties of Virgil by BLAIR, page 120.

say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat.

The Georgics are above all controversy with Hesiod; but the Idylliums of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of pastoral.

In Lyrics the Grecians may seem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are superior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verse. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, and Stesichorus are almost entirely lost. Here and there a fragment of them is remaining, which, like some broken parts of ancient statues, preserve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, strength, and skill of the great master's hand.

Pindar is sublime, but obscure, impetuous in his course, and unfathomable in the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. Anacreon flows soft and easy, every-where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftiness and majesty of Pindar and the gay, careless, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I suppose, however Pindar may be admired for greatness, and Anacreon for delicateness of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth, surpasses them both in justness, elegance, and happiness of expression.

I will not trouble you with the historians any farther, than to inform you, that the contest lies chiefly between Thucydides and Sallust, Herodotus and Livy: though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more justly be compared: the critics have been very free in their cen-

sures ; but I shall be glad to suspend any farther judgment, till you shall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philosophy are the next disputed prizes ; and whatever praises may be justly given to Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon and Demosthenes, I will venture to say, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philosophers in one.

FELTON.

HOMER.

Homer is a poet who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity ; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity which characterizes his manner. His descriptions of hosts engaging ; the animation, the fire, and rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present to every reader of the Iliad frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods tends often to heighten, in a high degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps and driving his chariot along the ocean. Minerva arming herself for fight, in the fifth book, and Apollo, in the fifteenth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his ægis on the face of the Greeks, are similar instances of great sublimity added to the description of battles, by the appearances of those celestial beings. In the twentieth book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All

nature is represented as in commotion. Jupiter thunders in the heavens; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident, the ships, the city, and the mountains shake; the earth trembles to its centre; Pluto starts from his throne, in dread lest the secrets of the infernal region should be laid open to the view of mortals *.

BLAIR.

ON THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories, and beautiful descriptions. We see every-where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompense, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem.

BLAIR.

* For this sublime passage see the extracts from POPE's Homer, Vol. II, Book IV.

ON THE BEAUTIES OF VIRGIL.

Virgil possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an Epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the *Iliad*, is the interview of Hector with Andromache*. But, in the *Æneid*, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finally mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam, and the family-pieces of *Æneas*, *Anchises*, and *Crensa*, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the *Æneid*, the same pathetic spirit shines, and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of *Dido*, has been always most justly admired; and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of *Æneas* with *Andromache*

* See the extracts from DRYDEN's *Virgil*, Vol. II, Book IV.

and Helenus, in the third book ; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the *Æneid* be an unequal poem, and in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all ; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth.

BLAIR.

COMPARISON OF HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work ; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty ; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it ; each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In the one we most admire the man, in the other the work : Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity ; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty : Homer scatters

with a generous profusion ; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence : Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate ; Homer, boundless, and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases ; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action ; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation. POPE.

ON THE STYLE OF XENOPHON AND PLATO.

Simplicity of diction, as it is one of the most engaging beauties, is also one of the most difficult to imitate. It exhibits no preeminency of feature, but displays one whole, properly embellished with a thousand little graces, no one of which obtrudes itself in such a manner as to destroy the appearance of a perfect symmetry. In this species of excellence, Xenophon is confessedly a model. He has been called the Attic Muse and the Attic Bee. It has been said, that the Muses would express themselves in his language, that his style is sweeter than honey, that the Graces themselves appear to have assisted in its formation.

According to the opinions of the best judges, ancient and modern, the greatest master of the beauties of style whom the world ever saw, was the divine Plato. The ancients hesitated not to assert, in the zeal of their admira-

tion, that if Jupiter were to speak in the language of Greece, he would infallibly express himself in the diction of Plato.

The introductions to the dialogues of Cicero are always peculiarly beautiful; so also are those of Plato. It is agreeable to call to mind the sweet spot which Plato represents as the place where his dialogues passed, in language no less delightful than the scene.

The river Ilissus glided over the pebbles in a clear stream, so shallow that you might have walked through it without any great inconvenience. At a small distance rose a tall plane tree, spreading its broad foliage to a considerable distance, and flourishing in all the mature luxuriance of summer beauty. At the root of the tree issued a spring, dedicated to Achelous and the Nymphs, and remarkable for its cool and limpid water. The softest herbage grew round its little banks, the verdure of which was rendered perpetual by the refreshing moisture of the spring, as it flowed down a gentle declivity. A sweet and cooling breeze generally breathed along the shade, and great numbers of *cicadæ*, taking shelter from the sun, resorted to the coverts, and made, with their little chirpings, an agreeable kind of natural music. Plato adds several other agreeable heightenings of the scene, where moral and philosophical beauty was taught to emulate the surrounding beauties of nature. The language of Plato adds charms to the whole, as variegated colours illuminate and embellish the plain sketches of the pencilled outline.

It is no wonder that philosophy, recommended by such graces as these, was found to render her votaries enamoured. Virtue and public spirit can scarcely ever want their admirers and followers, when they are decorated in a manner which sets off their own loveliness to the greatest advantage. It is to be lamented, for the sake of vir-

tue, that lord Shaftesbury was a sceptic. His style was a fine imitation of Plato, and displays such beauties as might conceal the ugliness of a deformed system. Harris has also exhibited some of the Platonic graces; and I cannot help considering it as a mark of defective taste that he is not more popular. His style, where it successfully imitates Plato, appears to be one of the most elegant, classical, and judiciously ornamented among all the English writers of the present century.

Both Xenophon and Plato display what is more valuable than all verbal elegance, a fine system of morality, which long diffused over the world a light unequalled, till the sun of revelation arose. KNOX.

ON THE STYLE OF DEMOSTHENES.

The Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and though far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His actions and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on

the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty, eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "Delectabat Athenienses," says Cicero, "magis quam inflammabat." "He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them." And after this time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. BLAIR.

ON CICERO.

The object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and, in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and insinuation pre-

possesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp; and in the structure of his sentences, is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance, against Catiline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Anthony, and in those too against Verres and Catiline.

BLAIR.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES COMPARED.

On the subject of comparing Cicero and Demosthenes, much has been said by critical writers. The different manners of these two princes of eloquence, and the distinguishing characters of each, are so strongly marked in

their writings, that the comparison is, in many respects, obvious and easy. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more manliness; in the other, more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

It is a disadvantage to Demosthenes, that, besides his conciseness, which sometimes produces obscurity, the language, in which he writes, is less familiar to most of us than the Latin, and that we are less acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more ease, and of course with more pleasure. Independent of this circumstance too, he is no doubt, in himself, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithstanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the state in danger, or some great public interest at stake, which drew the serious attention of men, an oration in the spirit and strain of Demosthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demosthenes's Philippics spoken in a British assembly, in a similar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and persuade at this day. The rapid style, the vehement reasoning, the disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their success infallible over any modern assembly. I question whether the same can be said of Cicero's orations; whose eloquence, however beautiful, and however well suited to the Roman taste, yet borders often on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real business and causes of importance treated. BLAIR.

**LIVY AND TACITUS REMARKABLE FOR
HISTORICAL PAINTING.**

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner ; and is excelled by no historian whatever in the art of narration : several remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for instance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites at the Furcæ Caudinæ, in the beginning of the ninth book , affords one of the most beautiful exemplifications of historical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have first, an exact description of the narrow pass between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themselves caught, and no hope of escape left, we are made to see, first, their astonishment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the most lively manner, by such circumstances and actions, as were natural to persons in their situation. The restless and unquiet manner in which they pass the night ; the consultations of the Samnites ; the various measures proposed to be taken ; the messages between the two armies, all heighten the scene. At length, in the morning, the consuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of surrendering their arms, and passing under the yoke, which was considered as the last mark of ignominy for a conquered army.

Tacitus is another author eminent for historical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's descriptions are more full, more plain, and natural ; those of Tacitus consist in a few bold strokes. He selects one or two remarkable circumstances, and sets them before us in a strong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the situation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when

Otho was advancing against him : “ Agebatur huc illuc
“ Galba, vario turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis un-
“ dique basilicis et templis lugubri prospectu. Neque po-
“ puli aut plebis ulla vox ; sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ
“ ad omnia aures. Non tumultus, non quies ; sed quale
“ magni metus, et magnæ iræ, silentium est*.” No
image in any poet is more strong and expressive than
this last stroke of the description : ‘ Non tumultus, non
quies, sed quale, etc.’ This is a conception of the sublime
kind, and discovers high genius. Indeed, throughout all
his works, Tacitus shows the hand of a master. As he is
profound in reflection, so he is striking in description, and
pathetic in sentiment. The philosopher, the poet, and the
historian, all meet in him. Though the period of which
he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for an historian,
he has made it afford us many interesting exhibitions of
human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths
of several eminent personages, are as affecting as the
deepest tragedies. He paints with a glowing pencil ; and
possesses beyond all writers the talent of painting, not
to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many
of the most distinguished beauties, he is at the same time
not a perfect model for history ; and such as have formed
themselves upon him, have seldom been successful. He
is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections
he is too refined ; in his style too concise ; sometimes
quaint and affected, often abrupt and obscure. History

“ Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude,
“ shoving him from place to place. The temples and public
“ buildings were filled with crowds, of a dismal appearance.
“ No clamours were heard, either from the citizens, or from the
“ rabble. Their countenances were filled with consternation ;
“ their ears were employed in listening with anxiety. It was not
“ a tumult ; it was not quietness ; it was the silence of terror and
“ of wrath.”

seems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner.

BLAIR.

OSSIAN.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which the author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy ornaments; but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing, for just proportion of parts, and skilfully conducted narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and the beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage. But amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes; amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles, dwells the sublime; and naturally associates itself with that grave and solemn spirit which distinguishes the author of Fingal.

‘As autumn’s dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark, in battle, met Lochlin and Inisfail: chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high, blood bursts and smokes around. As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of the battle. The groans of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the cloud burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.’

Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle. BLAIR.

LUCAN*.

There are, in the *Pharsalia*, several very poetical and spirited descriptions. But the Author's chief strength does not lie, either in Narration or Description. His Narration is often dry and harsh : his Descriptions are often overwrought, and employed too much upon disagreeable objects. His principal merit consists in his sentiments, which are generally noble and striking, and expressed in that glowing and ardent manner which peculiarly distinguishes him. Lucan is the most philosophical, and the most public-spirited Poet of all antiquity. He was the nephew of the famous Seneca, the Philosopher ; was himself a Stoic ; and the spirit of that Philosophy breathes throughout his Poem. We must observe, too, that he is the only ancient Epic Poet whom the subject of his Poem really and deeply interested. Lucan recounted no fiction. He was a Roman, and had felt all the direful effects of the Roman civil wars, and of that severe despotism which succeeded the loss of liberty. His high and bold spirit made him enter deeply into this subject, and kindle, on many occasions, into the most real warmth. Hence, he abounds in exclamations and apostrophes, which are, almost always, well timed ; and supported with a vivacity and fire that do him no small honour.

But it is the fate of this Poet, that his beauties can never be mentioned, without their suggesting his blemishes also. As his principal excellency is a lively and glowing

* See Vol. II, Book IV, for the extracts from ROWE's admirable translation of the *Pharsalia*.

genius, which appears sometimes in his descriptions, and very often in his sentiments, his great defect in both is, want of moderation. He carries every thing to an extreme. He knows not where to stop. From an effort to aggrandize his objects, he becomes timid and unnatural : and it frequently happens, that where the second line of one of his descriptions is sublime, the third, in which he meant to rise still higher, is perfectly bombast.

The characters, for instance, which he draws of Pompey and Cæsar in the first Book, are masterly ; and the comparison of Pompey to the aged decaying oak, is highly poetical.

But when we consider the whole execution of his Poem, we are obliged to pronounce, that his poetical fire was not under the government of either sound judgment, or correct taste. His genius had strength, but not tenderness ; nothing of what may be called amœnity, or sweetness. In his Style, there is abundance of force ; but a mixture of harshness, and frequently of obscurity, occasioned by his desire of expressing himself in a pointed and unusual manner. Compared with Virgil, he may be allowed to have more fire and higher sentiments ; but in every thing else, falls infinitely below him, particularly in purity, elegance, and tenderness.

BLAIR.

DANTE *.

Dante's mind lends its own power to the objects which it contemplates, instead of borrowing it from them. He takes advantage even of the nakedness and dreary vacuity of his subject. His imagination peoples the shades of death, and broods over the barren vastness of illimitable space. In point of diction and style, he is the severest of

* See Vol. II, Book IV, for the extracts from CAREY'S Dante.

all writers, the most opposite to the flowery and glittering—who relies most on his own power, and the sense of power in the reader—who leaves most to the imagination.

Dante's only object is to interest; and he interests only by exciting our sympathy with the emotion by which he himself is possessed. He does not place before us the objects by which that emotion has been excited; but he seizes on the attention, by showing us the effect they produce on his feelings; and his poetry accordingly frequently gives us the thrilling and overwhelming sensation which is caught by gazing on the face of a person who has seen some object of horror. The improbability of the events, the abruptness and monotony in the *Inferno*, are excessive; but the interest never flags, from the intense earnestness of the author's mind. Dante, as well as Milton, appears to have been indebted to the writers of the Old Testament for the gloomy tone of his mind, for the prophetic fury which exalts and kindles his poetry. But there is more deep-working passion in Dante, and more imagination in Milton. Milton, more perhaps than any other poet, elevated his subject, by combining image with image in lofty gradation. Dante's great power is in combining internal feelings with familiar objects. Thus the gate of Hell, on which that withering inscription is written, seems to be endowed with speech and consciousness, and to utter its dread warning, not without a sense of mortal woes. The beauty to be found in Dante is of the same severe character, or mixed with deep sentiment. The story of *Geneura*, is of this class. So is the affecting apostrophe, addressed to Dante by one of his countrymen, whom he meets in the other world.

‘ Sweet is the dialect of Arno’s vale!

‘ Though half consumed, I gladly turn to hear.’

And another example, even still finer, if any thing could be finer, is his description of the poets and great men of antiquity, whom he represents 'serene and smiling,' though in the shades of death,

————— 'because on earth their names

'In fame's eternal records shine for aye.'

This is the finest idea ever given of the love of fame. Dante habitually unites the absolutely local and individual with the greatest wildness and mysticism. In the midst of the obscure and shadowy regions of the lower world, a tomb suddenly rises up, with this inscription, 'I am the tomb of Pope Anastasius the Sixth: '— and half the personages whom he has crowded into the Inferno are his own acquaintance. All this tends to heighten the effect by the bold intermixture of realities, and the appeal, as it were, to the individual knowledge and experience of the reader. There are occasional striking images in Dante—but these are exceptions; and besides they are striking only from the weight of consequences attached to them. The imagination of the poet retains and associates the objects of nature, not according to their external forms, but their inward qualities or powers; as when Satan is compared to a cormorant. It is not true, then, that Dante's excellence consists in natural description or dramatic invention. His characters are indeed 'instinct with life and sentiment;' but it is with the life and sentiment of the poet. In themselves they have little or no dramatic variety, except what arises immediately from the historical facts mentioned; and they afford, in our opinion, very few subjects for picture. There is indeed one gigantic one, that of Count Ugolino, of which Michael Angelo made a bas relief..... The Purgatory and Paradise are justly characterized as 'a falling off' from the Inferno. There are however a number of beautiful passages in both

these divisions of the poem. That in which the poet describes his ascent into heaven, completely marks the character of his mind. He employs no machinery, or supernatural agency, for this purpose; but mounts aloft 'by the sole strength of his desires — fixing an intense regard on the orbit of the sun!' This great poet was born at Florence in 1265, of the noble family of the Alighieri—and died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321. Like Milton, he was unfortunate in his political connexions, and, what is worse, in those of his private life.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

TASSO *.

Tasso has shown a rich and fertile invention, which, in a Poet, is a capital quality. He is full of events; and those too abundantly various, and diversified in their kind. He never allows us to be tired by mere war and fighting. He frequently shifts the scene; and, from camps and battles, transports us to more pleasing objects. Sometimes the solemnities of religion; at other times, the adventures of a journey, or even the incidents of pastoral life, relieve and entertain the Reader. At the same time, the whole work is artfully connected, and while there is much variety in the parts, there is perfect unity in the plan. The recovery of Jerusalem is the object kept in view through the whole, and with it the Poem closes.

The Poem is enlivened with a variety of characters, and those too both clearly marked and well supported. Godfrey, the leader of the enterprise, prudent, moderate, brave; Tancred, amorous, generous, and gallant, and well

See MILTON'S Character in the introduction to vol. II and his life in the Biographical sketches in the same volume.

contrasted with the fierce and brutal Argantes; Rinaldo (who is properly the Hero of the Poem, and is in part copied after Homer's Achilles), passionate and resentful, seduced by the allurements of Armida; but a personage, on the whole, of much zeal, honour, and heroism. The brave and high-minded Solyman, the tender Erminia, the artful and violent Armida, the masculine Clorinda, are all of them well drawn and animated figures.

That for which Tasso is most liable to censure, is a certain romantic vein, which runs through many of the adventures and incidents of his Poem. The objects which he presents to us are always great; but sometimes too remote from probability. He retains somewhat of the taste of his age, which was not reclaimed from an extravagant admiration of the stories of Knight-Errantry; stories, which the wild, but rich and agreeable imagination of Ariosto, had raised into fresh reputation.

With all the beauties of description, and of Poetical Style, Tasso remarkably abounds. Both his descriptions, and his style, are much diversified, and well suited to each other. In describing magnificent objects, his style is firm and majestic; when he descends to gay and pleasing ones, such as Erminia's Pastoral Retreat in the Seventh Book, and the Arts and Beauty of Armida in the Fourth Book, it is soft and insinuating. Both those descriptions, which I have mentioned, are exquisite in their kind. His battles are animated, and very properly varied in the incidents; inferior however to Homer's in point of spirit and fire.

In his sentiments, Tasso is not so happy as in his descriptions. It is indeed rather by actions, characters, and descriptions, that he interests us, than by the sentimental part of the work. He is far inferior to Virgil in tenderness. When he aims at being pathetic and sentimental in his speeches, he is apt to become artificial and strained.

With Boileau, Dacier, and the other French critics of the last age, the humour prevailed of decrying Tasso; and passed from them to some of the English Writers. But one would be apt to imagine, they were not much acquainted with Tasso; or at least they must have read him under the influence of strong prejudices. Tasso may be justly held inferior to Homer, in simplicity and in fire; to Virgil, in tenderness; to Milton, in daring sublimity of genius; but to no other he yields in any poetical talents; and for fertility of invention, variety of incidents, expression of characters, richness of description, and beauty of style I know no Poet, except the three just named, that can be compared to him*.

BLAIR.

ARIOSTO.

Ariosto, the great rival of Tasso, in Italian poetry, cannot with any propriety be classed among the Epic writers. The fundamental rule of Epic composition is, to recount a heroic enterprise, and to form it into a regular story. Though there is a sort of unity and connection in the plan of *Orlando Furioso*, yet, instead of rendering this apparent to the reader, it seems to have been the author's intention to keep it out of view, by the desultory manner in which the poem is carried on, and the perpetual interruptions of the several stories before they are finished. Ariosto appears to have despised all regularity of plan, and to have chosen to give loose reins to a copious and rich, but extravagant fancy. At the same time, there is so much Epic matter in the *Orlando Furioso*, that it would be improper to pass it by without some notice. It unites indeed all sorts of poetry; sometimes comic and satiric,

* See Vol. II, Book IV, for the extracts from HUNT's Tasso.

sometimes light and licentious; at other times highly heroic, descriptive, and tender. Whatever strain the poet assumes, he excels in it. He is always master of his subject; seems to play himself with it; and leaves us sometimes at a loss to know whether he be serious or in jest. He is seldom dramatic; sometimes, but not often, sentimental; but in narration and description, perhaps no poet ever went beyond him. He makes every scene which he describes, and every event which he relates, pass before our eyes, and in his selection of circumstances, is eminently picturesque. His style is much varied, always suited to the subject, and adorned with a remarkably smooth and melodious versification.

BLAIR.

CAMOENS.

As the Italians make their boast of Tasso, so do the Portuguese of Camoens; who was nearly contemporary with Tasso, but whose Poem was published before the Jerusalem. The subject of it is the first discovery of the East Indies by Vasco de Gama; an enterprise splendid in its nature, and extremely interesting to the countrymen of Camoens; as it laid the foundation of their future wealth and consideration in Europe. The Poem opens with Vasco and his fleet appearing on the ocean, between the Island Madagascar, and the Coast of Æthiopia. After various attempts to land on that coast, they are at last hospitably received in the kingdom of Melinda. Vasco, at the desire of the King, gives him an account of Europe, recites a poetical History of Portugal, and relates all the adventures of the voyage, which had preceded the opening of the Poem. This recital takes up three Cantos, or Books. It is well imagined; contains a great many poetical beauties; and has no defect, except that Vasco makes an un-

seasonable display of learning to the African Prince, in frequent allusions to the Greek and Roman Histories. Vasco and his countrymen afterwards set forth to pursue their voyage. The storms and distresses which they encounter; their arrival at Calecut, on the Malabar Coast; their reception and adventures in that country, and at last their return homewards, fill up the rest of the Poem.

The Machinery of the *Lusiad* is perfectly extravagant. One great scope of the Portuguese expedition, our Author informs us, is to propagate the Christian faith, and to extirpate Mahometanism. In this religious undertaking, the great protector of the Portuguese is Venus, and their great adversary is Bacchus, whose displeasure is excited by Vasco's attempting to rival his fame in the Indies. Councils of the Gods are held, in which Jupiter is introduced, as foretelling the downfall of Mahometanism, and the propagation of the Gospel.

There is, however, some fine Machinery of a different kind, in the *Lusiad*. The genius of the river Ganges, appearing to Emmanuel, King of Portugal, in a dream, inviting that Prince to discover his secret springs, and acquainting him that he was the destined monarch for whom the treasures of the East were reserved, is a happy idea. But the noblest conception of this sort, is in the Fifth Canto, where Vasco is recounting to the King of Melinda all the wonders which he met with in his navigation. He tells him, that when the fleet arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, which never before had been doubled by any navigator, there appeared to them on a sudden, a huge and monstrous phantom rising out of the sea, in the midst of tempests and thunders, with a head that reached the clouds, and a countenance that filled them with terror. This was the genius, or guardian, of that hitherto unknown ocean. It spoke to them with a voice like thunder; menacing them for invading those seas which he had so

long possessed undisturbed; and for daring to explore those secrets of the deep, which never had been revealed to the eye of mortals; required them to proceed no farther; if they should proceed, foretold all the successive calamities that were to befall them; and then, with a mighty noise, disappeared. This is one of the most solemn and striking pieces of Machinery that ever was employed; and is sufficient to show that Camoens is a Poet, though of an irregular, yet of a bold and lofty imagination. BLAIR.

FENELON.

In reviewing the Epic Poets, it were unjust to make no mention of the amiable author of the Adventures of Telemachus. His work, though not composed in Verse, is justly entitled to be held a Poem. The measured poetical Prose, in which it is written, is remarkably harmonious and gives the Style nearly as much elevation as the French language is capable of supporting, even in regular Verse.

The plan of the work is, in general, well contrived: and is deficient neither in Epic grandeur, nor unity of object. The Author has entered with much felicity into the spirit and ideas of the Ancient Poets, particularly into the Ancient Mythology, which retains more dignity, and makes a better figure in his hands, than in those of any other Modern Poet. His descriptions are rich and beautiful; especially of the softer and calmer scenes, for which the genius of Fenelon was best suited; such as the incidents of pastoral life, the pleasures of virtue, or a country flourishing in peace. There is an inimitable sweetness and tenderness in several of the pictures of this kind which he has given.

The best executed part of the work is the first six books.

in which Telemachus recounts his Adventures to Calypso. The Narration, throughout them, is lively and interesting.

Several of the Epic Poets have described a descent into Hell; and in the prospects they have given us of the invisible world, we may observe the gradual refinement of men's notions concerning a state of future rewards and punishments. The descent of Ulysses into Hell, in Homer's *Odyssey*, presents to us a very indistinct and dreary sort of object. The scene is laid in the country of the Cimmerians, which is always covered with clouds and darkness, at the extremity of the ocean. When the spirits of the dead begin to appear, we scarcely know whether Ulysses is above ground, or below it. None of the ghosts, even of the heroes, appear satisfied with their condition in the other world; and when Ulysses endeavours to comfort Achilles, by reminding him of the illustrious figure which he must make in those regions, Achilles roundly tells him, that all such speeches are idle; for he would rather be a day-labourer on earth, than have the command of all the dead.

In the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, we discern a much greater refinement of ideas, corresponding to the progress which the world had then made in philosophy. The objects there delineated are both more clear and distinct, and more grand and awful. The separate mansions of good and of bad spirits, with the punishments of the one, and the employments and happiness of the other, are finely described, and in consistency with the most pure morality. But the visit which Fenelon makes Telemachus pay to the shades, is much more philosophical still than Virgil's. He employs the same fables and the same mythology; but we find the ancient mythology refined by the knowledge of the true religion, and adorned with that beautiful enthusiasm, for which Fenelon was so dis-

tinguished. His account of the happiness of the just is an excellent description in the mystic strain; and very expressive of the genius and spirit of the Author.

BLAIR.

**VOLTAIRE CONSIDERED AS AN EPIC
WRITER *.**

Voltaire has given us, in his *Henriade*, a regular Epic Poem, in French verse. That work discovers, in several places, that boldness in the conceptions, and that liveliness and felicity in the expression, for which the Author is so remarkably distinguished. Several of the comparisons, in particular, which occur in it, are both new and happy. But considered upon the whole, I cannot esteem it one of his chief productions; and am of opinion, that he has succeeded infinitely better in Tragic, than in Epic Composition. French Versification seems ill adapted to Epic Poetry. Besides its being always fettered by rhyme, the language never assumes a sufficient degree of elevation or majesty; and appears to be more capable of expressing the tender in Tragedy, than of supporting the sublime in Epic. Hence a feebleness, and sometimes a prosaic flatness, in the Style of the *Henriade*; and whether from this, or from some other cause, the Poem often languishes: it does not seize the imagination; nor interest and carry the Reader along, with that ardour which ought to be inspired by a sublime and spirited Epic Poem.

In order to embellish his subject, Voltaire has chosen to employ a great deal of Machinery. But here, also, I am obliged to censure his conduct; for the Machinery which he chiefly employs, is of the worst kind, and the

* See his character as tragic writer page 145.

least suited to an Epic Poem, that of allegorical beings. Discord, Cunning, and Love, appear as personages, mix with the human actors, and make a considerable figure in the intrigue of the Poem. This is contrary to every rule of rational criticism.

In justice, however, to our Author, I must observe, that the Machinery of St. Louis, which he also employs, is of a better kind, and possesses real dignity. The finest passage in the *Henriade*, indeed, one of the finest that occurs in any Poem, is the prospect of the invisible world, which St. Louis gives to Henry in a dream, in the Seventh Canto. Death bringing the souls of the departed in succession before God; their astonishment, when, arriving from all different countries and religious sects, they are brought into the divine presence; when they find their superstitions to be false, and have the truth unveiled to them; the palace of the Destinies opened to Henry; and the prospect of his successors which is there given him; are striking and magnificent objects, and do honour to the genius of Voltaire.

BLAIR.

THE FRENCH TRAGIC WRITERS*.

In the Compositions of some of the French Dramatic Writers, particularly Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, Tragedy has appeared with much lustre and dignity. They must be allowed to have improved upon the Ancients, in introducing more incidents, a greater variety of passions, a fuller display of characters, and in rendering the sub-

* See the extract from Johnson's preface to Shakspeare's works, p. 153-160, and the introduction to vol. II, on SHAKSPEARE and his contemporaries, also on DRYDEN, OTWAY, ROWE, ADDISON, YOUNG, and CONGREVE, and their lives in the Biographical sketches in the same volume.

ject thereby more interesting. They have studied to imitate the ancient models in regularity of conduct. They are attentive to all the unities, and to all the decorums of sentiment and morality; and their style is, generally, very poetical and elegant. What an English taste is most apt to censure, in them, is the want of fervour, strength, and the natural language of passion. There is often too much conversation in their pieces, instead of action. They are too declamatory, as was before observed, when they should be passionate; too refined, when they should be simple. Voltaire freely acknowledges these defects of the French Theatre. He admits, that their best Tragedies do not make a sufficient impression on the heart; that the gallantry which reigns in them, and the long fine-spun dialogue with which they over-abound, frequently spread a languor over them; that the Authors seemed to be afraid of being too tragic; and very candidly gives it as his judgment, that a union of the vehemence and the action, which characterize the English Theatre, with the correctness and decorum of the French Theatre, would be necessary to form a perfect Tragedy. BLAIR.

CORNEILLE.

Corneille, who is properly the Father of French Tragedy, is distinguished by the majesty and grandeur of his sentiments, and the fruitfulness of his imagination. His genius was unquestionably very rich, but seemed more turned towards the Epic than the Tragic vein; for, in general, he is magnificent and splendid, rather than tender and touching. He is the most declamatory of all the French Tragedians. He united the copiousness of Dryden with the fire of Lucan, and he resembles them also in their faults, in their extravagance and impetuosity. He

has composed a great number of Tragedies, very unequal in their merit. His best and most esteemed pieces, are the Cid, Horace, Polyeucte, and Cinna. BLAIR.

RACINE.

Racine, as a Tragic Poet, is much superior to Corneille. He wanted the copiousness and grandeur of Corneille's imagination; but is free from his bombast, and excels him greatly in tenderness. Few Poets, indeed, are more tender and moving than Racine. His Phædra, his Andromaque, his Athalie, and his Mithridate, are excellent dramatic performances, and do no small honour to the French Stage. His language and versification are uncommonly beautiful. Of all the French Authors, he appears to me to have most excelled in Poetical Style; to have managed their Rhyme with the greatest advantage and facility, and to have given it the most complete harmony. Voltaire has, again and again, pronounced Racine's Athalie to be the 'Chef-d'œuvre' of the French Stage. It is altogether a sacred drama, and owes much of its elevation to the Majesty of Religion; but it is less tender and interesting than Andromaque. Racine has formed two of his plays upon plans of Euripides. In the Phædra he is extremely successful, but not so, in my opinion, in the Iphigenie; where he has degraded the ancient characters, by unseasonable gallantry. Achilles is a French lover; and Eriphile, a modern lady.

BLAIR.

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, in several of his Tragedies, is inferior to none of his predecessors. In one great article, he has

outdone them all, in the delicate and interesting situations which he has contrived to introduce. In these lies his chief strength. He is not, indeed, exempt from the defects of the other French Tragedians, of wanting force, and of being sometimes too long and declamatory in his Speeches; but his characters are drawn with spirit, his events are striking, and in his sentiments there is much elevation. His *Zaire*, *Alzire*, *Merope*, and *Orphan of China*, are four capital Tragedies, and deserve the highest praise. What one might perhaps not expect, Voltaire is, in the strain of his sentiments, the most religious, and the most moral, of all Tragic Poets. BLAIR.

MOLIERE *.

The Dramatic Author in whom the French glory most, and whom they justly place at the head of all their Comedians, is the famous Moliere. There is, indeed, no Author, in all the fruitful and distinguished age of Louis XIV, who has attained a higher reputation than Moliere; or, who has more nearly reached the summit of perfection in his own art, according to the judgment of all the French Critics. Voltaire boldly pronounces him to be the most eminent Comic Poet of any age or country: nor, perhaps, is this the decision of mere partiality; for taking him upon the whole, I know none who deserves to be preferred to him. Moliere is always the Satirist only of vice or folly. He has selected a great variety of ridiculous characters peculiar to the times in which he lived, and he has generally placed the ridicule justly.

* See, in the introduction to this volume, the paragraphs beginning: SHAKSPEARE, BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, DRYDEN, CIBBER, VANBURGH, FARQUHAR, CONGREVE, STEELE, SHERIDAN, GOLDSMITH, etc.; and their lives in the Biographical sketches.

He possessed strong Comic powers; he is full of mirth and pleasantry; and his pleasantry is always innocent. His Comedies in Verse, such as the *Misanthrope* and *Tartufe*, are a kind of dignified Comedy, in which Vice is exposed, in the style of elegant and polite Satire. In his Prose Comedies, though there is abundance of ridicule, yet there is never any thing found to offend a modest ear, or to throw contempt on sobriety and virtue. Together with those high qualities, Moliere has also some defects, which Voltaire, though his professed Panegyrist, candidly admits. He is acknowledged not to be happy in the unravelling of his Plots. Attentive more to the strong exhibition of characters, than to the conduct of the intrigue, his unravelling is frequently brought on with too little preparation, and in an improbable manner. In his Verse Comedies, he is sometimes not sufficiently interesting, and too full of long speeches; and in his more risible Pieces in Prose, he is censured for being too farcical. Few Writers, however, if any, ever possessed the spirit, or attained the true end of Comedy, so perfectly, upon the whole, as Moliere. BLAIR.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

When we enter on the view of Modern Comedy, one of the first objects which presents itself, is the Spanish Theatre, which has been remarkably fertile in Dramatic Productions. Lopez de Vega, Guillin, and Calderon, are the chief Spanish Comedians. Lopez de Vega, who is by much the most famous of them, is said to have written above a thousand Plays; but our surprise at the number of his productions will be diminished, by being informed of their nature. From the account given of them, it would seem, that our Shakspeare is perfectly a regular

and methodical Author, in comparison of Lopez. He throws aside all regard to the Three Unities, or to any of the established forms of Dramatic Writing. One Play often includes many years, nay, the whole life of a man. The Scene, during the first Act, is laid in Spain, the next in Italy, and the third in Africa. His Plays are mostly of the historical kind, founded on the annals of the country; and they are, generally, a sort of Tragi-comedies, or a mixture of Heroic Speeches, Serious Incidents, War, and Slaughter, with much Ridicule and Buffoonery. Angels and Gods, Virtues and Vices, Christian Religion and Pagan Mythology, are all frequently jumbled together. In short, they are plays like no other Dramatic Compositions; full of the romantic and extravagant. At the same time, it is generally admitted, that in the Works of Lopez de Vega, there are frequent marks of genius, and much force of imagination; many well-drawn characters; many happy situations; many striking and interesting surprises; and, from the source of his rich invention, the Dramatic Writers of other countries are said to have frequently drawn their materials. He himself apologizes for the extreme irregularity of his Composition, from the prevailing taste of his countrymen, who delighted in a variety of events, in strange and surprising adventures, and a labyrinth of intrigues, much more than in a natural and regularly conducted Story.

BLAIR.

CHARACTER OF GOETHE *.

The poetry of Goethe, we reckon to be poetry, sometimes in the very highest sense of that word; yet it is no

* See Vol. II, Book IV, for the extracts from Lord GOWER's translation of *Faustus*. The other principal works of this justly

reminiscence, but something actually present and before us; no looking back into an antique Fairyland, divided by impassable abysses from the real world as it lies about us and within us; but a looking round upon that real world itself, now rendered holier to our eyes, and once more become a solemn temple, where the spirit of beauty still dwells, and, under new emblems, to be worshipped as of old. With Goethe, the mythologies of by-gone days pass only for what they are: we have no witchcraft or magic in the common acceptation; and spirits no longer bring with them airs from heaven or blasts from hell; for Pandemonium and the steadfast Empyrean have faded away, since the opinions which they symbolized no longer are. Neither does he bring his heroes from remote Oriental climes, or periods of Chivalry, or any section either of Atlantis or the Age of Gold; feeling that the reflex of these things is cold and faint, and only hangs like a cloud picture in the distance, beautiful but delusive, and which even the simplest know to be delusion. The end of Poetry is higher: she must dwell in Reality, and become manifest to men in the forms among which they live and move. And this is what we prize in Goethe, and more or less in Schiller, Tieck, Richter and Herder; all of whom, each in his own way, are writers of a similar aim. The coldest sceptic, the most callous wordling, sees not the actual aspects of life more sharply than they are here delineated: the nineteenth century stands before us, in all its contradiction and perplexity, barren, mean, and baleful, as we have all known it; yet here no longer mean or barren, but enamelled into beauty in the poet's spirit; for its secret significance is laid open, and thus, as it were, the life-giving fire that slumbers in

esteemed writer are *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, *Count Egmont*, *Elective Affinity* (*Wahlverwandschaft*), *Werther*, and *Wilhelm Meister*.

it is called forth, and flowers and foliage, as of old, are springing on its bleakest wildernesses, and overmantling its sternest cliffs. For these men have not only the clear eye, but the loving heart. They have penetrated into the mystery of Nature; after long trial they have been initiated: and to unwearied endeavour, Art has at last yielded her secret; and thus can the Spirit of our Age, embodied in fair imaginations, look forth on us, earnest and full of meaning, from their works. As the first and indispensable condition of good poets, they are wise and good men: much they have seen and suffered, and they have conquered all this, and made it all their own; they have known life in its heights and depths, and mastered it in both, and can teach others what it is, and how to lead it rightly. Their minds are as a mirror to us, where the perplexed image of our own being is reflected back in soft and clear interpretation. Here mirth and gravity are blended together; wit rests on deep devout wisdom, as the greensward with its flowers must rest on the rock, whose foundations reach downward to the centre. In a word, they are believers; but their faith is no sallow plant of darkness: it is green and flowery, for it grows in the sunlight. And this faith is the doctrine they have to teach us, the sense which, under every noble and graceful form, it is their endeavour to set forth:

As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same:
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And, serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness.

Such indeed is the end of Poetry at all times; yet in no recent literature known to us, except the German,

has it been so far attained ; nay, perhaps so much as consciously and steadfastly attempted. EDINBURG REVIEW.

CHARACTER OF SCHILLER AND OF SOME OF HIS CHIEF PRODUCTIONS.

It is not the predominating force of any one faculty that impresses us in Schiller ; but the general force of all. Every page of his writings bears the stamp of internal vigour — new truths, new aspects of known truth, bold thought, happy imagery, lofty emotion. Schiller would have been no common man, though he had altogether wanted the qualities peculiar to poets. His intellect is clear, deep and comprehensive : yet it seems powerful and vast rather than quick or keen ; for Schiller is not notable for wit, though his fancy is ever prompt with its metaphors, illustrations, comparisons, to decorate and point the perceptions of his reason. The earnestness of his temper farther disqualified him for this : his tendency was rather to adore the grand and the lofty, than to despise the little and the mean. Perhaps his greatest faculty was a half poetical, half philosophical imagination ; a faculty teeming with magnificence and brilliancy ; now adorning, or aiding to erect, a stately pyramid of scientific speculation ; now brooding over the abysses of thought, and feeling, till thoughts and feelings, else unutterable, were embodied in expressive forms, and palaces and landscapes glowing in ethereal beauty rose like exhalations from the bosom of the deep.....

The tragedy of Wallenstein, published at the close of the eighteenth century, may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast..... Germany, indeed, boasts of Goethe ; and on some rare occasions, it must be owned that Goethe has shown ta-

lents of a higher order than are here manifested ; but he has made no equally regular or powerful exertion of them : *Faust* is but a careless effusion compared with *Wallenstein*. The latter is in truth a vast and magnificent work. What an assemblage of images, ideas, emotions, disposed in the most felicitous and impressive order ! We have conquerors, statesmen, ambitious generals, marauding soldiers, heroes, and heroines, all acting and feeling as they would in nature, all faithfully depicted, yet all embellished by the spirit of poetry, and all made conducive to heighten one paramount impression, our sympathy with the three chief characters of the piece. Perhaps, among all Schiller's plays, the *Maid of Orleans* is the one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius* in the strictest meaning of the word. The spirit of the romantic ages is here imaged forth ; but the whole is exalted, embellished, ennobled. It is what the critics call idealized. The heart must be cold, and the imagination dull, which the *Jungfrau von Orleans* will not move. The tragedy of *Tell* wants unity of interest and of action ; but in spite of this, it may justly claim the high dignity of ranking with the very best of Schiller's plays. The feelings it inculcates and appeals to are those of universal human nature, and presented in their purest, most unpretending form. There is no high wrought sentiment, no poetic love. Tell loves his wife as honest men love their wives ; and the episode of Berta and Rudenz though beautiful is very brief and without effect in the result. It is delightful and salutary to the heart to wander among the scenes of *Tell* : all is lovely, yet all is real. Physical and moral grandeur are united : yet both are the unadorned grandeur of nature : there are the lakes and green valleys beside us, the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, and their sister peaks, with their avalanches and their palaces of ice, all glowing in the southern

sun; and dwelling among them are a race of manly husbandmen, heroic without ceasing to be homely, poetical without ceasing to be genuine *. LONDON MAGAZINE.

FROM DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE TO HIS
EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and, therefore, few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in

* This justly admired tragic writer died on the 9th. of May 1805 at the age of 45 years. His other chief productions are *Mary Stuart*, *the Robbers*, *Don Carlos*, *the Bride of Messina*, and *the History of the Thirty years' war*.

motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual ; in those of Shakspeare, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept ; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue ; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life ; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal, and thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident ; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions ; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show a usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable ; he therefore

added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand, will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible that an action of months and years can be possibly believed to pass in three

hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, should lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria: and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may

take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation ; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumspections of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock ; or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place ; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other ; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre ?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended ; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts ; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus ; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war ; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus ; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions ; and

why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation. . . .

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed : nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice and his next at Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire :

. . . . Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation ; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds

his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer : others please us by particular speeches ; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but Homer, in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions ; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning ; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart ; the composition refers us only to the writer ; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers ; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses ; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrus-

tations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals. JOHNSON.

A SHORT HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF ATHENS,

FROM THE TIME OF HER PERSIAN TRIUMPHS TO THAT OF HER
BECOMING SUBJECT TO THE TURKS.

When the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pisistratus, and after this had defeated the vast efforts of the Persians, and that against two successive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without control, the sovereignty of Greece*.

As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect; who when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and basso-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they saw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and states, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jea-

* For these historical facts, consult ancient and modern authors of Grecian history.

lousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars; and success in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was first impaired by the Lacedæmonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans, and, last of all, it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

The same love of elegance, which made them attend to their style, made them attend even to the places where their philosophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place shaded with groves, on the banks of the river Ilissus; and which, as it once belonged to a person called Academus, was called after his name, the Academy. Aristotle chose another spot of a similar character, where there were trees and shade; a spot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well-known gardens called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he disserted. The term Epicurean philosophy needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise the best suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford

may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how Horace lived, while the student at Athens, employed (as he tells us),

. Inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

These places of public institution were called among the Greeks by the name of *Gymnasia*, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts, which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their *Gymnasia*, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two statues, those of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accomplishments being patronised (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments by the God of ingenuity.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately sprung up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolence. Antipater destroyed her orators : and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manner) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumstance could not escape the witty Athenians : they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal.

The devastations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their sarcasm.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon fol-

lowed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he dismissed them, by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, 'that he spared the living for the sake of the dead.'

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cassius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for liberty did not here forsake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to show them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St. Paul came thither.

We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there, and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes befall both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montserrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pisistratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks.

HARRIS.

THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND REVOLUTIONS OF ASIA.

Since Romulus, with a small band of shepherds and outlaws, fortified himself on the hills near the Tiber, ten centuries had already elapsed. During the four first ages, the Romans, in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government: by the vigorous exertion of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of the three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators, who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people, was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provinces, who had received the name, without adopting the spirit of Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumultuary election, a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab, was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios. The limits of the Roman empire still extended from the western Ocean to the Tigris, and from mount Atlas to the Rhine and the Danube. To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar, Philip appeared a monarch no less powerful than Hadrian or Augustus had formerly been. The form was still the same, but the animating health and vigour were fled. The industry of the people was discouraged and exhausted by a long series of oppression. The discipline of the legions, which alone, after the extinction of every other virtue, had propped the greatness of the state, was corrupted by

the ambition, or relaxed by the weakness, of the emperors. The strength of the frontiers, which had always consisted in arms rather than in fortifications, was insensibly undermined; and the fairest provinces were left exposed to the rapaciousness or ambition of the barbarians, who soon discovered the decline of the Roman empire.

From the reign of Augustus to the time of Alexander Severus, the enemies of Rome were in her bosom; the tyrants, and the soldiers; and her prosperity had a very distant and feeble interest in the revolutions that might happen beyond the Rhine and the Euphrates. But when the military order had levelled, in wild anarchy, the power of the prince, the laws of the senate, and even the discipline of the camp, the barbarians of the north and of the east, who had long hovered on the frontier, boldly attacked the provinces of a declining monarchy. Their vexatious inroads were changed into formidable irruptions, and, after a long vicissitude of mutual calamities, many tribes of the victorious invaders established themselves in the provinces of the Roman empire.

In the more early ages of the world, whilst the forests that covered Europe afforded a retreat to a few wandering savages, the inhabitants of Asia were already collected into populous cities, and reduced under extensive empires, the seat of the arts, of luxury and of despotism. The Assyrians reigned over the east, till the sceptre of Ninus and Semiramis dropped from the hands of their enervated successors: the Medes and the Babylonians divided their power, and were themselves swallowed up in the monarchy of the Persians, whose arms could not be confined within the narrow limits of Asia. Followed, as it is said, by two millions of men, Xerxes, the descendant of Cyrus, invaded Greece. Thirty thousand soldiers, under the command of Alexander, the son of Philip, who was in-

trusted by the Greeks with their glory and revenge, were sufficient to subdue Persia. The princes of the house of Seleucus usurped and lost the Macedonian command over the east. About the same time, that, by an ignominious treaty, they resigned to the Romans the country on this side Mount Taurus, they were driven by the Parthians, an obscure horde of Scythian origin, from all the provinces of upper Asia. The formidable power of the Parthians, which spread from India to the frontiers of Syria, was in its turn subverted by Artaxerxes, the founder of a new dynasty, which, under the name of Sassanides, governed Persia till the invasion of the Arabs. This great revolution, whose fatal influence was soon experienced by the Romans, happened in the fourth year of Alexander Severus, two hundred and twenty-six years after the Christian æra. GIBBON.

THE IRRUPTIONS OF THE NORTHERN HORDES.

Inured by the rigour of their climate, or the poverty of their soil, to hardships which rendered their bodies firm, and their minds vigorous; accustomed to a course of life which was a continual preparation for action; and disdaining every occupation but that of war or of hunting; these barbarous nations undertook and prosecuted their military enterprises with an ardour and impetuosity, of which men softened by the refinements of more polished times can scarcely form any idea.

Their first inroads into the empire proceeded rather from the love of plunder, than from the desire of new settlements. Roused to arms by some enterprising or popular leader, they sallied out of their forests; broke in upon the frontier provinces with irresistible violence; put all

who opposed them to the sword ; carried off the most valuable effects of the inhabitants ; dragged along multitudes of captives in chains ; wasted all before them with fire or sword ; and returned in triumph to their wilds and fastnesses. Their success, together with the accounts which they gave of the unknown conveniences and luxuries that abounded in countries better cultivated, or blessed with a milder climate than their own, excited new adventurers, and exposed the frontier to new devastations.

When nothing was left to plunder in the adjacent provinces, ravaged by frequent excursions, they marched further from home, and finding it difficult or dangerous to return, they began to settle in the countries which they had subdued. The sudden and short excursions in quest of booty, which had alarmed and disquieted the empire, ceased ; a more dreadful calamity impended. Great bodies of armed men, with their wives and children, and slaves and flocks, issued forth, like regular colonies, in quest of new settlements. People who had no cities, and seldom any fixed habitation, were so little attached to their native soil, that they migrated without reluctance from one place to another. New adventurers followed them. The lands which they deserted were occupied by more remote tribes of barbarians. These, in their turn, pushed forward into more fertile countries, and, like a torrent continually increasing, rolled on, and swept every thing before them. In less than two centuries from their first irruption, barbarians of various names and lineage plundered and took possession of Thrace, Pannonia, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and at last of Italy, and Rome itself. The vast fabric of the Roman power, which it had been the work of ages to perfect, was in that short period overturned from the foundation.

Barbarians are strangers to refinements. They rush into war with impetuosity, and prosecute it with violence,

Their sole object is to make their enemies feel the weight of their vengeance ; nor does their rage subside until it be satiated with inflicting on them every possible calamity. It is with such a spirit that the savage tribes in America carry on their petty wars. It was with the same spirit that the more powerful and no less fierce barbarians in the north of Europe, and of Asia, fell upon the Roman empire.

Wherever they marched, their route was marked with blood. They ravaged or destroyed all around them. They made no distinction between what was sacred and what was profane. They respected no age, or sex, or rank. What escaped the fury of the first inundation, perished in those which followed it. The most fertile and populous provinces were converted into deserts, in which were scattered the ruins of villages and cities, that afforded shelter to a few miserable inhabitants, whom chance had preserved, or the sword of the enemy, wearied with destroying, had spared. The conquerors who first settled in the countries which they had wasted, were expelled or exterminated by new invaders, who, coming from regions further removed from the civilized parts of the world, were still more fierce and rapacious. This brought fresh calamities upon mankind, which did not cease, until the north, by pouring forth successive swarms, was drained of people, and could no longer furnish instruments of destruction. Famine and pestilence, which always march in the train of war, when it ravages with such inconsiderate cruelty, raged in every part of Europe, and completed its sufferings. If a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great, to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy. The contemporary

authors, who beheld that scene of desolation, labour and are at a loss for expressions to describe the horror of it. *The scourge of God, the destroyer of nations*, are the dreadful epithets by which they distinguish the most noted of the barbarous leaders; and they compare the ruin which they had brought on the world, to the havock occasioned by earthquakes, conflagrations, or deluges, the most formidable and fatal calamities which the imagination of man can conceive.

But no expressions can convey so perfect an idea of the destructive progress of the barbarians, as that which must strike an attentive observer, when he contemplates the total change which he will discover in the state of Europe, after it began to recover some degree of tranquillity, towards the close of the sixth century. The Saxons were, by that time, masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks of Gaul; the Huns of Pannonia; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature, remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were every-where introduced. To make a great or sudden alteration, with respect to any of these, unless where the ancient inhabitants of a country have been almost totally exterminated, has proved an undertaking beyond the power of the greatest conquerors. The great change which the settlement of the barbarous nations occasioned in the state of Europe, may, therefore, be considered as a more decisive proof than even the testimony of contemporary historians, of the destructive violence with which these invaders carried on their conquests, and of the havock which they had made from one extremity of this quarter of the globe to the other.

ROBERTSON.

CAPTURE OF ROME BY THE GOTHS IN THE YEAR 410.

During six [hundred and nineteen years, Rome had never before been violated by the presence of a foreign enemy. The population at this time might amount to twelve hundred thousand men : but the nobles were totally sunk in luxury and effeminacy ; and the populace, vile and wretched, had been continually recruited by the manumission of slaves, or the influx of foreigners. In such a state of universal degeneracy, the Romans were rather disposed to negotiate than to fight ; and therefore received as emperor Attalus, the prefect of the city, who was obstructed on them by Alaric, king of the Goths.

Attalus, thus elevated to supreme power, and Alaric having withdrawn, was so intoxicated with his grandeur, that he quarrelled with his protector, who soon deposed him from his power.

Rome itself was still the prize in dispute, and to rescue it from pillage, bribes, which only whetted barbaric avarice, and not arms, were resorted to. Honorius was dilatory to fulfil his promises, and Alaric was active to enforce them. During the parley, famine had made dreadful ravages in Rome. War had prevented the cultivation of the lands ; and the ports being blocked up, the citizens were reduced to the extremity of distress. Human flesh was publicly sold for food, and mothers are said to have devoured their own offspring. The citizens, reduced to this dreadful state, would have been incapable of a long defence ; but a conspiracy shortened the siege : the Salarian gate was opened at midnight, and the imperial city was abandoned to the fury of the uncivilized tribes of Germany and Scythia. ‘All the riches of the world,’ said Alaric to his soldiers on entering the gate, are here concentrated : to you I abandon them, but I command you to spill the

blood of none but the armed, and spare such as take refuge in the churches.'

The pillage lasted, according to the most authentic accounts, six days. The Goths fired the town in various places, and many of the most splendid edifices were levelled with the ground. It is not possible to compute the numbers that were massacred, notwithstanding the prohibition of Alaric; nor the multitudes that were reduced from an honourable station and affluent fortune, to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. Rome, the proud and magnificent capital of the universe, which, for eleven hundred and sixty-three years, had stretched the arms of her power from one end of the earth to another, and had become rich by the spoils of vanquished nations, now fell a prey to a barbarian. The fate which she had inflicted, she now suffered in her turn; and felt herself the calamities which she had caused so many other cities and nations to endure.

BURNET.

HISTORY OF THE LIMITS AND EXTENT OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern empire lasted many centuries longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient

splendour, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower :

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit.

VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth), making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men : men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill, and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

HARRIS.

CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE TURKS.

In this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed : the troops, the cannon, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach ; and his fourscore galleys almost touched with the prows and their scaling ladders the less defensible walls of the harbour. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land ; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has

been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack *. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command ; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to the wall : the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated ; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence ; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain ; they supported the footsteps of their companions ; and of this devoted van-guard, the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Rumania were successively led to the charge ; their progress was various and doubtful ; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage ; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour : he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion ; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain and to punish ; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear, of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned

* Besides the 10,000 guards, and the sailors and the marines, Ducas numbers in this general assault 250,000 Turks, both horse and foot.

in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and atabals; and experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and the city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. “Your wound,” exclaimed Palæologus, “is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?” “I will retire,” said the trembling Genoese, “by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;” and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act, he stained the honours of a military life; and the few days which he survived in the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries; and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins: in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was ir-

recoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With the scymitar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification : of the thirty janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible : the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks ; and the Greeks now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles, who fought round his person, sustained, till their last breath, the honourable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene : his mournful exclamation was heard, ' Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head ! ' and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple : amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more ; the Greeks fled towards the city : and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall ; and as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbour. In the first heat of their pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword* ;

* Above sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet ; exchanged or sold,

but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty ; and the victors acknowledged, that they should immediately have given quarter, if the valour of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins ; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors. GIBBON.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

“ When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans,
 “ Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus,
 “ whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was
 “ a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a
 “ certain day Philoponus said to him : ‘ You have visited
 “ all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria,
 “ and you have sealed up things of every sort that are
 “ found there. As to those things that may be useful to
 “ you, I presume to say nothing ; but as to things of no
 “ service to you, some of them perhaps may be more
 “ suitable to me.’ Amrus said to him : ‘ And what is it
 “ you want?’ ‘ The philosophical books (replied he)
 “ preserved in the royal libraries.’ ‘ This (said Amrus)
 “ is a request upon which I cannot decide. You desire a
 “ thing where I can issue no orders till I have leave from
 “ Omar, the commander of the faithful.’ — Letters were

according to the caprice or interest of their masters, and dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman empire.

“ accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what
“ Philoponus had said : and an answer was returned by
“ Omar, to the following purport : ‘ As to the books of
“ which you have made mention, if there be contained
“ in them what accords with the book of God (meaning
“ the Alcoran), there is without them, in the book of God,
“ all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them
“ repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them.
“ Order them therefore to be all destroyed. ’ Amrus upon
“ this ordered them to be dispersed through the baths
“ of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the
“ baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six
“ months, they were all consumed. ”

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, “ Hear what was done, and wonder ! ”

Thus ended this noble library ; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance.

HARRIS.

PROSPECT OF THE RUINS OF ROME

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

In the last days of Pope Eugenius the fourth, two of his servants, the learned Poggius and a friend, ascended the Capitoline hill ; reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples ; and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave ; and it was agreed, that in proportion to her former greatness, the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable. “ Her primæval state, such as she might
“ appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the

“ stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of
“ Virgil. This Tarpeian rock was then a savage and so-
“ litary thicket; in the time of the poet, it was crowned
“ with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is over-
“ thrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of for-
“ tune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred
“ ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles.
“ The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly
“ the head of the Roman empire, the citadel of the earth,
“ the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so
“ many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes
“ of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how
“ is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! the path of
“ Victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the
“ senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes
“ on the Palatine hill, and seek among the shapeless and
“ enormous fragments, the marble theatre, the obelisks,
“ the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero’s palace: sur-
“ vey the other hills of the city, the vacant space is in-
“ terrupted only by ruins and gardens. The forum of the
“ Roman people, where they assembled to enact their
“ laws and elect their magistrates, is now enclosed for
“ the cultivation of pot herbs, or thrown open for the re-
“ ception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private
“ edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate,
“ naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant,
“ and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous
“ relics that have survived the injuries of time and for-
“ tune ”

This melancholy picture was drawn above nine hundred years after the fall of the Western empire, and even of the Gothic kingdom of Italy. A long period of distress and anarchy, in which empire, and arts, and riches, had migrated from the banks of the Tiber, was incapable of restoring or adorning the city; and as all that is human

must retrograde if it do not advance, every successive age must have hastened the ruins of the works of antiquity.

GIBBON.

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS TO AMERICA.

On the evening of the eleventh of October*, after public prayers for success, Columbus ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which kept always a-head of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered

* Columbus set sail from Spain on the 3d of August 1492, and was nearly obliged to abandon his enterprise in consequence of the frequent insubordination of his ignorant and impatient sailors.

with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the

Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawkbells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could

produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country. ROBERTSON.

DISSOLUTION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT BY CROMWELL.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the Parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the Parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members, at the lodgings of the lord-general, in Whitehall. St John and a few others gave their assent: the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime, the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted; to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the ‘admission of members,’ a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the presbyterian interest. ‘Never,’ said

Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause, be admitted to power.' On the last meeting held on the 19th of April, all these points were long, and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the Parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other,' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy; and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and after a short time interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake: the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison most strictly and humbly conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed; and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences, both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the other benches. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time: I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more

warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the presbyterians, who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary; language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, 'Come, come, Sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest. It is against morality and common honesty.' — 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell. 'O Sir Henry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then, pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard:' next, to Martin and Wentworth, 'There are two libertines;' and afterwards, selecting dif-

ferent members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the Gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words, Colonel Harrison took the speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night, that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words, to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? here, carry it away.' Then taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall. That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the lord-general entered, and told them, that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the council of state, they must know that the Parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours, all England will know it. But, Sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest, they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the long Parliament,

which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted.

LINGARD.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PRECEDING EVENT.

In this furious manner, which so well denotes his genuine character, did Cromwell, without the least opposition, or even murmur, annihilate that famous assembly which had filled all Europe with the renown of its actions, and with astonishment at its crimes, and whose commencement was not more ardently desired by the people than was its final dissolution. All parties now reaped successively the melancholy pleasure of seeing the injuries which they had suffered, revenged on their enemies; and that too by the same arts which had been practised against them. The king had, in some instances, stretched his prerogative beyond its just bounds; and, aided by the church, had well nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the nation. The Presbyterians checked the progress of the court and clergy, and excited, by cant and hypocrisy, the populace, first to tumults, then to war, against the king, the peers, and all the royalists. No sooner had they reached the pinnacle of grandeur, than the independents, under the appearance of still greater sanctity, instigated the army against them, and reduced them to subjection. The independents, amidst their empty dreams of liberty, or rather of dominion, were oppressed by the rebellion of their own servants, and found themselves at once exposed to the insults of power and hatred of the people. By recent, as well as all ancient example, it was become evident that illegal violence, with whatever pretences it may be covered, and whatever object it may

pursue, must inevitably end at last in the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person. HUME.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSA.

Early in June 1808, the French despatched general Lefebvre with 8000 infantry and 900 horse against Saragosa. A party of their cavalry entered the town on the 14th, perhaps in pursuit of the retreating patriots: they thought to scour the streets, but they were soon made to feel, that the superiority of disciplined soldiers to citizens exists only in the field.

On the following morning, 15th June, the French, with part of their force, attacked the outposts upon the canal, and with their main body attempted to storm the city by the gate called Portillo. A desperate conflict ensued. The Arragonese fought with a spirit worthy of their cause. They had neither time, nor room, nor necessity for order. Their cannon, which they had hastily planted before the gates, and in the best situations without the town, were served by any persons who happened to be near them; any one gave orders who felt himself competent to take the command. A party of the enemy entered the town, and were all put to death. Lefebvre perceived that it was hopeless to persist in the attack with his present force, and drew off his troops, having suffered great loss. The patriots lost about 2000 men killed, and as many wounded. In such a conflict, the circumstances are so materially in favour of the defendants, that the carnage made among the French must have been much greater. Their baggage and plunder were left behind them in their retreat. The conquerors would have exposed themselves by a rash pursuit; but Palafox exhorted them not to be impatient, telling them, that the enemy would give them frequent opportunities

to display their courage. While he thus restrained their impetuosity, he continued to excite their zeal. This victory, he said, was but the commencement of the triumphs which they were to expect under the powerful assistance of their divine patrons. The precious blood of their brethren had been shed in the field of glory, on their own soil. Those blessed martyrs required new victims ; let us, he added, prepare for the sacrifice.

The Saragosans had obtained only a respite : defeated as he was, Lefebvre had only removed beyond the reach of their guns ; his army was far superior to any which they could bring against it ; and it was not to be doubted that he would soon return in greater force, to take vengeance for the repulse and the disgrace which he had suffered. A regular siege was to be expected : how were the citizens to sustain it with their mud walls, without heavy artillery, and without troops who could sally to interrupt the besiegers in their works ? In spite of all these discouraging circumstances (says Mr. Vaughan, to whom the English are indebted for a narrative of this most glorious and memorable siege), the people, confiding in God, in their own courage, and in the justice of their cause, determined to defend the streets of their city to the last extremity. Palafox, immediately after the repulse of the enemy, set out to collect reinforcements, to provide such resources for the siege as he could, and to place the rest of Arragon in a state of defence, if the capital should fall. He found about 1400 soldiers who had escaped from Madrid, and he united with them a small division of militia who had been stationed in the city of Calatayud. Small as this force was, such was the ardour of the men, that he resolved, in compliance with their urgent desire, to attack the French, and marched to Epila, thinking to advance to the village of La Muela, and thus place the invaders between his little army and the city, in the hope

of cutting them off from their re-enforcements. Lefebvre prevented this by suddenly attacking him at Epila, on the night of the 23d : after a most obstinate resistance, the superior numbers, arms, and discipline of the French, were successful. The wreck of this gallant band retreated to Calatayud, and afterwards, with great difficulty, threw themselves into Saragosa.

The besiegers' army was soon re-enforced by general Verdier, with 2500 men, besides some battalions of Portuguese, who, according to Bonaparte's system of war, had been forced out of their own country, to be pushed on in the foremost ranks, wherever the first fire of a battery was to be received, a line of bayonets clogged, or a ditch filled with bodies. They occupied the best positions in the surrounding plain, and, on the 27th, attacked the city and the Torrero ; but they were repulsed with the loss of 800 men, six pieces of artillery, and five carts of ammunition. By this time they had invested nearly half the town. The next morning they renewed the attack at both places : from the city they were again repulsed, losing almost all the cavalry who were engaged.

The Torrero was lost by the misconduct of an artillery officer, who made his men abandon the batteries at the most critical moment. For this treachery he was condemned to run the gauntlet six times, the soldiers beating him with their ramrods, and then he was shot.

The French, having now received a train of mortars, howitzers, and twelve-pounders, which were of sufficient calibre against mud walls, kept up a constant fire, and showered down shells and grenades from the Torrero. About twelve hundred were thrown into the town, and there was not one building that was bomb-proof within the walls. After a time, the inhabitants placed beams of timber together, endways, against the houses, in a sloping direction, behind which those who were near when a shell

fell might shelter themselves. The enemy continued also to invest the city more closely, while the Arragonese made every effort to strengthen their means of defence. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before the gates, in the form of a battery, digging round it a deep trench. They broke holes for musketry in the mud walls and intermediate buildings, and stationed cannon where the position was favourable for it. The houses in the environs were destroyed. 'Gardens and olive-grounds,' says Mr. Vaughan, 'that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy.' Women of all ranks assisted; they formed themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions, to those who defended the gates. The *Countess Burita* instituted a corps for this service, a lady of great rank, young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which were now become her duty; nor through the whole of a two months' siege did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying; others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges, which the children distributed. Among threescore thousand persons, there will always be found some wretches wicked enough for any employment, and the art of corrupting has constituted great part of the French system of war. During the night of the 28th, the powder magazine, in the area where the bullfights were performed, which was in the very

heart of the city, was blown up; by which explosion fourteen houses were destroyed, and about two hundred persons killed. This was the signal for the enemy to appear before three gates, which had been sold to them. And while the inhabitants were digging out their fellow-citizens from the ruins, they opened a fire upon them with mortars, howitzers, and cannons, which had now been received for battering the town. Their attack seemed chiefly to be directed against the gate called Portillo, and a large square building near it, without the walls, and surrounded by a deep ditch: though called a castle, it serves only for a prison. The sandbag battery before this gate was frequently destroyed, and as often reconstructed, under the fire of the enemy. The carnage here, throughout the day, was dreadful. *Augustina Zaragoza*, a handsome young woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age, arrived at this battery with refreshments, at the moment when not a man who defended it was left alive, so tremendous was the fire which the French kept up upon it. For a moment the citizens hesitated to remain the guns. *Augustina* sprung forward over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery man, and fired off a six-and-twenty-pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Such a sight could not but animate with fresh courage all who beheld it. The Saragossans rushed into the battery, and renewed their fire with greater vigour than ever; and the French were repulsed here, and at all other points, with great slaughter. On the morning of this day, a fellow was detected going out of the city with letters to Murat. It was not till after these repeated proofs of treasonable practices, that the French residents in Saragosa, with other suspected persons, were taken into custody.

Lefebvre, now supposing that his destructive bombard-

ment must have dismayed the people, and convinced them how impossible it was for so defenceless a city to persist in withstanding him, again attempted to force his way into the town, thinking that, as soon as his troops could effect a lodgment within the gates, the Saragosans would submit. On the 2d of July, a column of his army marched out of their battery, which was almost within musket-shot of the Portillo, and advanced towards it with fixed bayonets, and without firing a shot. But when they reached the castle, such a discharge of grape and musketry was opened upon their flank, that, notwithstanding the most spirited exertions of their officers, the column immediately dispersed. The remainder of their force had been drawn up to support their attack, and follow them into the city; but it was impossible to bring them a second time to the charge. The general, however, ordered another column instantly to advance against the gate of the Carmen, on the left of the Portillo. This entrance was defended by a sand-bag battery, and by musketeers, who lined the walls on each side, and commanded two out of three approaches to it : and here also the French suffered great loss, and were repulsed.

The military men in Saragosa considered these attacks as extremely injudicious. Lesebvre probably was so indignant at meeting with any opposition from a people whom he despised, and a place which, according to the rules and pedantry of war, was not tenable, that he lost his temper, and thought to subdue them the shortest way, by mere violence and superior force. Having found his mistake, he proceeded to invest the city still more closely. In the beginning of the siege, the besieged received some scanty succours; yet, however scanty, they were of importance. Four hundred soldiers from the regiment of Estramadura, small parties from other corps, and a few artillerymen got in. Two hundred of the militia of Logrono were

added to these artillerymen, and soon learned their new service, being in the presence of an enemy whom they had such righteous reason to abhor. Two four-and-twenty-pounders and a few shells, which were much wanted, were procured from Lerida. The enemy, meantime, were amply supplied with stores from the Magazine in the citadel of Pamplona, which they had so perfidiously seized on their first entrance, as allies, into Spain. Hitherto they had remained on the right bank of the Ebro. On the 11th of July, they forced the passage of the ford, and posted troops enough on the opposite side to protect their workmen while forming a floating bridge. In spite of all the efforts of the Arragonese, this bridge was completed on the 14th; a way was thus made for their cavalry, to their superiority in which the French have been mostly indebted for all their victories in Spain. This gave them the command of the surrounding country: they destroyed the mills, levied contributions on the villages, and cut off every communication by which the besieged had hitherto received supplies. These new difficulties called out new resources in this admirable people and their general, — a man worthy of commanding such a people in such times. Corn mills, worked by horses, were erected in various parts of the city: the monks were employed in manufacturing gunpowder, materials for which were obtained by immediately collecting all the sulphur in the place, by washing the soil of the streets to extract its nitre, and making charcoal from the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grow to a very unusual magnitude.

By the end of July, the city was completely invested, the supply of food was scanty, and the inhabitants had no reason to expect succour. Their exertions had now been unremitted for forty-six days, and nothing but such a cause could have supported their bodily strength and their spirit under such trials. They were in hourly expectation

of another general attack, or another bombardment. They had not a single place of security for the sick and the children, and the number of wounded was daily increased by repeated skirmishes, in which they engaged for the purpose of opening a communication with the country. At this juncture they made one desperate effort to recover the Torrero. It was in vain; and, convinced by repeated losses, and especially by this last repulse, that it was hopeless to make any effectual sally, they resolved to abide the issue of the contest within the walls, and conquer or perish there.

On the night of the 2d of August, and on the following day, the French bombarded the city from their batteries opposite the gate of the Carmen. A foundling hospital, which was now filled with the sick and wounded, took fire, and was rapidly consumed. During this scene of horror, the most intrepid exertions were made to rescue these helpless sufferers from the flames. No person thought of his own property or individual concerns, — every one hastened here. The women were eminently conspicuous in their exertions, regardless of the shot and shells which fell about them, and braving the flames of the building. It has often been remarked, that the wickedness of women exceeds that of the other sex; — for the same reason, when circumstances, forcing them out of the sphere of their ordinary nature, compel them to exercise manly virtues, they display them in the highest degree, and when they are once awakened to a sense of patriotism, they carry principle to its most heroic pitch. The loss of women and boys during the siege was very great, fully proportionate to that of men; they were always the most forward, and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent and proper sense of their danger.

On the following day, 3d August, the French completed their batteries upon the right bank of the Guerva, within

pistol-shot of the gate of St Engracia, so called from a splendid church and convent of Jeronimites, situated on one side of it.

On the 4th of August the French opened batteries within pistol-shot of this church and convent : in an instant it was on fire; and this monument of credulity, the theatre where so many feelings of the deepest piety had been excited, which so many thousands had visited in faith, and from which, unquestionably, many had departed with their imaginations elevated, and their principles ennobled, was laid in ruins. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge ; the besiegers rushed through the opening ; took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse ; forced their way, after a severe contest and dreadful carnage, to the Cazo, in the very centre of the city; and, before the day closed, were in possession of one half of Saragosa. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words : ‘ Head-quarters, St Engracia—Capitulation.’ The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply : ‘ Head-quarters, Saragosa — *War at the knife’s point!*’

The contest which was now carried on, is unexampled in history. One side of the Cazo, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French; and in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Arragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the street, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day, 5th August, the ammunition of the citizens began to fail; the French were expected every moment to renew their efforts to complete the conquest ; and even this circumstance occa-

sioned no dismay, nor did any one think of capitulation. One voice was heard from the people, wherever Palafox rode among them, that if powder failed, they were ready to attack the enemy with knives—a formidable weapon in the hands of a desperate man. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a re-enforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Arragon — a succour as little expected by the Saragosans as it had been provided against by the enemy.

The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room ; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury, little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. During the whole siege, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes within the walls, by name *P. Santiago Sass*. He was always to be seen in the street; sometimes fighting with the most determined bravery against the enemies; at other times administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming with the authority of faith that hope which gives to death, under such circumstances, the joy, the exultation, the triumph, and the merits of martyrdom. Palafox reposed the utmost confidence in this brave priest, and selected him whenever any thing peculiarly difficult or hazardous was to be done. At the head of forty chosen men, he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially necessary for its defence.

This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day; for it was almost certain death to appear by day-light within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the darkness, the combattants frequently dashed across the

street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there were often carried on into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other, that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued the rope broke, and the Saragossans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it.

A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever memorable siege. The dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here, under the climate of Spain, and in the month of August, there where the dead lay, the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrefying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so much embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was, to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward, amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Arragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was in some degree diminished.

A council of war was held by the Spaniards on the 8th, not for the purpose which is too usual in such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be communicated with authority to the people. It was, that in those quarters of the city where the Arragonese still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness: should the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the sub-

urbs, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in every conflict the citizens gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which, on the day of their entrance, was nearly half the city, was gradually reduced to about an eighth part. Meantime, intelligence of the events in other parts of Spain was received by the French, all tending to dishearten them : the surrender of Dupont, the failure of Moncey before Valencia, and the news that the Junta of that province had despatched 6000 men to join the levies in Arragon, which were destined to relieve Saragosa. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive : after their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won ; and in the morning, their columns, to the great surprise of the patriots, were seen at a distance, retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona.

There is not, either in the annals of ancient or modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Saragosa. Will it be said, that this devoted people obtained for themselves, by all this heroism and all these sacrifices, nothing more than a short respite from their fate? Woe be to the slavish heart that conceives the thought, and shame to the base tongue that gives it utterance! They have purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth, a place in the memory and love of all good men in all ages that are yet to come! They have done their duty ; they have redeemed their souls from the yoke ; they have left an example to their country never to be forgotten, never to be out of mind, and sure to contribute to and hasten its salvation. ‘Remember Magdeburg!’ are the last words Gustavus addressed

to his army before the battle of Leipsic. ‘Remember Saragosa!’ are the last words which every Spaniard, upon his death-bed, should utter to his children for his dying admonition, as long as a single enemy breathes upon the Peninsula. Saragosa should be their word of battle: Saragosa should be blazoned upon their banners. Legends and miracles are not now necessary to sanctify this venerable city; the lover of liberty will behold it with feelings not less awful than if he stood, at Thermopylæ, upon the grave of Leonidas. Its shrines and its relics may take their place with the fables of elder idolatry; every house has had its innocents and its martyrs in a cause not less sacred than that of religion itself. SOUTHEY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM*.

“ Omens and prodigies had long announced that Jehovah was departed from the mercy-seat, but it was not till the 7th day of the month Elul, in the year of the world 4077, (A.D. 73,) that the daily sacrifice ceased for ever in the temple. Titus the Roman was desirous that the worship should have been continued; for it was an ancient maxim in the policy of his countrymen, to respect the religious rites while they erased the history of the nations they subdued; but the remnant of our people,

* The two following extracts are from a most interesting work entitled “the Wandering Jew, or the Travels and observations of Hareach the Prolonged.” The work exhibits a view of the most distinguished events in the history of mankind since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; and the plan of the compilation professes to be a series of extracts from a journal written by the traveller, and left by him in a Greek monastery on mount Parnassus.

who had determined to perish with every thing rather than again submit to the Roman arms, rejected the representations which he made to them on this subject. Seeing them thus resolute, and in possession of the sacred edifice, which they had converted into a fortress, he prosecuted the siege with remorseless vigour. But desperate men, determined on death, resisted him with an energy new to his legions, and laughed to scorn the fury alike of the engines and the soldiery. For six days he endeavoured to batter down the walls which surrounded the temple, but was repulsed, with the loss of many of his bravest troops, and the destruction of their eagles. On the seventh, he set fire to the gates, which were plated with silver, and the flames communicated to the porticoes and galleries; but the besieged within answered to the shouts of the Romans with execrations, and made no attempt to extinguish the burning. Next morning, he ordered the legions to stop the progress of the fire, being still anxious to preserve so glorious a building; and having consulted his council, it was determined that, on the 10th of the next month, a general assault should take place. On the preceding night, however, my countrymen made two sallies, with partial success, which greatly exasperated the Romans; and I observed, from the terrace of the house where I had witnessed these conflicts, one of the private soldiers, after Titus had retired to take repose, mount on the back of his comrade, and throw a firebrand into one of the windows of the apartments that surrounded the sanctuary. Immediately the whole north side was in a blaze; and the Romans rent the air with acclamations. Titus, surprised by the noise, came running from his tent towards them, and prayed, and threatened, and even struck his men, calling on them to extinguish the flames. But, raging themselves with vengeance against the besieged, they paid no attention to his orders; continuing, on the

contrary, to spread the conflagration throughout the whole edifice, and to sacrifice all the unhappy wretches within the reach of their swords.

“ Titus, having thus in vain endeavoured to preserve the temple, then entered the sanctuary, and took possession of the consecrated utensils of gold—the candlestick, the altar of incense, and the table of shew-bread; but when he penetrated behind the veil of the most holy place, he was struck with awe, and instantly retired. In the same moment, a soldier applied a torch to the sacred curtain, and the fire furling up for ever the veil of mystery, showed that the God was not there! The Jews shrieked with horror, and a wail and lamentation spread throughout the city, even the Romans paused in consternation,—but it was only to return to the work of slaughter with redoubled fury.

“ From the destruction of the temple the overthrow of the nation may be dated, although possession of the upper town was not obtained till the 8th of the month Elat (September), when, as soon as the work of massacre and pillage was over, Titus ordered his army to demolish the city, with all its structures, palaces, and towers. He left nothing standing but a piece of the western wall, and the three towers of Hippicos, Phasael, and Mariamne; the former to serve as a redoubt to one of his legions, which he left there to prevent the Jews from re-assembling, and the three latter as monuments to give future ages some idea of the strength of the city, and the valour that was necessary to the conquest. Thus was the bow of Israel for ever broken, and her quiver emptied. (And since that time I have wandered among men, like a creature of another state of being, without communion of mind, without sympathy, without participation in my cares, without the hazard of any greater misfortunes, without the hope of any improvement in my solitary lot; a spirit interdicted from entering the social circle, living

without any motive to action, my feelings seared up, and my purposes all done. But I felt myself fated to be the deathless witness of the ancient greatness of our holy people, and doomed to represent their homeless and outcast condition, till the terrible cycle of their sufferings be complete, and they again assemble to reign in the land of their fathers.)

“When the destruction of the city was completed, Titus ordered a tribunal to be prepared for him in the midst of the ground where he had encamped, and calling his officers around him, he addressed them from that lofty seat, commended their exploits in the siege, and rewarded them according to their respective rank and merits, with crowns of gold and other precious ornaments. The army applauded this munificence to the skies. He then descended, and the Roman priests who attended the army having provided a number of oxen, a prodigious sacrifice was offered to the idolatrous gods of the Romans, and the remainder was distributed among the soldiery. The following day, leaving the tenth legion to prevent my miserable brethren from returning to the ruins of the city of their fathers, he marched with his army to Cesaria.

“When the main body of the Romans had been thus removed from Jerusalem some time, several of the inhabitants, who had been scattered by the issue of the siege, returned to look among the wreck of their habitations for any relics that might yet be found of their former property. One morning, as I was wandering among the ruins observing these unhappy persons, and burning with indignation at the taunts which they endured from the Roman soldiers, I beheld a ghastly form, clothed in white, and wearing a purple cloak, rising out of the earth in the centre of the spot where the temple once stood. The soldiers, so loud in their derision, were struck with awe at the sight, and stood still for some time, believing that

it was a supernatural apparition. Having, however, mustered courage, they approached, and demanded who he was, and what he wanted. But the mysterious being, instead of answering, ordered them to call their captain. I now also advanced, and saw that it was no other than Simon, who had taken so large a share in the revolt against the Romans, and who it was thought had perished in the burning of the temple. He had, however, concealed himself, with a few of his most devoted followers, in a secret cavern; and, having provided themselves with a stock of provisions, they had there remained until their stores were consumed. Terentius Rufus, the Roman commander, on being informed by the troops, hastened to the spot, and hearing from Simon his name, ordered him to be seized, and sent in chains to grace the triumph of Titus.

“My heart was greatly wrung by the fate of this man; for, although his factious spirit had raised many enemies even among ourselves, none laboured with a more earnest spirit to break those galling shackles with which the Romans had held us in slavery, while they insulted our customs and endeavoured to destroy the records of our national independence and glorious history. It is true, that by the revolt the nation was dispersed, and our kindred carried into captivity; but Jerusalem fell not without a struggle. The greatness of the vengeance of Titus bore testimony to the valour of Israel; and the indignities offered to Simon were evidence of the fidelity and enterprise with which he had endeavoured to redeem the independence of the people.

“Seeing the melancholy condition to which Simon was reduced, and having myself no home, I resolved to pass with the captives to Italy; and reached the neighbourhood of Rome on the evening preceding the day appointed for the triumph decreed to Titus.

“Early in the morning, Vespasian the emperor, and

Titus, who had rested during the night in the temple of Isis, came out crowned with laurel ; and, clothed in the ancient purple robes of their dignity, walked to where a stage, with ivory chairs, had been prepared for them, and where the senate, the magistrates of Rome, and the members of the equestrian order, were assembled. When they had seated themselves, and received the congratulations of these public personages, amidst the acclamation of the soldiers and the people, a solemn sacrifice was offered to their gods, and the whole army feasted, according to the Roman custom, on the choicest portions of the victims. But the triumphal procession I cannot describe : my eyes were dazzled with the splendour, while my spirit mourned for Israel. I have therefore retained but a confused recollection of pictures embroidered by the Babylonians, the images of the Roman gods and of great men carried on superb chariots, and vast machines, towering above the houses, loaded with the richest trophies. I bowed my head to the earth when I beheld the sacred vessels of the holy temple borne along; and heard and saw not that this gorgeous train of ruin was terminated by a person bearing that copy of the law, which had been preserved for so many ages in the hallowed archives of the sanctuary. Soon after a terrible shout announced that the unfortunate Simon, who had been ignominiously dragged by a rope round his neck, was put to death in the forum.

“The Romans thus gloried in the victories of Titus, thus honoured his achievements and erected monuments to perpetuate his fame; but the Jews, of all the nations that they subdued, alone preserved the integrity of their ancient character. We were broken, but not destroyed ; scattered, but not lost !

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE LAST DAY OF THE ROMANS.

“Odoacer has acted with more moderation than was suspected from the fierceness of his character. He has spared the life of Augustulus, the young emperor ; but has confined him for the present to the castle of Luculcanum, after, however, stripping him of the imperial insignia.

“He entered the city last night, and has taken possession of the palace. A vague rumour is abroad this morning, that he intends to assume the imperial dignity himself, and will re-assemble the senate. But some doubt the truth of this opinion, alleging, how can he wear the purple but as commander of the Roman armies?

“Many of the senators have been to the palace, and were received by him with respectful civility; but his conversation related to indifferent topics, and he did not recognise them as possessing any other rank than the common herd of the nobility. This has damped their expectation exceedingly; and they begin to fear that he entertains some undivulged project, fatal to their ancient dignity.

“A great sensation has been excited throughout the city. The heralds of Odoacer, in their garbs of ceremony, attended by a sumptuous retinue of his guards, have gone towards the Capitol. The whole population of Rome is rushing in that direction. It is a fearful crowd : the high-born and the ignoble, the freeman and the slave, all who have part or interest in the fate of the eternal city,—are animated by one sentiment, and press forward to hear the proclamation of Odoacer.

“I obtained by accident a favourable place, on the pedestal of a broken statue, for hearing the heralds. The soldiers lined the stairs ascending to the portico, and they

made a gay and glittering appearance ; the skies were overcast with masses of black clouds, but a splendid burst of sunshine fell on them, and they shone as it were in glorious contrast to the Romans, who were obscured with the shadows of the clouds. The assembled crowd was prodigious. The whole space around the foot of the hill, and as far as the eye could reach along the streets in every direction, was a mosaic of human faces. It was an appalling sight to look on such a multitude. It was as when the waters are out, and the landmarks are flooded, and a wide deluge overspreads the wonted bounds of the river. The slightest simultaneous action of so many thousand seemed, by its own physical mass, capable of treading into dust the conqueror and all his armies ; but nothing could more effectually demonstrate the entire extinction of the Roman spirit, than the mercurial fluidity of this enormous multitude.

“Some little time passed before the chief herald was in readiness to read the proclamation. He at first ascended to the portico of the building, seemingly with the intention of reading it there ; but, on some observations from the officer who commanded the guard, he returned between the ranks of the soldiers, about half way down the steps. At this moment a loud rushing sound rose from the crowd ; and, when he had taken his station, the trumpets sounded a solemn flourish. My eye involuntarily turned towards the Capitol, where, for so many ages, the oracle of the Roman people had proclaimed slavery and degradation to the kingdoms of the earth. It was in ruins. The roof, which had not been repaired since it was stripped of its golden covering by Genseric, had fallen in in several places.

“The trumpet ceased ; there was a profound silence ; and the herald, with a loud voice, proclaimed Odoacer king of Italy, without even mentioning the Roman name.

An awful response rose from the multitude. It was not a sigh, nor a murmur, nor a sound like any thing I have ever before heard; but a deep and dreadful sob, as if some mighty life had in that ultimate crisis expired. It subdued the soldiers of Odoacer; and I saw them look at one another, and grow pale, as if chilled with supernatural fear. The very flesh crawled on my own bones; and it was with difficulty that my faltering knees sustained me where I stood.

“But this sublime paroxysm did not last long. The soldiers soon recovered their wonted self-possession, and cried out, ‘Long live Odoacer, king of Italy!’ to which the crowd, as if suddenly transmuted from the Roman into another character, answered, with a magnificent shout, that reverberated through the empty halls of the Capitol, ‘Odoacer, king of Italy!’ Thus was the very name of Rome expunged from the sovereignties of the world; and all her glory, her greatness, and her crimes, reduced to an epitaph.” THE WANDERING JEW.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA,

WHO HAD STABBED HERSELF IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE RAPE
OF TARQUIN.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword; nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle! —the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably

entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus the perfidious guest became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five and twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome; the Patricians are at the head of the enterprise: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands; the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant; the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage,

Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices, and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation. LIVY.

BRUTUS'S SPEECH IN VINDICATION OF CÆSAR'S MURDER.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? — If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not

love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply—

None? — Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKSPEARE.

GALGACUS, THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONII, TO HIS ARMY,

TO INCITE THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.

When I reflect on the causes of the war and the circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts of the present day will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery, and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us either by land or sea, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various success against the Romans, the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the farthest

limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean; stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor: unsatiated by the east and by the west; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

Our children and relations are, by the appointment of nature, rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down, amidst stripes and insults, in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves every new comer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so, in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since then all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom

glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke : and shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

Can you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are insolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our discords and dissensions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the most different nations, which, as success alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls, and Germans, and (I blush to say it) even Britons, lavishing their blood for a foreign state, to which they have been longer foes than subjects, will be restrained by loyalty and affection ! Terror and dread alone, weak bonds of attachment, are ties by which they are restrained; and when these are once broken, those who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were, imprisoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle show, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will desert them, as the Usipii have lately done.

Nor is there any thing formidable behind them : ungar-
risoned forts ; colonies of invalids : municipal towns, dis-
tempered, and distracted between unjust masters and ill-
obeying subjects. Here is your general ; here is your army.
There, tributes, mines, and all the train of servile punish-
ments ; which whether to bear eternally, or instantly to
revenge, this field must determine. March then to battle,
and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S SPEECH,

PROPOSING AN ACCOMMODATION BETWEEN HENRY II. AND STEPHEN.

*In the midst of a wide and open plain, Henry found Stephen
encamped, and pitched his own tents within a quarter of a mile
of him ; while these princes were preparing for a battle, the
Earl of Arundel, having assembled the English nobility and
principal officers, spoke to this effect.*

It is now about sixteen years, that, on a doubtful and
disputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has
almost continually infested this kingdom. During this
melancholy period how much blood has been shed ! what
devastations and misery have been brought on the people !
The laws have lost their force, the crown its authority :
licentiousness and impunity have shaken all the founda-
tions of public security. This great and noble nation has
been delivered a prey to the basest of foreigners, the abo-
minable scum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne, rob-
bers rather than soldiers, restrained by no laws, divine
or human, tied to no country, subject to no prince, instru-
ments of all tyranny, violence, and oppression. At the
same time, our cruel neighbours, the Welsh and the Scotch,
calling themselves allies or auxiliaries to the Empress,
but in reality enemies and destroyers of England, have
broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken

from us whole provinces, which we can never hope to recover, while, instead of employing our united force against them, we continue thus madly, without any care of our public safety or national honour, to turn our swords against our own bosoms. What benefits have we gained, to compensate all these losses, or what do we expect? When Matilda was mistress of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did she govern? Did she not make even those of her own faction and court regret the king? Was not her pride more intolerable still than his levity, her rapine than his profuseness? Were any years of his reign so grievous to the people, so offensive to the nobles, as the first days of her's? When she was driven out, did Stephen correct his former bad conduct? Did he discharge his odious foreign favourite? Did he discharge his lawless foreign hirelings, who had been so long the scourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever since upon free quarter, by plundering our houses and burning our cities? And now, to complete our miseries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gascons, Poitevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the son of Matilda: and many more, no doubt, will be called to assist him, as soon as ever his affairs abroad will permit; by whose help if he be victorious, England must pay the price of their services: our lands, our honours must be the hire of these rapacious invaders. But suppose we should have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the consequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from security that regard to our liberties, which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only fruit of our good success will be this; the estates of the Earl of Leicester, and others of our countrymen, who have now quitted the party of the king, will be forfeited; and new confiscations will accrue to William of Ipres.

But let us not hope, that, be our victory ever so com-

plete, it will give any lasting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers to succeed to his claim, and support his faction, perhaps with less merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What shall we do then to free ourselves from all these misfortunes? — Let us prefer the interest of our country to that of our party, and to all those passions which are apt, in civil dissensions, to inflame zeal into madness, and render men the blind instruments of those very evils which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes and all the horrors that attend a war of this kind, in which conquest itself is full of calamity, and our most happy victories deserve to be celebrated only by tears. Nature herself is dismayed, and shrinks back from a combat, where every blow that we strike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here, who would not think it a happy and glorious act, to save the life of one of his countrymen? What a felicity then, and what a glory, must it be to us all, if we save the lives of thousands of Englishmen, that must otherwise fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which hereafter may be fought on this quarrel! It is in our power to do so.....

By amicably compounding Henry's quarrel with Stephen, we shall maintain all our interests, private and public. His greatness abroad will increase the power of this kingdom; it will make us respectable and formidable to France; England will be the head of all those ample dominions, which extend from the British ocean to the Pyrenean mountains. By governing, in his youth, so many different states, he will learn to govern us, and come to the crown after the decease of Stephen, accomplished in all the arts of good policy. His mother has willingly resigned to him her pretensions, or rather she

acknowledges that his are superior: we therefore can have nothing to apprehend on that side. In every view, our peace, our safety, the repose of our consciences, the quietness and happiness of our posterity, will be firmly established by the means I propose. Let Stephen continue to wear the crown that we give him, as long as he lives; but after his death let it descend to that prince, who alone can put an end to our unhappy divisions. If you approve my advice, and will empower me to treat in your names, I will immediately convey your desires to the king and the duke.

LORD LYTTLETON.

FINE AND IMPASSIONED REPLY OF THE EARL OF KILDARE TO CARDINAL WOLSEY.

It appears that the Earl of Kildare had been accused of treasonous partialities during his administration as the king's deputy in Ireland, for which he was summoned before the privy-council in England. On his appearance there, Cardinal Wolsey attacked him with great vehemence.

“ I know well, my lord,” exclaimed the cardinal, “ that I am not the fittest man at this table to accuse you, because your adherents assert that I am an enemy to all nobility, and particularly to your blood. But the charges against you are so strong that we cannot overlook them, and so clear that you cannot deny them. I must therefore beg, notwithstanding the stale slander against me, to be the mouth and orator of these honourable gentlemen, and to state the treasons of which you stand accused, without respecting how you may like it. My lord, you well remember how the Earl of Desmond, your kinsman, sent emissaries with letters to Francis, the French king, offering the aid of Munster and of Connaught for the conquest

of Ireland; and, receiving but a cold answer, applied to Charles, the emperor. How many letters, what precepts, what messages, what threats, have been sent to you to apprehend him! and it is not yet done. Why? Because you could not catch him; nay, my lord, you would not, forsooth! catch him. If he be justly suspected, why are you so partial? If not, why are you so fearful to have him tried? But it will be sworn to your face, that, to avoid him, you have winked wilfully, shunned his haunts, altered your course, advised his friends, and stopped both ears and eyes in the business; and that, when you did make a show of hunting him out, he was always beforehand, and gone. Surely, my lord, this juggling little became an honest man called to such honour, or a nobleman adorned with so great a trust. Had you lost but a carrion of your own, two hundred retainers would have started up at your whistle, to rescue the prey from the farthest edge of Ulster. All the Irish in Ireland must have made way for you. But, in performing your duty in this affair, merciful God! how delicate, how dilatory, how dangerous, have you been! One time he is from home; another time he is at home; sometimes fled, and sometimes in places where you dare not venture. What! the Earl of Kildare not venture! Nay, the king of Kildare; for you reign more than you govern the land. When you are offended, the lowest subjects stand as rebels; when you are pleased, rebels are very dutiful subjects. Hearts and hands, lives and lands, must all be at your beck. Who fawns not to you cannot live within your scent, and your scent is so keen that you track them out at pleasure."

(While the cardinal was thus speaking, the Earl frequently changed colour, and vainly endeavoured to master himself. He affected to smile, but his face was pale, his lips quivered, and his eyes lightened with rage.)

“My lord chancellor!” he exclaimed fiercely, “my lord chancellor, I beseech you pardon me. I have but a short memory, and you know that I have to tell a long tale. If you proceed in this way I shall forget the half of my defence. I have no school-tricks, nor art of recollection. Unless you hear me while I remember, your second charge will hammer the first out of my head.”

(Several of the counsellors were friends of the Earl; and knowing the acrimony of the cardinal's taunts, which they were themselves often obliged to endure, interfered, and entreated that the charges might be discussed one by one. Wolsey assenting to this, Kildare resumed.)

“It is with good reason that your Grace is the mouth of this council; but, my lord, the mouths that put this tale into yours are very wide, and have gaped long for my ruin. What my cousin Desmond has done I know not; beshrew him for holding out so long. If he be taken in the traps that I have set for him, my adversaries, by this heap of heinous charges, will only have proved their own malice. But if he be never taken, what is Kildare to blame more than Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, and having now the king's power, you see, takes his own time to bring him in? Cannot the Earl of Desmond stir, but I must advise? Cannot he be hid, but I must wink? If he is befriended, am I therefore a traitor? It is truly a formidable accusation! My first denial confounds my accusers. Who made them so familiar with my sight! When was the earl in my view? Who stood by when I let him slip? But, they say, I sent him word. Who was the messenger? Where are the letters? Confute my denial.

“Only see, my lord, how loosely this idle gear of theirs hangs together! Desmond is not taken. Well! Kildare is in fault. Why? Because he is. Who proves it? No-

body. But it is thought, it is said. By whom? His enemies. Who informed them? They will swear it. Will they swear it, my lord? Why, then they must know it. Either they have my letters to show, or can produce my messengers, or were present at a conference, or were concerned with Desmond, or somebody betrayed the secret to them, or they were themselves my vicegerents in the business: which of these points will they choose to maintain? I know them too well to reckon myself convicted by their assertions, hearsays, or any oaths which they may swear. My letters could soon be read, were any such things extant. My servants and friends are ready to be sifted. Of my cousin Desmond they may lie loudly, for no man here can contradict them. But as to myself I never saw in them integrity enough to make me stake on their silence the life of a hound, far less my own. I doubt not, if your honours examine them apart, you will find that they are the tools of others, suborned to say, swear, and state any thing but truth; and that their tongues are chained, as it were, to some patron's trencher. I am grieved, my lord Cardinal, that your Grace whom I take to be passing for wise and sharp, and who, of your own blessed disposition, wishes me so well, should be so far gone in crediting those corrupt informers that abuse your ignorance of Ireland. Little know you, my lord, how necessary it is, not only for the governor, but also for every nobleman in that country, to hamper his uncivil neighbours at discretion. Were we to wait for processes of law, and had not those hearts and hands of which you speak, we should soon lose both lives and lands. You hear of our case as in a dream, and feel not the smart of suffering that we endure. In England, there is not a subject that dare extend his arm to fillip a peer of the realm. In Ireland, unless the lord have ability to his power, and power to protect himself, with suffi-

cient authority, it will soon be too late to call for justice. If you will have our service to effect, you must not bind us always to judicial proceedings, such as you are blessed with here in England.

“As to my kingdom, my lord Cardinal, I know not what you mean. If your grace thinks that a kingdom consists in serving God, in obeying the king, in governing the commonwealth with love, in sheltering the subjects, in executing justice, and in bridling factions, I would gladly be invested with so virtuous and loyal a state. But if you only call me king, because you are persuaded that I repine at the government of my sovereign, wink at malefactors, and oppress well-doers, I utterly disclaim the odious epithet, surprised that your Grace should appropriate so sacred a name to conduct so wicked.—But however this may be, I would you and I, my lord, exchanged kingdoms for a month. I would in that time undertake to gather more crumbs than twice the revenues of my poor earldom. You are safe and warm, my lord Cardinal, and should not upbraid me. While you sleep in your bed of down, I lie in a hovel; while you are served under a canopy, I serve under the cope of heaven; while you drink wine from golden cups, I must be content with water from a shell; my charger is trained for the field, your gennet is taught to amble; and while you are be-lorded, and be-graced, and crouched and knelt to, I get little reverence, but when I cut the insurgents off by the knees.”

CAMPION.

FROM LORD MANSFIELD'S SPEECH

IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS, 1770, ON THE BILL FOR PREVENTING THE DELAYS OF JUSTICE, BY CLAIMING THE PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

MY LORDS,

WHEN I consider the importance of this bill to your

Lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away from two thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities of which they have been long possessed. Perhaps there is no situation the human mind can be placed in, that is so difficult and so trying, as when it is made a judge in its own cause.....

Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages, and in all countries. The practice is founded in wisdom; and, indeed, it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of this country, that the members of both houses shall be free in their persons, in cases of civil suits; for there may come a time when the safety and welfare of this whole Empire, may depend upon their attendance in Parliament. I am far from advising any measure that would in future endanger the state; but the bill before your Lordships has, I am confident, no such tendency; for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits. Shall it be said, that you, my Lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow-subjects? Forbid it justice!....

I come now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at, for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said, by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race: to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine. But if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble

lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct, — the dictates of my own breast. They who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity : I pity them still more if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next ; and many who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine.....

True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all : to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice then, or where the law that protects a member of Parliament, more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes ; and where I have the honour to sit a judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause, shall protect the guilty.

LORD STRAFFORD'S SPEECH,

BEFORE SENTENCE PASSED UPON HIM, BY THE LORDS, FOR TREASON.

MY LORDS,

As this species of treason of which I am accused by the

Commons, is entirely new and unknown to the laws, so is the species of proof by which they pretend to fix that guilt upon me. They have invented a kind of accumulative or constructive evidence; by which many actions, either totally innocent in themselves, or criminal in a much inferior degree, shall, when united, amount to treason, and subject the person to the highest penalties inflicted by the laws. A hasty and unguarded word, a rash and passionate action, assisted by the malevolent fancy of the accuser, and tortured by doubtful constructions, is transmuted into the deepest guilt; and the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, no longer protected by justice, are subjected to arbitrary will and pleasure.

Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and by the maxims of a cautious prudence, to conform ourselves the best we can to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and which shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of until the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give me warning, the party shall pay the damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am at present threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined; and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my Lords, happily to ourselves

at home; we have lived gloriously abroad to the world : let us be content with what our fathers have left us : let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your Lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire those bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treason, as the primitive christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out the path by which you may avoid it. Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions by rattling up a company of old records, which have for so many ages hung by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my Lords, (the most severe of any) that I, for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country. However these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the Commonwealth; and they believe so: yet, under favour, it is I who, in this particular, speak for the Commonwealth. Precedents like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that in a few years the kingdom will be in a condition expressed in a statute of Henry the Fourth; and no man shall know by what rule to govern his words and actions. Impose not, my Lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state; nor disable them from serving with cheerfulness their king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable; the public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste; and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

My lords, I have now troubled your Lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges, which a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth. What I forfeit for myself is nothing—but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit it for them, wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity: something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, therefore I shall leave it.

And now, my Lords, I thank God I have been, by his blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my Lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit clearly and freely to your judgment. And whether that righteous judgment be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the Great Author of my existence.

FROM LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH

FOR THE IMMEDIATE REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS FROM BOSTON IN
AMERICA.

On the 20th of January 1775, the plan of absolute coercion being resolved upon by the Ministry, Lord Dartmouth, the Secretary of State for America, laid before the Peers the official papers belonging to his department, when Lord Chatham, though sinking under bodily infirmities, made the following powerful effort, before the die was finally cast, to avert the calamity, the danger, and the ruin, which he saw impending;—

I know not, my Lords, who advised the present measures; I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that the authors of such advice ought to answer it at their utmost peril. I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, press-

ing crisis : an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert in any stage of its progress, the conduct of this momentous business. Unless fettered to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitting attention. I will knock at the gates of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger. The recall of your army I urge as necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace. Allay then the ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile cause. It you delay concession till your vain hope shall be accomplished of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay for ever : the force of this country would be disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts—three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. But is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond what history has related, or poetry has feigned?

———Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque, *auditque* dolos.

But the Americans must not be heard ; they have been condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects of all ranks, ages, and descriptions, to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of

life; but, my Lords, they will still despise your power, for they have yet remaining their woods and their liberty. What, though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and of resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious, from the nature of things, and from the nature of man, and, above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of whiggism, flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship money in this country—the same spirit which roused all England to action at the revolution, and which established at a remote æra your liberties on the basis of that great fundamental maxim of the constitution, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every generous Briton? To maintain this principle is the common cause of the whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this; it is liberty to liberty engaged. In this great cause they are immovably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal, fixed as the firmament of heaven. As an Englishman, I recognise to the Americans their supreme unalterable right of property. As an American, I would equally recognise to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. This distinction is involved in the abstract nature of things: property is private, individual, absolute: the touch of another annihilates it. Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can

blow : it is a vast and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and to combine them in one harmonious effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power of the empire. On this grand practical distinction, then, let us rest : taxation is theirs ; commercial regulation is ours. When your Lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my Lords, has been my favourite study ; and in the celebrated writings of antiquity have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome ; but, my Lords, I must declare and avow, that in the master-state of the world, I know not the people, nor the senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the Delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile. Can such a national principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvres ? Heaping papers on your table, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my Lords, unless these fatal acts are done away : it must arrive in all its horrors ; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads. But it is not repealing this or that act of parliament ; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom : you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with a hostile array before her

eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them to your unworthy terms of submission : it is impossible : we ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract : let us retract while we can, not when we must. I repeat it, my Lords, we shall one day be *forced* to undo these violent acts of oppression : they must be repealed ; you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them : I stake my reputation on it : I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not repealed. Avoid then this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power : it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures : foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread — France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America and the temper of your colonies, MORE THAN TO THEIR OWN CONCERNS, BE THEY WHAT THEY MAY. To conclude, my Lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say, that they *can* alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown ; but I affirm, they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the KING IS BETRAYED but I will pronounce, that the KINGDOM IS UNDONE.

FROM LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH

ON MOVING AN AMENDMENT TO THE ADDRESS, ON THE 20TH
OF NOVEMBER, 1777.

Just at the time that government had received some despatches of an unfavourable nature from General Burgoyne, but not extending to the catastrophe of Saratoga, parliament assembled; and the speech from the throne expressed not only a confidence that the spirit and intrepidity of his majesty's forces would be attended with important success; but 'a determination steadily to pursue the measures in which we were engaged,' with a hope 'that the deluded and unwary multitude would finally return to their allegiance.'

MY LORDS,

I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment : it is not a time for adulation : the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of TRUTH. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, 'and England might have stood against the world—NOW, none so poor to do her reverence.' The people whom we at first despised as *rebels*, but whom we now acknowledge as *enemies*, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our

ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do : I know their virtues and their valour : I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities : and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You CANNOT, my Lords, you CANNOT conquer America.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! But, my Lords, who is the man, that in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize, and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, our army can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier. No longer are their feelings awake to ‘the pride, pomp, and circumstance of GLORIOUS war ;’—but the sense of honour is degraded into a vile spirit of plunder, and the systematic practice of murder. From the ancient connexion between Great Britain and her colonies, both parties derived the most important advantage. While the shield of our protection was extended over America, she was the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the basis of our power. It is not, my Lords, a wild and lawless banditti whom we oppose; the resistance of America is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots. Let us then seize with eagerness the present moment of reconciliation, America has not yet finally given herself up to France : there yet

remains a possibility of escape from the fatal effect of our delusions. In this complicated crisis of danger, weakness, and calamity, terrified and insulted by the neighbouring powers, unable to act in America, or acting only to be destroyed, WHERE is the man who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from perseverance in measures productive of these dire effects? WHO has the effrontery to attempt it? Where is that man? Let him, if he DARE, stand forward and show his face. You cannot conciliate America by your present measures: you cannot subdue her by your present or any measures. What then can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain; but you can ADDRESS: you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into ignorance of the danger that should produce them. I did hope, instead of that false and empty pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, that ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors—would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavoured to redeem them. But, my Lords, since they have neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun those calamities—since not even bitter experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of parliament must interpose. I shall therefore, my Lords, propose to you an amendment to the address to his Majesty—To recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my Lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your Lordships neglect the happy and perhaps the only opportunity.

**LORD CHATHAM ON A PROPOSAL TO EMPLOY
INDIANS IN THE WAR.**

(A Secretary of State, in the course of the debate, contended for the employment of Indians in the War.)

I am astonished and SHOCKED to hear such principles confessed : to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself IMPELLED to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity'—*'That God and Nature put into our hands !'* What ideas of God and Nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not ; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity ! What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife ! — to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend, and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls,

the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. . . . To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your Christian brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible *hell-hounds of war*! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the *dogs of war* against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity: let them perform a lustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

FROM LORD ERSKINE'S SPEECH

ON THE PROSECUTION OF THE 'AGE OF REASON,' A BLASPHEMOUS
LIBEL.

How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the Christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no ideas for the discussion

of. — How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is here denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence?—Upon what principle is it even offered to the Court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at?—If the religion proposed to be called in question, is not previously adopted in belief and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the Court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or upon any other occasion, to submit to his Lordship's authority? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the Jury representing your country, to administer justice?—Surely upon no other than that you are SWORN TO ADMINISTER IT UNDER THE OATHS YOU HAVE TAKEN. The whole judicial fabric, from the King's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation.—The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers to do justice, as GOD SHALL HELP THEM HEREAFTER. WHAT GOD? And WHAT HEREAFTER? That God, undoubtedly, who has commanded Kings to rule, and Judges to decree justice,—who has said to witnesses, not only by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments—THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE TESTIMONY AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR; and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observance, and the awful punishments which shall await upon their transgression.

But it seems this is an AGE OF REASON, and the time and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of

ignorance.—The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity.—Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind over the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting, that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light.—But the subject is too awful for irony.—I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! — Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters fastened by nature upon our finite conceptions; — Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy — not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie; — Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter exists, and is held together. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the error, which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him.—What shall then be said of the great Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the inanimate substances which the foot treads upon? — Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Paine to look up through nature to nature's God; yet the result of all *his* contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.— But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth.— Let that question be answered by Locke, who, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, was a Chris-

tian — Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination;— putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

But these men, it may be said, were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind. Gentlemen! in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided; — whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits;—whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author, the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the Heathens.—Did Milton understand those mythologies? — Was HE less versed than Paine in the superstition of the world? No,—they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustrations of real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which has cast a kind of shade upon most of the other works of man.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw, — but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

But it was the light of the BODY only that was extinguished : 'The CELESTIAL LIGHT shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man.'—The result of *his* thinking was nevertheless not quite the same as the author's before us. The mysterious incarnation of our blessed Saviour (which this work blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or for the ear of a Court of justice, that I dare not, and will not, give them utterance) Milton made the grand conclusion of his *Paradise Lost*, the rest from his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world.

A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire,
The power of the Most High ; — he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.

The immortal poet having thus put into the mouth of the angel the prophecy of man's redemption, follows it with that solemn and beautiful admonition, addressed in the poem to our great first parent, but intended as an address to his posterity through all generations :

This having learn'd thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea ;
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings : all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity ; laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

PERORATION.

Gentlemen, there is but one consideration more, which I cannot possibly omit, because I confess it affects me very deeply. The author of this book has written largely on public liberty and government ; and this last performance, which I am now prosecuting, has, on that account, been more widely circulated, and principally among those who attached themselves from principle to his former works. This circumstance renders a public attack upon all revealed religion from such a writer infinitely more dangerous. The religious and moral sense of the people of Great Britain is the great anchor, which alone can hold the vessel of the state amidst the storms which agitate the world ; and if the mass of the people were debauched from the principle of religion, the true basis of that humanity, charity, and benevolence, which have been so long the national characteristic, instead of mixing myself, as I sometimes have done, in political reformations, I would retire to the uttermost corners of the earth, to avoid their agitation ; and would bear, not only the imperfections and abuses complained of in our wise establishment, but even the worst government that ever existed in the world, rather than go to the work of reformation with a multitude set free from all the charities of Christianity, who had no other sense of God's existence than

was to be collected from Mr. Paine's observation of nature, which the mass of mankind have no leisure to contemplate ; which promises no future rewards, to animate the good in the glorious pursuit of human happiness, nor punishments to deter the wicked from destroying it even in its birth. This book presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened. On the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men, without the advantages of learning, or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred ; and consequently to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the Christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For under what other auspices than Christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted ? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated ? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth ? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness, has this bald religion of nature ever established ? We see on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments ; whilst, under the Christian dispensation, the great career of the world has been slowly but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the encouraging prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain ; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure

that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day.

FROM MR. SHERIDAN'S SPEECH

UPON THE BEGUM CHARGE IN THE IMPEACHMENT OF MR. HASTINGS.

Should a stranger survey the land formerly Sujah Dowlah's, and seek the cause of its calamity — should he ask, what monstrous madness has ravaged thus, with wide-spread war—what desolating foreign foe—what disputed succession—what religious zeal—what fabled monster has stalked abroad, and with malice and mortal enmity to man, has withered with the gripe of death every growth of nature and humanity—all the means of delight, and each original, simple principle of bare existence? the answer will be, if any answer *dare* be given: No, alas! not one of these things! no desolating foreign foe!—no disputed succession! no religious superserviceable zeal! This damp of death is the mere effusion of British amity—we sink under the pressure of their support—we writhe under the gripe of their pestiferous alliance!

Thus they suffered—in barren anguish, and ineffectual bewailings. And, O audacious fallacy!—says the defence of Mr. Hastings—What cause was there for any incidental ills, but their own resistance?

The cause was nature in the first-born principles of man. It grew with his growth: it strengthened with his strength! It taught him to understand: it enabled him to feel. For where there is human fate, can there be a penury of human feeling?—Where there is injury, will there not be resentment?—Is not despair to be followed by courage? The God of Battles pervades and pe

netrates the inmost spirit of man, and rousing him to shake off the burden that is grievous, and yoke that is galling, will reveal the law written in his heart, and the duties and privileges of his nature—the grand, universal compact of man with man!—That power is delegated in trust, for the good of all who obey it—That the rights of men must arm against man's oppression—That indifference were treason to human state, and patience nothing less than blasphemy—against the laws which govern the world!

‘ In such an assembly,’ said Mr. Sheridan, ‘ as that before which I speak, there is not an eye but must dart reproof at this conduct;—not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation. — FILIAL PIETY! It is the primal bond of Society—It is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—It now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—It is an emanation of that gratitude, which softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it never, alas! can pay—for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—It is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason! —Pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law, or human rule, few arguments can increase and none can diminish it!—It is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—It is his first great privilege —It is amongst his last most endearing delights! it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received! it fires emotion into vital principle—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vi-

cissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—explains the aching eye! and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution.

‘The others were, on the contrary, taken from their milder prison at Fyzabad; and when threats could effect nothing transferred to the fortress of Chunargur. There, where the British flag was flying, they were doomed to deeper dungeons, heavier chains, and severer punishments. There, where that flag was displayed, which was wont to cheer the depressed, and to elate the subdued heart of misery, these venerable, but unfortunate men were fated to encounter something *lower* than PERDITION, and something *blacker* than DESPAIR! It appeared that they were both cruelly flogged, though one was above seventy years of age, to extort a confession of the buried wealth of the Begums!—Being charged with disaffection, they proclaimed their innocence.—‘Tell us where are the remaining treasures (was the reply)—it is only a treachery to your immediate sovereigns; — and you will then be fit associates for the representatives of British faith and British justice in India!’—Oh FAITH! Oh JUSTICE!—I conjure you, by your sacred names, to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination, as that which I am now compelled to repeat! where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade! — where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway! where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but

far from idle and inactive,—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporizing expedients, and intimidating instruments!—now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristic! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish! . . .

‘The board of directors received those advices which Mr. Hastings thought proper to transmit; but though unfurnished with any other materials to form their judgments, they expressed very strongly their doubts, and as properly ordered an inquiry into the circumstances of the alleged disaffection of the Begums: pronouncing it, at the same time, a debt which was due to the honour and justice of the British nation. This inquiry, however, on the directions reaching India, Mr. Hastings thought it absolutely necessary to elude. He stated to the council, it being merely stated, that ‘if on inquiry certain facts appeared,’ no inquiry was thereby directly enjoined!—‘It would revive,’ said he, ‘those animosities that subsisted between the Begums and the Vizier, which had then subsided. If the former were inclined to appeal to a foreign jurisdiction, they were the best judges of their own feeling, and should be left to make their own complaint.’ All this, however, was nothing to the magnificent paragraph which concluded this Minute, and to which Mr. Sheridan also requested the attention of the court. ‘Beside,’ said Mr. Hastings, ‘I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say — that the MAJESTY of JUSTICE ought not to be approached without solicitation:

she ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment, until she is called on to determine!'

'But JUSTICE is not this halt and miserable object!' continued Mr. Sheridan. 'It is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod! — It is not the portentous phantom of despair! — It is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness, and political dismay! No, my Lords!

'In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the REAL IMAGE! — JUSTICE I have now before me, AUGUST and PURE! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands; — where the countenance is ever placid and benign; — where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate — to hear their cry and to help them, — to rescue and relieve, to succour and save: — Majestic from its mercy; — venerable from its utility: — uplifted without pride: — firm without obduracy: — beneficent in each preference: — lovely, though in her frown!

'On THAT JUSTICE I RELY; — deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation! not on words, but on facts! — You, my Lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those RIGHTS it is your best privilege to preserve; by that FAME it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those FEELINGS which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the ORIGINAL COMPACT of our nature—our CONTROLLING RANK in the Creation—This is the call on all,—to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves—with the most exalted bliss, possible or conceivable for our nature:—The SELF-APPROVING CONSCIOUSNESS OF VIRTUE, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the

most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world!

‘MY LORDS, I HAVE DONE!’

FROM MR. GRATTAN’S SPEECH

ON THE DECLARATION OF RIGHT.

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You have an immense force, the shape of a much greater, of different religions, but of one political faith, kept up for three years defending the country; for the government took away her troops and consigned her defence to the people; — defending the government, I say, aiding the civil power, and pledged to maintain the liberty of Ireland to the last drop of their blood. Who is this body? the commons of Ireland! and you at the head of them: it is more—it is the society in its greatest possible description; it is the property—it is the soul of the country armed: they (the Irish volunteers), for this body have yet no adequate name, in the summer of 1780, they agree to a declaration of right; in the summer of 1781, they hear that the French are at sea; in the heat and hurricane of their zeal for liberty, they stop; without delay, they offer to march; their march waits only for the commands of the Castle: the castle, where the sagacious courtier had abandoned his uniform, finds it prudent to receive a self-armed association: that self-armed association this age has beheld; posterity will admire—will wonder. The delegates of that self-armed association enter the mansion of the government, ascend the steps, advance to the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant, and make a tender of their lives and fortunes, with the form and reception of an authenti-

cated establishment. A painter might here display and contrast the loyalty of a courtier with that of a volunteer; he would paint the courtier hurrying off his uniform, casting away his arms, filling his pockets with the public money, and then presenting to his sovereign naked servitude; he would paint the volunteer seizing his charters, handling his arms, forming his columns, improving his discipline, demanding his rights, and then, at the foot of the throne, making a tender of armed allegiance. He had no objection to die by the side of England; but he must be found dead with her charter in his hand.

Stationed as you are, and placed as you are in relation to the community and these great objects, how do you mean to proceed? submit, and take the lead in the desertion? Impossible! The strength which at your back supports your virtue, precludes your apostacy; the armed presence of the nation will not bend; the community will not be sold; nor will a nation in arms suffer the eternal blessing of freedom and renown to depend on the experiment, whether this villain shall be a pensioner, or that pickpocket shall be a peer. Before you decide on the practicability of being slaves for ever, look to America. Do you see nothing in that America but the grave and prison of your armies? and do you not see in her range of territory, cheapness of living, variety of climate, and simplicity of life,—the drain of Europe? Whatever is bold and disconsolate, sullen virtue and wounded pride; all, all to that point will precipitate; and what you trample on in Europe will sting you in America. When Philadelphia, or whatever city the American appoints for empire, sends forth her ambassadors to the different kings in Europe, and manifests to the world her independency and power; do you imagine you will persuade Ireland to be satisfied with an English Parliament making laws for her; satisfied with a refusal to her loyalty, of those pri-

vileges which were offered to the arms of America? How will individuals among you like this? Some of the gentlemen whom I now see in their places, are the descendants of kings; the illustrious gentleman * on the far bench; my illustrious ** friend near me, will they derogate from the royalty of their forefathers, bow their honoured heads, or acknowledge the crown of their ancestors, or more than regal power on the brow of every forty-shilling freeholder in England, or on any front except that of His Majesty? Are the American enemies to be free, and these royal subjects slaves? or in what quality does His Majesty choose to contemplate the Irish hereafter? His subjects in parliament, or his equals in congress? Submission, therefore, will not do: there remains, then, but one way; assert the independency of your parliament. What do you wait for? Do you wait for a peace; till the volunteer retires, and the minister replies by his cannon? The Stag frigate is now in your harbour; or do you wait for more calamities in the fortunes of England, till the empire is a wreck, and the two countries go down together? or do you delay, till Providence, beholding you on your knees, shall fall in love with your meanness, and rain on your servility constitution like manna? You go to the house of God when you want heat or moisture, and you interfere with God's providence by your importunities. Are the princes of the earth more vigilant than the Almighty, that you should besiege the throne of mercy with your solicitations, and hold it unnecessary to admonish the King? or do you wait till your country speaks to you in thunder? Let me conclude by observing, that you have the two claims before you; the claim of England to power, and of Ireland to liberty: and I have shown you, that England has no title to that power to make laws

* Mr. O'Hara. ** Mr. O'Neill.

for Ireland; none by nature, none by compact, none by usage, and none by conquest; and that Ireland has several titles against the claims of England;—a title by nature, a title by compact, and a title by divers positive acts of parliament; a title by charter, and by all the laws by which England possesses her liberties; by England's interpretation of those laws, by her renunciation of conquest, and her acknowledgment of the law of original compact*.

FROM MR. GRATTAN'S SPEECH

UPON THE DECLARATION OF RIGHT BEING CARRIED.

I am now to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation.

I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often, that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! in that new character I hail her! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*

She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his

* The motion was lost by an overwhelming majority — but upon Mr. Fox's accession to office was renewed in the next month and carried unanimously, when Mr. Grattan made the Speech from which the following extract is taken.

oppression; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to transmit to posterity insignificance and war.

Look to the rest of Europe, and contemplate yourself, and be satisfied. Holland lives on the memory of past achievement; Sweden has lost her liberty; England has sullied her great name by an attempt to enslave her colonies.

You, with difficulties innumerable, with dangers not a few, have what your ancestors wished, but could not accomplish; and what your posterity may preserve, but will never equal: you have moulded the jarring elements of your country into a nation, and have rivalled those great and ancient commonwealths, whom you were taught to admire, and among whom you are now to be recorded: in this proceeding you had not the advantages which were common to other great countries; no monuments, no trophies, none of those outward and visible signs of greatness, such as inspire mankind, and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on with the example of that going off, and form the descent and concatenation of glory: no; you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes, nor have you one public tomb to assemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of integrity and freedom.

Your historians did not supply the want of monuments; on the contrary, these narrators of your misfortunes, who should have felt for your wrongs, and have punished your oppressors with oppression's natural scourges, the moral indignation of history, compromised with public villany and trembled; they excited your violence, they suppressed your provocation, and wrote in the chain which entrammelled their country. I am come to break that chain, and I congratulate my country, who, without

any of the advantages I speak of, going forth as it were with nothing but a stone and a sling, and, what oppression could not take away, the favour of Heaven, accomplished her own redemption, and left you nothing to add and every thing to admire.

You want no trophy now; the records of Parliament are the evidence of your glory. I beg to observe, that the deliverance of Ireland has proceeded from her own right hand; I rejoice at it.

I rejoice that the people are a party to this treaty, because they are bound to preserve it. There is not a man of forty shillings freehold that is not associated in this our claim of right, and bound to die in its defence; cities, counties, associations, Protestants and Catholics; it seems as if the people had joined in one great national sacrament; a flame has descended from heaven on the intellect of Ireland, plays round her head, and encompasses her understanding with a consecrated glory.

There are some who think, and a few who declare, that the associations to which I refer are illegal: come, then, let us try the charge, and state the grievance. And, first I ask, What were the grievances? an army imposed on us by another country, that army rendered perpetual; the privy council of both countries made a part of our legislature; our legislature deprived of its originating and propounding power; another country exercising over us supreme legislative authority; that country disposing of our property by its judgments, and prohibiting our trade by its statutes: these were not grievances, but spoliations, which left you nothing. When you contended against them, you contended for the whole of your condition; when the minister asked, by what right? we refer him to our Maker: we sought our privileges by the right which we have to defend our property against a robber, our life against a murderer, our country against an in-

vader, whether coming with civil or military,—a foreign army, or a foreign legislature.

Former ministers have put questions to us ; we beg to put questions to them. They desired to know by what authority this nation has acted. This nation desires to know by what authority they have acted. By what authority did Government enforce the articles of war ? By what authority does Government establish the post-office ? By what authority are our merchants bound by the charter of the East India Company ? By what authority has Ireland, for near one hundred years, been deprived of her export trade ? By what authorities are her peers deprived of their judicature ? By what authority has that judicature been transferred to the peers of Great Britain, and our property in its last resort referred to the decision of a non-resident, unauthorized, and unconstitutional tribunal ? Will ministers say it was the authority of the British Parliament ? On what ground, then, do they place the question between the Government on one side, and the volunteer on the other ? According to their own statement, the Government has been occupied in superseding the law-giver of the country ; and the volunteers are here to restore him. The Government has contended for the usurpation, and the people for the laws. His Majesty's late ministers imagined they had quelled the country when they had bought the newspapers ; and they represented us as wild men, and our cause as visionary ; and they pensioned a set of wretches to abuse both : but we took little account of them or their proceedings, and we waited, and we watched, and we moved, as it were, on our native hills, with the minor remains of our parliamentary army, until that minority became Ireland. Let those ministers now go home, and congratulate their king on the redemption of his people. Did you imagine that those little parties whom three years ago you beheld in awkward squads

parading in the streets, should have now arrived to such distinction and effect? What was the cause; for it was not the sword of the volunteer, nor his muster, nor his spirit, nor his promptitude to put down accidental disturbance or public disorder, nor his own unblamed and distinguished deportment. This was much; but there was more than this: the upper orders, the property, and the abilities of the country, formed with the volunteer; and the volunteer had sense enough to obey them. This united the Protestant with the Catholic, and the landed proprietor with the people. There was still more than this; there was a continence which confined the corps to limited and legitimate objects. They were what they professed to be; and that was nothing less than the society asserting her liberty, according to the frame of the British constitution, her inheritance to be enjoyed in perpetual connexion with the British empire.

**FROM MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE
OF MR. HAMILTON ROWAN.**

Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our catholic brethren? has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and
" you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your successes, and we will stigmatize by a
" criminal prosecution the adviser of that relief which
" you have obtained from the voice of your country." I

ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrised, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think, that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving 'UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!' I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his

chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

[*Here Mr. Curran was interrupted by a sudden burst of applause from the court and hall, which was repeated for a considerable length of time; silence being at length restored, he proceeded.*]

Gentlemen, I am not such a fool, as to ascribe any effusion of this sort to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite interest in the hearer! What you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that power, which stamped that character upon her.

FROM MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH

IN DEFENCE OF MR. FINNERTY FOR PUBLISHING OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRIAL OF MR. ORR WHO WAS EXECUTED IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS HAVING WRITTEN A SEVERE EXPOSTULATION WITH THE VICE-ROY ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

.....

I tell you therefore, gentlemen of the jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon on your oaths to say, that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well

as you do? Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict, the jails, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him perhaps in jail, the only place of security; I had almost said of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet, with these facts ringing in the ears and starting in the face of the prosecutors, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, of honour, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly, absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclama-

tion of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward ; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory ; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting ; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government, are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.—Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death ; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent : — there was an antidote — a juror's oath — but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth ; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim :

.....Et quæ sibi quisque timebat.

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

PERORATION.

Gentlemen of the jury, if you think that the man, who ventures at the hazard of his own life to rescue from the deep the drowned honour of his country, must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks, I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as they pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be foresworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster who had dared to publish the transaction.

FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. CURRAN,

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, DUBLIN, 1790, ON INCREASED SALARIES
TO THE STAMP DUTY OFFICERS.

• • • • •
‘ You remember when the sceptre was trembling in the hand of an almost expiring monarch ; when a factious and desperate English minister attempted to grasp it, you stood up against the profanation of the English, and the insult offered to the Irish crown ; and had you not done it, the union of the empire would have been dissolved. You remember this ; remember then yourselves, remember your triumph ; it was that triumph which exposed you to submit to the resentment of the viceroy ; it was that triumph which exposed you to disgrace and flagellation. In proportion as you rose by union, your tyrant became appalled ; but when he divided, he sunk you, and you became debased. How this has happened, no man could imagine ; no man could have suspected that a minister without talents could have worked your ruin. There is a pride in a great nation that fears not its destruction from a reptile ; yet is there more than fable in what we are told of the Romans, — that they guarded the Palladium, rather against the subtlety of a thief, than the force of an invader.

‘ I bring forward this motion, not as a question of finance, not as a question of regulation, but as a penal inquiry ; and the people will now see whether they are to hope for help within these walls, or, turning their eyes towards heaven, they are to depend on God and their own virtue. I rise in an assembly of three hundred persons, one hundred of whom have places or pensions ; I rise in an assembly, one-third of whom have their ears

sealed against the complaints of the people, and their eyes intently turned to their own interest: I rise before the whisperers of the treasury, the bargainers and runners of the castle; I address an audience, before whom was held forth the doctrine, that the crown ought to use its influence on this House. It has been known, that a master has been condemned by the confession of his slave, drawn from him by torment; but here the case is plain: this confession was not made from constraint; it came from a country gentleman, deservedly high in the confidence of administration, for he gave up other confidence to obtain theirs.

‘I know I am speaking too plain; but which is the more honest physician, he who lulls his patient into a fatal security, or he who points out the danger and the remedy of the disease?’

‘I should not be surprised if bad men of great talents should endeavour to enslave a people; but when I see folly uniting with vice, corruption with imbecility, men without talents attempting to overthrow our liberty, my indignation rises at the presumption and audacity of the attempt. That such men should creep into power, is a fatal symptom to the constitution; the political, like the material body, when near its dissolution, often bursts out in swarms of vermin.

‘But are our people merely excluded? No, they are denied redress. Next to the adoration which is due to God, I bend in reverence to the institutions of that religion which teaches me to know his divine goodness; but what advantage does the peasant of the south receive from the institutions of religion? Does he experience the blessing? No, he never hears the voice of the shepherd, nor feels the pastoral crook, but when it is entering his flesh, and goading his very soul.

After a long debate, Mr. Curran replied, and con-

cluded with the following observations upon vulgarly intemperate and threatening language, held towards him in the House by Sir Boyle Roche and other members : —

‘ We have been told this night (said Mr. Curran), in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this House, may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge, or an absurd vindication ; but without connexion with the subject, or pretence of connexion with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced and that is the bayonet; and this is stated in the fullest House, and the most crowded audience I ever saw. We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retailers of administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation. As to my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall; it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be, that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honour, and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like

these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual *.

**FROM THE SPEECHES OF MR. BURKE AND
MR. FOX ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

THIS MEMORABLE DEBATE, WHICH TERMINATED THE POLITICAL CONNECTION OF THESE CELEBRATED ORATORS, WAS OCCASIONED BY MR. PITT'S INTRODUCTION OF A BILL FOR THE BETTER GOVERNMENT OF CANADA IN 1796.

Mr. Burke having inveighed with all his mighty eloquence against the French nation and French revolution, Mr. Fox replied.

From Mr. Fox's speech. — On the French revolution I did indeed differ from my right honourable friend ; our opinions, I have no scruple to say, are as wide as the poles asunder; but what has a difference of opinion on that, which to the House is only matter of theoretical contemplation, to do with the discussion of a practical point, on which no such difference exists? On that revolution I adhere to my opinion, and never will retract one syllable of what I have said. I repeat, that I think it, on the whole, one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind. But when I on a former occasion mentioned France, I mentioned the revolution only, and not the constitution ; the latter remains to be improved by experience, and accommodated to circumstances. The arbitrary system of government is done away; the new one has the good of the people for its object, and this is the point on which I rest. I have no concealment of my opi-

* Mr. Curran shortly afterwards, being insulted in the streets by a government retainer, challenged and compelled Major Hobart, the Irish secretary, to fight him, holding him responsible for the conduct of the castle bravo.

nions ; but if any thing could make me shy of such a discussion, it would be the fixing a day to catechize me respecting my political creed, and respecting opinions on which the House is neither going to act, nor called upon to act at all. Were I to differ from my right honourable friend on points of history, on the constitution of Athens or of Rome, is it necessary that the difference should be discussed in this House ? Were I to praise the conduct of the elder Brutus, and to say that the expulsion of the Tarquins was a noble and patriotic act, would it thence be fair to argue that I meditate the establishment of a consular government in this country ? Were I to repeat the eloquent eulogium of Cicero on the taking off of Cæsar, would it thence be deducible, that I went with a knife about me for the purpose of killing some great man or orator ?

When the proper period of discussion comes, feeble as my powers are, compared with those of my right honourable friend, whom I must call my master, for he taught me every thing he knew in politics (as I have declared on a former occasion, and I mean no compliment when I say so), yet feeble as my powers comparatively are, I shall be ready to maintain the principles I have asserted, even against my right honourable friend's superior eloquence, and maintain, that the rights of man, which my right honourable friend has ridiculed as chimerical and visionary, are in fact the basis and foundation of every rational constitution, and even of the British constitution itself, as our statute book proves ; since, if I know any thing of the original compact between the people of England and its government, as stated in that volume, it is a recognition of the original inherent rights of the people as men, which no prescription can supersede, no accident remove or obliterate. If such principles are dangerous to the constitution, they are the principles of my

right honourable friend, from whom I learned them. During the American war we together rejoiced at the successes of a Washington, and sympathized almost in tears for the fall of a Montgomery. From my right honourable friend I learned, that the revolt of a whole people could never be countenanced and encouraged, but must have been provoked. Such was at that time the doctrine of my right honourable friend, who said, with equal energy and emphasis, ‘that he could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people.’

I am sorry to find that my right honourable friend has since learned to draw such a bill of indictment, and to crowd it with all the technical epithets, which disgrace our statute book—I cannot help feeling a joy ever since the constitution of France became founded on the rights of man, on which the British constitution itself is founded. To deny it, is neither more nor less than to libel the British constitution; and no book my right honourable friend can cite, no words he may deliver in debate, however ingenious, eloquent, and able, as all his writings and all his speeches undoubtedly are, can induce me to change or abandon that opinion: I differ upon that subject with my right honourable friend *toto cælo*.

FROM MR. BURKE'S REPLY.

I asserted that dangerous doctrines are encouraged in this country, and that dreadful consequences may ensue from them, which it was my sole wish and ambition to evert, by strenuously supporting the constitution of Great Britain as it is, which, in my mind, can better be done by preventing impending danger, than by any remedy that can afterwards be applied; and I think myself justified in saying this, because I know that there are people in this country avowedly endeavouring to disorder its consti-

tution and government, and that in a very bold manner. The practice now is, upon all occasions, to praise in the highest strain the French constitution : some, indeed, qualify their argument so far, by praising only the French revolution; but in that I can see no difference, as the French constitution, if they have any, is the consequence and effect of that revolution. It has become common to set the French constitution up against the English constitution upon all occasions when the comparison can be introduced. The right honourable gentleman, in the speech he has made, treated me in every sentence with uncommon harshness. In the first place, after being fatigued with skirmishes of order, which were wonderfully managed by his light troops, he brought down the whole strength and heavy artillery of his own judgment, eloquence, and abilities upon me, to crush me at once, by declaring a censure upon my whole life, conduct, and opinions. Notwithstanding this great and serious, though, on my part, unmerited attack, and attempt to crush me, I shall not be dismayed; I am not yet afraid to state my sentiments in this House, or any where else, and I will tell all the world that the constitution is in danger. It certainly is indiscretion at any period, but much greater at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or to give my friends cause to desert me; yet, if that is to be the case, by adhering to the British constitution, I will risk all, and as public duty and public prudence teach me, in my last words exclaim, 'Fly from the French constitution.' (It was whispered by Mr. Fox there was no loss of friends.) Yes (exclaimed Mr. Burke), there is a loss of friends; I know the price of my conduct; I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end. I have been told, that it is much better to defend the English constitution by praising its own excellence, than by abusing other constitutions, and certainly the task of

praising is much more pleasant than that of abusing ; but I contend, that the only fair way of arguing the merits of any constitution is by comparing it with others. I warn the right honourable gentlemen who are the great rivals in this House, that whether they should in future move in the political hemisphere as two flaming meteors, or walk together as brethren, that they should preserve and cherish the British constitution; that they should guard against innovation, and save it from the danger of these new theories.

FROM MR. FOX'S SECOND SPEECH.

However events may have altered the mind of my right honourable friend, (for so I must call him, notwithstanding what has passed, because grating as it is to any man to be unkindly treated by those who are under obligations to us, it is still more grating and painful to be unkindly treated by those to whom we feel the greatest obligations, and whom, notwithstanding their harshness and severity, we find we must still love and esteem.) I cannot forget, that when a boy almost, I was in the habit of receiving favours from my right honourable friend ; that our friendship had grown with our years, and that it had continued for upwards of twenty-five years, for the last twenty of which we have acted together, and lived on terms of the most familiar intimacy. I hope, therefore, notwithstanding what has happened on this day, the right honourable gentleman will think on past times, and however any imprudent words or intemperance of mine may have offended him, it will show that it has not been at least intentionally my fault..... I have, as every other man must have, a natural antipathy to being catechised as to my political principles. Because I admire the British constitution, is it to be concluded that there is no part of the constitution of other countries worth praising, or that the

British constitution is not still capable of improvement? I therefore can neither consent to abuse every other constitution, nor to extol our own so extravagantly, as the right honourable gentleman seems to think it merits. — Nothing but the ignominious terms which my right honourable friend has this day heaped upon me — (Mr. Burke said loud enough to be heard, that he did not recollect that he had used any.) — My right honourable friend does not recollect the epithets; they are out of his mind; then they are completely and for ever out of mine. I cannot cherish a recollection so painful, and, from this moment, they are obliterated and forgotten.

I admit that no friendship should exist in the way of public duty; and if my right honourable friend thought he did service to the country by blasting the French revolution, he must do so, but at the same time he must allow others, who thought differently, to act in a different manner. In the year 1780, it had been the opinion of this House, 'that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished.' My right honourable friend had agreed to that resolution, and thereby declared, that the constitution was not perfect without such reduction. Would he not grant to the French the same right that he had himself exercised? If the influence of the British crown, which consisted in the civil list, in the army, navy, and the power of giving places and honours, was so great as to be thought dangerous, what in the eyes of reflecting Frenchmen must have been the extravagant influence of the crown of France? With a civil list ten times as large as ours; with a navy almost as large; an army tenfold; a church more than tenfold; must they not, as we had done, pursue the course of diminishing its power? When, in addition to this, they had to deplore the degree of corruption and despotism into which the whole of their government had

fallen, was it not right that they should endeavour to better their condition, and to extricate themselves from their misery and slavery? My right honourable friend has asserted that evil must not be done that good might come out of it; that must be left to God alone. What does my right honourable friend think of the occasion of war? War, in itself, is certainly an evil, civil war a moral evil, and yet war is often commenced that good may come out of it. I will not say that the government of France is good; it is undoubtedly capable of improvement, and will be amended by degrees. How, I ask, did we make our own government? By sending to Greece or Rome for a pattern for our constitution? No! but by gradually improving our government, which was bad at first, and which grew better in proportion as experience suggested alteration. The French will in time experience the defects of their government, and will have the same opportunities of correcting it.

**CLOSE OF MR. BURKE'S LAST SPEECH ON
THE IMPEACHMENT OF MR. HASTINGS.**

My Lords, the commons wait the issue of this cause with trembling solicitude. Twenty-two years have they been employed in it, seven of which have passed in this trial. They behold the dearest interests of their country deeply involved in it; they feel that the very existence of this constitution depends upon it. Your lordships' justice stands pre-eminent in the world; but it stands amidst a vast heap of ruins, which surround it in every corner of Europe. If you slacken justice, and thereby weaken the bonds of society, the well-tempered authority of this court, which I trust in God will continue

to the end of time, must receive a fatal wound, that no balm can cure, that no time can restore.

My lords, it is not the criminality of the prisoner; it is not the claims of the commons to demand judgment to be passed upon him; it is not the honour and dignity of this court, and the welfare of millions of the human race, that alone call upon you. When the devouring flames shall have destroyed this perishable globe, and it sinks into the abyss of nature, from whence it was commanded into existence by the great author of it; then, my lords, when all nature, kings and judges themselves, must answer for their actions, there will be found, what supersedes creation itself, namely, Eternal justice. It was the attribute of the great God of nature before worlds were; it will reside with him when they perish; and the earthly portion of it, committed to your care, is now solemnly deposited in your hands by the commons of England.

FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition! By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken—do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons annually from their na-

tive land, by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe, but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice, yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us!! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. Some evidences say, that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us,

have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the misery in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships, that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement?

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this Island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And the circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alledged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been *applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain*. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning

on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, *there* is a people that will never rise to civilization—*there* is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world. Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa? We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest

administration of justice : we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed ; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us ; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very Island now apply to Africa ; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism ; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre ; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her

days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

...Nos primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

FROM SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S SPEECH

IN DEFENCE OF JOHN PELTIER, ESQ. ACCUSED OF HAVING DIRECTED THE LIBELS OF HIS JOURNAL AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT AND LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, 1803.

Gentlemen, the real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilized world ever saw. The defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. He is a French royalist, who fled from his country in the autumn of 1792, at the period of that memorable and awful emigration when all the proprietors and magistrates of the greatest civilized country of Europe were driven from their homes by the daggers of assassins; when our shores were covered, as with the wreck of a great tempest, with old men, and women, and children, and ministers of religion, who fled from the ferocity of their countrymen as before an army of invading barbarians.

I am convinced, by circumstances which I shall now abstain from discussing, that *this is the first of a long series of conflicts, between the greatest power in the world, and the only free press now remaining in Eu-*

rope. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In great monarchies, the press has always been considered as too formidable an engine to be entrusted to unlicensed individuals. But, in other continental countries, either by the laws of the state, or by long habits of liberality and toleration in magistrates, a liberty of discussion has been enjoyed, perhaps sufficient for most useful purposes. It existed, in fact, where it was not protected by law; and the wise and generous connivance of governments was daily more and more secured by the growing civilization of their subjects. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the Imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and, since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty Imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states, by one dash of the pen. . . .

These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylums of peace, of industry, and of literature, the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence, and persecuted truth, have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion, which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever.

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe, where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and

arms of Englishmen; and, I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire.

It is an awful consideration, Gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands — stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins.

[After describing the submissive lethargy, in which the great body of the people of France had been left by the revolution exhausted and stupified as they were by so many horrors, and giving a highly-coloured picture of those who were actors in those scenes of blood, Mr. Mackintosh draws the following beautiful parallel between Philip II. and Queen Elizabeth: —]

The reign of Queen Elisabeth may be considered as the opening of the modern history of England, especially in its connexion with the modern system of Europe, which began about that time to assume the form that it preserved till the French Revolution. It was a very memorable period, of which the maxims ought to be engraven on the head and heart of every Englishman. Philip II., at the head of the greatest empire then in the world, was openly aiming at universal dominion; and his project was so far from being thought chimerical by the wisest of his contemporaries, that, in the opinion of the great *Duc de Sully*, he must have been successful, if, by a most singular combination of circumstances, he had not at the same time been resisted by two such strong heads as those of Henry IV. and Queen Elizabeth! To the most extensive and opulent dominions, the most numerous and disciplined armies, the most renowned captains, the greatest revenue, he added also the most formidable power over opinion. Elizabeth was amongst the first ob-

jects of his hostility — that wise and magnanimous princess placed herself in the front of the battle for the liberties of Europe. Though she had to contend at home with his sect, which almost occupied Ireland, which divided Scotland, and was not of contemptible strength in England, she aided the oppressed inhabitants of the Netherlands in their just and glorious resistance to his tyranny; she aided Henry the Great in suppressing the abominable rebellion which anarchical principles had excited, and Spanish arms had supported in France, and after a long reign of various fortune, in which she preserved her unconquered spirit through great calamities, and still greater dangers, she at length broke the strength of the enemy, and reduced his power within such limits as to be compatible with the safety of England, and of all Europe. Her only effectual ally was the spirit of her people; and her policy flowed from that magnanimous nature, which, in the hour of peril, teaches better lessons than those of cold reason. Her great heart inspired her with a higher and nobler wisdom. — In a righteous cause, she roused those generous affections of her people, which alone teach boldness, constancy, and foresight, and which are therefore the only safe guardians of the lowest, as well as the highest interests of a nation. In her memorable address to her army, when the invasion of the kingdom was threatened by Spain, this woman, of heroic spirit, disdained to speak to them of their ease, and their commerce, and their wealth, and their safety. No! She touched another chord. — She spoke of their national honour, of their dignity as Englishmen, of ‘*the foul scorn that Parma or Spain SHOULD DARE to invade the borders of her realms.*’ She breathed into them those grand and powerful sentiments, which exalt vulgar men into heroes, which lead them into the battle of their country armed with holy and irresistible enthusiasm, which even cover

with their shield all the ignoble interests that base calculation, and cowardly selfishness, tremble to hazard, but shrink from defending. A sort of prophetic instinct, if I may so speak, seems to have revealed to her the importance of that great instrument, for rousing and guiding the minds of men, of the effects of which she had no experience; which, since her time, has changed the condition of the world; but which few modern statesmen have thoroughly understood, or wisely employed; which is no doubt connected with many ridiculous and degrading details; which has produced, and may again produce, terrible mischiefs; but of which the influence must after all be considered as the most certain effect of the most efficacious cause of civilization; and which, whether it be a blessing or a curse, is the most powerful engine that a politician can move—I mean the *Press*.

The first remarkable instance which I shall choose to state of the unpunished and protected boldness of the English press, of the freedom with which they animadverted on the policy of powerful sovereigns, is the partition of Poland in 1772: an act the most abominable in its general tendency and ultimate consequences of any political crime recorded in history, because it was the first practical breach in the system of Europe, the first example of atrocious robbery perpetrated on unoffending countries which has been since so liberally followed, and which has broken down all the barriers of habit and principle which guarded defenceless States. The perpetrators of this atrocious crime were the most powerful sovereigns of the continent. But no dread of their resentment, no admiration of their talents, no consideration for their rank, silenced the animadversion of the English press. Some of you remember, all of you know, that a loud and unanimous cry of reprobation and execration broke out against them from every part of

this kingdom. It was not, as in some other countries, the indignation of rival robbers, who were excluded from their share of the prey—it was the moral anger of disinterested spectators against atrocious crimes, the gravest and the most dignified moral principle which the God of justice has implanted in the human heart, that of which the dread is the only restraint on the actions of powerful criminals, and of which the promulgation is the only punishment that can be inflicted on them.

That great crime was spoken of as it deserved in England. Robbery was not described by any courtly circumlocutions. Rapine was not called policy — nor was the oppression of an innocent people termed a *mediation* in their domestic differences. No prosecutions, no criminal informations followed the liberty and the boldness of the language then employed. No complaints even appear to have been made from abroad—much less any insolent menaces against the free constitution which protected the English press. The people of England were too long known throughout Europe for the proudest potentate to expect to silence our press by such means.

I pass over the second partition of Poland in 1792 — you all remember what passed on that occasion, the universal abhorrence expressed by every man and every writer of every party, the succours that were publicly preparing by large bodies of individuals of all parties for the oppressed Poles—I hasten to the final dismemberment of that unhappy kingdom, which seems to me the most striking example in our history of the habitual, principled and deeply-rooted forbearance of those who administer the law towards political writers.

We were engaged in the most extensive, bloody, and dangerous war that this country ever knew, and the parties to the dismemberment of Poland were our allies; we had every motive of policy to court their friendship—every

reason of state seemed to require that we should not permit them to be abused and vilified by English writers. What was the fact? did any Englishman consider himself at liberty, on account of temporary interests, however urgent, to silence those feelings of humanity and justice which guard the certain and permanent interests of all countries? You all remember that every voice, and every pen and every press in England were unceasingly employed to brand that abominable robbery. You remember that this was not confined to private writers, but that the same abhorrence was expressed by every member of both Houses of Parliament who was not under the restraints of ministerial reserve. No minister dared even to blame the language of honest indignation which might be very inconvenient to his most important political projects; and I hope I may venture to say, that no English assembly would have endured such a sacrifice of eternal justice to any miserable interest of an hour.

Mr. Mackintosh then alludes to the invasion and destruction of Switzerland, that country which had been the sanctuary of peace and liberty for three centuries; respected as a sort of sacred territory by the fiercest ambition; raised, like its own mountains, beyond the regions of the storms which raged around on every side; the only warlike people that never sent forth armies to disturb their neighbours; the only government that ever accumulated treasures without imposing taxes; an innocent treasure, unstained by the tears of the poor, the inviolate patrimony of the Commonwealth, which attested the virtue of a long series of magistrates, but which at length caught the eye of the spoiler, and became the fatal occasion of their ruin.

[Mr. Mackintosh, in an eloquent appeal to the attorney general, implores him not to suffer himself to be swayed by the mighty power of the prosecutor, but rather to

follow the honest dictates of his own heart, and cheer the desponding defendant by such words as the following :]

Your confidence is not deceived : this is still that England, of which the history may, perhaps, have contributed to fill your heart with the heroism of liberty. Every other country of Europe is crouching under the bloody tyrants who destroyed your country. We are unchanged; we are still the same people who received with open arms the victims of the tyranny of Philip II. and Louis XIV. We shall not exercise a cowardly and clandestine humanity ! here we are not so dastardly as to rob you of your greatest consolation; here, protected by a free, brave, and high-minded people, you may give vent to your indignation; you may proclaim the crimes of your tyrants, you may devote them to the execration of mankind; there is still one spot upon earth in which they are abhorred, without being dreaded !.

In the Court where we are now met, Cromwell twice sent a satirist on his tyranny to be convicted and punished as a libeller; and in this Court, almost in sight of the scaffold streaming with the blood of his sovereign, within hearing of the clash of his bayonets which drove out parliaments with contumely, two successive juries rescued the intrepid satirist from his fangs, and sent out with defeat and disgrace the Usurper's attorney general from what he had the insolence to call his Court! Even then, Gentlemen, when all law and liberty were trampled under the feet of a military banditti; when those great crimes were perpetrated on a high place and with a high hand against those who were the objects of public veneration, which more than any thing else upon earth overwhelm the minds of men, break their spirits, and confound their moral sentiments, obliterate the distinctions between right and wrong in their understanding, and teach the

multitude to feel no longer any reverence for that justice which they thus see triumphantly dragged at the chariot wheels of a tyrant;—Even then, when this unhappy country, triumphant indeed abroad but enslaved at home, had no prospect but that of a long succession of tyrants wading through slaughter to a throne — Even then, I say, when all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors. That spirit is, I trust in God, not extinct : and if any modern tyrant were, in the drunkenness of his insolence, to hope to overawe an English jury, I trust and I believe that they would tell him : ‘Our ancestors braved the bayonets of Cromwell—we bid defiance to yours. *Contempsî Catilinæ gladios—non pertimescam tuos!*’

What could be such a tyrant’s means overawing a jury?—As long as their country exists, they are girt round with impenetrable armour. Till the destruction of their country, no danger can fall upon them for the performance of their duty, and I do trust that there is no Englishman so unworthy of life as to desire to outlive England. But if any of us are condemned to the cruel punishment of surviving our country — if in the inscrutable counsels of providence, this favoured seat of Justice and Liberty, this noblest work of human wisdom and virtue, be destined to destruction, which I shall not be charged with national prejudice for saying would be the most dangerous wound ever inflicted on civilization; at least, — let us carry with us into our sad exile the consolation that we have not violated the rights of hospitality to exiles — that we have not torn from the altar the suppliant who claimed protection as the voluntary victim of loyalty and conscience.

FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. PLUNKET

(NOW LORD PLUNKET)

INVEIGHING AGAINST THE MEN AND THE MEANS BY WHICH THE UNION
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND WAS PERPETRATED.

Let me again ask you, how was the rebellion of 1798 put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying round — what? A reed shaken by the winds, a wretched apology for a minister who neither knew how to give or where to seek protection! no — but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were the affections and motives that called us into action? to protect our families, our properties, and our liberties.—What were the antipathies by which we were excited? our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition.—What was it to us that France was a republic? — I rather rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtues and wept for the sufferings of the man, but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because, with the rights of man and the love of Freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because wherever she has placed her foot, she has erected her throne, and that to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave. Let me ask, is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer that antipathy? no, sir, I will be bold to say, that France, in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism

have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress — at a moment when our country is filled with British troops — when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion — efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived — whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended — whilst trials by court martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom — whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, and worn down by their exertions, that even the vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy — at the moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions — *dissensions artfully kept alive* as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thralldom!!! Sir, I thank administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions — through this black cloud which they have collected over us, I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions — not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion — not by hallooing the protestant against the catholic and the catholic against the protestant — not by committing the north against the south — not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices — no — but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject, and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution and merge every other consideration in his opposition to

this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom. — Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. — I should be proud to think my name might be handed down to posterity in the same roll with these disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country—successfully I trust it will be—in all events I have my ‘exceeding great reward’ — I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration! *I hope so*—it will be well for his own peace—the indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

FROM THE SPEECH OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN

ON THE SECOND FAILURE OF LORD MALMESBURY TO NEGOTIATE A
PEACE WITH FRANCE.

Our sailors have maintained the glory of our maritime empire; they have shown the true *vis animæ* of the British marine, which, like the natural strength of a youth in a casual sickness, resists all the blunders of his physicians; but great and glorious as our naval exploits have been, what can they do for us in such a contest? They make us masters of the sea, indeed, but where shall we land? We have the seas of Europe, and France has its ports. It is necessary to the circuit of commerce, that not merely the seas should be open, but the markets. What then is our relative situation? We have ships that traverse and command the ocean; the French have armies that traverse and command the shores. From Paris to Hamburg on the one side, from Paris to Lisbon on the other, they occupy, and will occupy, every point of contact with the main land of Europe. A Duncan and a St. Vincent may sweep them from the seas, and achieve for their country and their own names immortal honour; but what will all this avail us towards offensive war? Are we to have new revolutions? are we to look to new schemes of descent? are we so little chastised in the school of adversity as yet to cherish the hopes of invasion of France? How are we to do it?

My lords, I am not come here to give my opinion in the spirit of a Frenchman! But, in this most dreadful crisis, if I could suggest any means that might tend to correct the folly of our system, and to check the fatality of our career, I feel it my duty to do so. I profess to

God, I know but one means, one chance for safety. I see but one powerful resource left to the nation, and it is a change of ministers. . . .

THE OPINION OF J. C. HOBHOUSE

IN RESPECT TO PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The great battle of American independence was fought to prove that taxation without representation is a tyranny that Englishmen ought not to bear; it was but the same battle, and the victory that was gained was but the same victory, that had rendered for ever memorable the glorious revolution of 1688. The struggle was in no respect different from that earlier resistance to arbitrary power which slavish historians have branded with the name of rebellion, and the real instructors, the real political sages, whose lessons inspired the Americans of the first congress with their resolution to die in defence of freedom and of a pure representative system, were the Cokes and the Seldens, the Pym and the Hampdens, who gloriously contended for that liberty at home, which their contemporaries, the first exiles, thought they could find only in the deserts of the western world. . . .

If there be any men here, or in the country, who presume to insinuate that our end and aim are not such as we pretend, — if they would insinuate that anarchy, and revolution, and spoliation of property, be the real object of our endeavours, in that case I repel the charge with the scorn and utter contempt that it deserves. What! have the reformers more to gain, by a subversion of the order of things, than their opponents? What! have not the reformers as much to lose by lawless violence as those who

uphold the present system? Indeed they have, and I believe I may say more too; amongst the reformers are to be found the wealthiest proprietors, the greatest names, the most important citizens, of this powerful community. Their high characters, their large possessions, the thousand ties that bind them to society, are pledges for the purity of their motives and the sincerity of their professions, when they declare that they entertain no projects inconsistent with the good of their country, and the virtue and happiness of their fellow-subjects. The reformers can have no other wish than that which they profess; namely, to recover for the people that control which is by right theirs; and to give them, by restoring the House of Commons to its original purity, the only real security for their persons and for their property.

The complaint of the reformers is, that, whilst such an unhappy, miserable part of the population hold the elective franchise, and use it not for themselves, but under the control, and for the benefit of others the real respectable citizens, the contributors to the exigencies of the state, the most valuable members of the community, who have given pledges of fidelity to the government and to the country, are not partakers of the privilege which alone can give them the means of protecting their property; namely, a share in the choice of the representation. We claim, for the opulence, the industry, the importance, of such towns as Birmingham and Manchester, the rights now thrown away upon, and shamefully bartered by the penniless, idle, insignificant vote-sellers of such boroughs as Orford.

FROM MR. JEFFREY'S SPEECH ON AMERICA.

THIS SPEECH WAS DELIVERED AT A PUBLIC DINNER IN EDINBURGH

IN 1823.

What is the country of the universe, I would now ask, in which property is most sacred, or industry most sure of its reward? Where is the authority of law most omnipotent? Where is intelligence and wealth most widely diffused and most rapidly progressive? Where is society, in its general description, most peaceable, and orderly, and moral and contented? Where are popular tumults least known, and the spirit and existence, and almost the name of a mob, least heard of? Where, in short, is political animosity least prevalent, faction subdued, and, at this moment, even party nearly extinguished in a prevailing feeling of national pride and satisfaction? Where, but in America? (*Immense applause.*) America, that laid the foundation of her republican constitution in a violent, radical, sanguinary revolution.—America, with her fundamental democracy, made more unmanageable, and apparently more hazardous, by being broken up into I do not know how many confederated and independent democracies;—America, with universal suffrage, and monthly or weekly elections—with a free and unlicensed press—without an established priesthood, an hereditary nobility, or a permanent executive—with all that is combustible, in short, and pregnant with danger, on the hypothesis of tyranny, and without one of the checks or safeguards by which alone they contend the benefits or the very being of society can be maintained! (*Peals of applause.*)

America has gone on prospering under them for forty years, and has exhibited a picture of uninterrupted, rapid,

unprecedented advances in wealth, population, intelligence, and concord, while all the arbitrary governments of the old world have been overrun with bankruptcies, conspiracies, rebellions, and revolutions; and are at this moment trembling in the consciousness of their insecurity and vainly endeavouring to repress irrepressible discontents, by confederated violence and terror. (*Applause.*)

The time is perhaps come when America is destined to render still more active and essential services, and to confer benefits by which, as they may cost her more, she will confer still deeper obligations. It was too much, perhaps, to expect, that while her own peace and honour were not in question, this infant giant should stretch her unnerved arm across the broad Atlantic, merely to control the encroachments of foreign despots on stranger nations; or testify, otherwise than by her practice, her scorn of their pretensions, and her abhorrence of the acts by which they are maintained. But as soon as the menace of their arrogance is directed to the shores of that majestic continent, one extremity of which is guarded and sanctified by her seat — as soon as the borders of her land are profaned by the rumour even of the unhallowed approach of the principles or powers of the Holy Alliance — there issues forth that calm, resolute, awful voice of determined freedom and prepared resistance, at which the heart of the tyrant quails more fearfully than at the loudest note of defiance, and which, like the low muttering of the thunder, announces that avenging justice is preparing her bolts, to cast down the pride of the oppressor. May we hope, too, that the symptoms, though tardy and somewhat reluctant, of a more liberal spirit, and a truer sympathy with English feeling, which have lately appeared in some of the measures of our administration, may lead to an entire restoration of cordiality with our kinsmen of the new world, and place us once

more in the delightful relation of fellow-labourers in support of the same rights, and fellow-champions of the same regulated freedom. When tyrants confederate, freemen should unite; when bad men league together for oppression good men must join for their safety and protection.

ABSTRACT OF MR. CANNING'S SPEECH,

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON AFFORDING AID TO PORTUGAL;

DEC. 12, 1826.

[Mr. Canning rose, and in the most clear tone and emphatic manner, addressed the House. He began with strong protestations of the desire of ministers to preserve the general peace. But there were two causes which, by the universal acknowledgment of British statesmen in all ages, admitted neither of compromise nor adjournment—the cause of national faith, and the cause of national honour. The present question included both of these. It was a case of national law, and of notorious fact.] ‘ Amongst the alliances by which, at different periods, this country has been connected with the other nations of Europe, there is none so old, so constant, so precise in obligations, or so intimately interwoven with the most brilliant periods of the history of this country, as the alliance between Great Britain and the crown of Portugal. It dates back to distant centuries; it has survived every great conflict. It is much older than the epoch to which I am about to advert, but it received its greatest vigour when the present royal family of Portugal was seated on its throne. The house of Braganza was placed at the head of an independent monarchy at the instance and by the friendship of Great Britain. The

connexion between the two kingdoms has been continued, renewed, and maintained, under every difficulty; it has been adhered to in periods when the faith of other alliances has been shaken; it has been vindicated in those fields of blood and glory which remain among the most brilliant pages of the history of England. Sir, in that alliance we have always been scrupulously faithful. It may sometimes have been burdensome to England, and there may even now be those who wish to shake it off; but a feeling growing out of national faith, a feeling of common interest, a sympathy between the two countries, must, upon consideration, convince every body of the comparative advantages and obligations of this alliance. It is not wholly, however, at distant periods, it is not altogether amongst ages long gone by, that traces of this union are to be found. In the latest compact of modern Europe, that which now forms the patent law of the nations of the world — I mean the Convention of Vienna — this country, with its eyes open to all the inconveniences of the connexion, but with its memory full of all its benefits, and with all the feelings belonging to them, renewed solemnly the previously existing obligations. This it did in terms so strong, that there is no possibility of violating them, without the most disgraceful breach of national honour. In the year 1807, when, upon the declaration of Bonaparte, that the House of Braganza ‘ceased to reign,’ the royal family of Portugal was induced, by the advice and upon the advances of this country, to sail for the Brazils; in the act of embarking, a secret convention was signed by Portugal and Great Britain, stipulating, that in case of the king and royal family removing their residence to the Brazils, this country would never suffer Portugal to remain under any other dynasty than that of the house of Braganza. It was this secret convention that brought about the emigration, and

greatly contributed to decide that step, by which the royal family of Portugal was removed from the power of France. The king of Portugal having become established upon his throne, the article ceased to be a secret, and was made a part of the law of nations by the treaty of 1810, and from that time up to the treaty of Vienna, it was clearly understood throughout Europe, that we had determined not to acknowledge any sovereign in Portugal, except a member of the house of Braganza. . . . But even if these treaties did not exist; if by any sudden convulsion of nature, they had been consigned to eternal oblivion; still I say that Great Britain would be, in a moral point of view, as much bound as she now is to extend her protection and support to Portugal. (Hear, hear.) . . .

It was only on Friday that that information reached us in an authentic form; on Saturday ministers came to a decision upon it; on Sunday the consent of his majesty was obtained; on Monday the communication was made to both Houses of Parliament; and at the very moment that I have the honour of addressing this House, the troops are on their way to Portugal. (Loud cries of hear, hear, from both sides of the House.) . . .

The day after the news arrived of the entry of the rebels into Villa Seca, application was made by the ministers for British aid, upon the faith of ancient treaties; the deputies, in a body, gave their assent; and the peers, rising from their seats, were to a man unanimous upon the subject; and the duke of Carhaval described them as all ready to offer every assistance, either personal or otherwise, in their power. Sir W. A'Court's informant stated, that the feeling displayed upon the occasion was worthy of the good days of Portugal. I now come to the question of who is the assailant! Sir, the present state of Portugal is so unusual in the history of nations, its his-

tory is crowded with events so extraordinary, that I hope I shall not be considered as unnecessarily wasting the time of the House, if I enter shortly, and as succinctly as possible, into a detail of a few of its leading facts, and their effects upon the present position of Europe. It is generally known, that the king of Portugal was anxious to raise Brazil from a colony to metropolitan condition, and that upon his majesty's return to Portugal, that colony became anxious to achieve her independence, and it was apprehended that the two crowns would be separated. The king of Portugal therefore determined to settle the sovereignty of Brazil upon his eldest son. This was hardly done, the ink with which the deed was made out was hardly dried, when the premature death of the king of Portugal again united both crowns upon one head. The advice of this country, and another nation connected with Brazil, was tendered upon the occasion, and not before the king of Portugal had determined to abdicate the crown of Portugal in favour of his eldest daughter. This abdication was accompanied with the offer of a free constitutional charter.

As an English minister, all I shall say is, May God prosper that attempt at the extension of constitutional liberty; and may the nation to which it is extended prove as fit to receive and cherish it as she is to discharge her other duties amongst the other nations of Europe! (Cheers from both sides of the House.) It is impossible that we can desert our ancient allies — but at the same time, it is impossible that we could support the Portuguese, if there existed a schism amongst the constituted authorities. We do, however, go to Portugal in faith of our treaty; when there, we shall do nothing forcibly; but we shall, at the same time, take care that nothing is done by other nations, to prevent the freest action of the constitution there established. (Cheers.) So much I have felt it necessary

to say, relative to the case of Portugal : internally, it is not our intention to interfere with that country, but external violence shall not be used against her while Great Britain has the power to wield an arm in her defence. (Cheers.) External force, strictly speaking, has not yet been used; but other channels have been tried, and persons who belonged to the internal have now become external assailants, through the instrumentality of another power, in their endeavours to attain their ends. Whether the aggression complained of was a defect in the government, or arises from the machinations of faction and fanaticism which defies power in the capital or disobeys it on the frontier, I will not now stop to inquire; but this I shall state—that any country which has the honour and happiness of being the ally of Great Britain is entitled to her protection, and shall not be assailed, either by renegades or external enemies of whatever description. (Cheers.) The question, then, is, has any such conduct been pursued by Spain? Has any force been used by that country, no matter whether directed by faction or fanaticism, tending to interfere with the freedom and independence of Portugal? It would, perhaps, be unjust in me to say that there exists in Spain an unconquerable hatred of the existence of free institutions. However incredible the phenomenon may appear in this country, I am persuaded that there exists in a vast majority of the Spanish nation a decided love of arbitrary power and a preference for absolute government. The more liberal institutions of countries in their neighbourhood have not yet extended their influence into Spain; and whether the public authorities there do or do not partake of the same sentiment, no exertion is required to excite and to call it into action among the people. Without blame, therefore, to the government of Spain, out of the natural antipathy between the two nations—the one prising its freedom, and

the other hugging its servitude — may have arisen the mutual inroads, mutual provocations, and mutual aggressions which, perhaps, even the most active and vigilant ministry could not altogether restrain.

‘I set out with saying there were many reasons which induced me to think that nothing short of a point of national faith or national honour — I will not say, would justify, but would make desirable, any approximation to the possibility of a dangerous war. Let me be understood, however, distinctly, as not meaning that I dread a war in a good cause (and in no other may it be the lot of this country to engage!) from a distrust of the strength of the country to commence it, or of her resources to maintain it. I dread it, indeed, but upon far other grounds; I dread it from a consciousness of the tremendous power Great Britain possesses of pushing hostilities in which she may be engaged to consequences which I shudder to contemplate. (Hear, hear.) Some years ago, in the discussions of the negotiations with Spain, I took the liberty of adverting to a topic of this nature — that the position of this country was one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between contending principles; and that it was in the position of neutrality alone we could maintain that balance, the preservation of which I believed to be essential to the peace and safety of the world. Four years’ experience (it is now more than three years and a half from that date) has confirmed rather than altered my opinion. I fear that the next war to be kindled in Europe, if it spread beyond the narrow limits of Spain and Portugal, will be a war of a most tremendous character — a war not merely of conflicting armies, but of conflicting opinions. (Much cheering.) I know that if into that war this country enters (and if she do engage, I trust it will be with a most sincere desire to mitigate rather than exasperate, and to contend with arms rather

than with the more fatal artillery of popular excitation), she will see under her banners, arrayed for the contest, all the discontented and restless spirits of the age — all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied with the present state of their own countries. The consciousness of such a situation excites all my fears; for it shows that there exists a power, to be wielded by Great Britain, more tremendous than was, perhaps, ever yet brought into action in the history of mankind. But though it may be ‘excellent to have a giant’s strength,’ it may be ‘tyrannous to use it like a giant.’ The knowledge that we possess this strength is our security; and our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but by a partial and half-shown exhibition of it, to make it felt; it is the interest of exaggerators, on both sides, to shrink from converting their umpire into their competitor. (Hear, hear.) The situation of this country may be compared to that of the ruler of the winds, as described by the poet:

..... Celsa sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens; mollitque animos et temperat iras:
Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.

The consequence of letting loose the passions at present chained and confined, would be the production of a scene of desolation which no man can contemplate without horror; and I should not sleep easy on my couch if I thought by a single moment I had precipitated it. (Cheers.) This then, is the reason—a reason the reverse of fear—a reason the contrary of disability, why I dread the recurrence of a war. That this reason may be felt by those who are acting on opposite principles, before the time for using our power shall arrive, I would bear much, and [I

would forbear long; I would almost put up with any thing that did not touch our national faith and national honour, rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which is in our hands, while we know not whom they may reach, and doubt where the devastation may end. (Continued cheering.) Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges, and such the duty of peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. (Cheers from all sides.) In obedience to this conviction, and with the hope of avoiding extremities, I will push no farther the topics of this part of the address. Let us defend Portugal, whoever may be the assailants, because it is a work of duty; and let us end where that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to govern, not to dictate, not to prescribe — but to plant our standard, and to secure her independence. Where the standard of England is planted, there foreign dominion shall not come.' [The cheers lasted for some minutes after Mr. Canning had resumed his seat.] He rose again to inform the House, that the address was merely an echo of the message, pledging the House to support his majesty in the maintenance of public faith, and to protect Portugal against foreign aggression.

In reply to some observations, from Mr. Hume and others, Mr. Canning denied that the situation of England was lowered by the French occupation of Spain. 'I do not believe that this is that Spain of which our ancestors were so justly jealous — that Spain upon whose territories it was proudly boasted that the sun never set.' The balance of power had been greatly altered in the course of a century. 'If we have for the present been dispossessed of any thing in our situation as forming part of the balance of power, we have been fully compensated. Was it necessary to blockade Cadiz to restore the situation of England? No, I looked at the possessions of Spain on the

other side of the Atlantic; I looked at the Indies, and *I called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.*' (Great cheering.)

FROM MR. HUSKISSON'S SPEECH

ON A VOTE OF THANKS BEING PROPOSED TO SIR E. CODRINGTON FOR HIS GALLANT CONDUCT IN THE DECISIVE ACTION AGAINST THE TURKS IN THE BAY OF NAVARINO*.

It is enough for me to state that for seven years the peace in the East of Europe had been broken, that the war which raged there was of a sanguinary description, and which, from a state of things, was likely, if not put down by some power—and, if possible, by friendly interposition—by its complication and its character, to interrupt the tranquillity and repose of Europe. For the attainment of this object the great Powers of Europe united...

The only object of the Treaty, and the end in view when the Protocol was signed, was the 'reconciliation

* This glorious battle, in which Sir E. Codrington took the command of the combined fleets of Great Britain, France, and Russia, was fought on the 20th of October 1827. The force of the allied admirals Codrington, de Rigny, and Heyden, consisted of but 26 ships including frigates and minor vessels; the number of men on board was 13,500. The Ottoman fleet amounted to 81 ships of all sizes and 40 transports, having on board 42,400 men, and supported by the batteries of the fort.

Number of killed and wounded on the side of the allies :

Of English killed.	173	wounded	190
— French. <i>ib.</i>	43	<i>ib.</i>	144
— Russians. <i>ib.</i>	50	<i>ib.</i>	137
TOTAL KILLED.	266	WOUNDED	471

between the Ottoman Porte and the Greeks,' to prevent the further effusion of blood.

The thanks of Parliament have never been voted but for a triumph obtained over an enemy. — (Hear.) We vote thanks of Parliament only in a state of war, or a triumph over those who are opposed to us. These are honours of which we are proud for victories achieved over enemies. (Cheers.) Unless there be some precedent for voting thanks in such a case as the battle of Navarino — and I maintain there exists none — they ought to be denied. Thanks for the accomplishment of what? For an accidental collision, in which the lives of a great many men were lost, and a great destruction of property followed. The Hon. Gentleman had dwelt a great deal on the affair at Copenhagen, in 1807, as though that was a case in point. How different was the policy of the one to the policy of the other! How many Hon. Members were there who doubted the policy of the last war altogether, and yet, when the country was involved in war, they felt it incumbent on them to give their countenance to the Government in defending the country. But what was the affair at Copenhagen? What were the instructions given to the Admiral and the Commander of the Land Forces? The instructions were distinctly to attack that capital, to use their best endeavours, to exert themselves to the utmost in their power, to use all their efforts towards the accomplishment of that object. But they were told to wait eight days before they commenced the attack. What was the fact with respect to the Foreign Power? Why before one of the eight days had expired, Denmark had declared war? (Hear, hear.) We were told to consider this as similar to the Navarino affair. What was done at Copenhagen? The execution of the instructions; the capture of the capital followed. At that time we were in a state of war with the Power to which

those instructions applied. Was this the situation in which we were placed with the Allied Powers at Navarino ?

The Hon. Member talks of the Algerine affair; and that it bears a resemblance to the battle of Navarino. Does he not recollect that Lord Exmouth went to Tunis, Algiers, and other places? and his Lordship returned from Algiers, stating that he had not been able to make that arrangement with the Dey as with the other Powers. And what was done on the return of Lord Exmouth ? His Lordship was sent back from England with additional ships, and with positive, implicit instructions to compel the Dey, by violence and force, to comply*.

FROM MR. PEEL'S SPEECH

ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION; MARCH 10, 1829.

Mr. Speaker.—I rise as a minister of the king, and sustained by the just authority which belongs to that character, to vindicate the advice given to his majesty by a united

* Lord Exmouth's fleet consisted of 5 ships of the line and 8 or 9 frigates having 6,500 men on board. The bombardment of Algiers commenced at a quarter to three o'clock p. m. on the 27th of August 1816 and lasted till eleven o'clock the same evening, when all the forts, batteries, and fortifications defended by 40,000 additional troops were entirely destroyed, and the enemy's fleet, amounting to 40 ships including several frigates, burnt. The enemy had in killed and wounded 7,000 men, and of Lord Exmouth's fleet there were 141 men killed, and 722 wounded. In consequence of this brilliant victory, the Dey was obliged to abolish Christian Slavery for ever, and to surrender all the slaves, then in his dominions, whatever country they belonged to. The Dey, moreover, excused himself publicly in presence of his ministers and chief officers, and begged the English consul's pardon.

cabinet (loud cries of hear, hear)—I rise, Sir, in the spirit of peace, to propose the adjustment of the Roman Catholic question—that question which has so long and so painfully occupied the attention of Parliament and distracted the councils of the king for the last thirty years. I rise, Sir, in the spirit enjoined in one of those beautiful prayers with which the proceedings of this House are always auspicated. In one of those we are enjoined to lay aside all personal interests, all prejudices and partial affections, that the result of our councils may tend to the maintenance of religion and justice—the safety, honour and happiness of the king—the public weal, peace and tranquillity of the realm—Sir, I approach this subject almost overpowered by the magnitude of the interests it involves, and by the difficulties with which it is surrounded: of these difficulties I am not unconscious—I know they are great, and I cannot deny that they are increased by the peculiar situation of him on whom the lot has been cast to propose this measure, and explain the expediency of its adoption. But, Sir, through all these personal difficulties, however galling to my heart, I am supported by the consciousness of having done my duty. (Great cheering.). . . .

We cannot determine upon remaining idle spectators of the sufferings of Ireland. The universal voice of the country declares that something must be done. I ask you to go back to a remoter period than it is generally the habit to embrace in these discussions—I ask you to examine the state of his majesty's government for the last thirty-five years, and to remark the bearing of the Catholic question upon that government—the divisions it has created among our statesmen—the distraction it has occasioned in our councils, and the weakness it has consequently produced.

When Mr. Pitt associated the duke of Portland and Lord Fitz William in power, division prevailed in the cabinet—Lord Fitz William went to Ireland in 1794; his govern-

ment came to a termination. — On what ground? on account of a difference about the Catholic question. Mr. Pitt continued to conduct the government for some time longer. In the interim occurred the distractions of Ireland in 1798 and 1799. In 1801 Mr. Pitt's government came to a close.—On what ground? A difference about the Catholic question. Mr. Pitt resumed the government in 1804. The manner in which his cabinet was composed showed that it was not formed on the principle of unqualified resistance. Mr. Pitt died in 1806, and his government was succeeded by another, which endured about eighteen months, and then came to a termination—on what ground? A difference again about the Catholic question. — There had been within that short interval a total change in the administration of Ireland. There was the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1801; the dissolution of the government of lords Grenville and Grey in 1807; all on account of this question. In 1807, Mr. Percival undertook the administration of affairs, and it was undoubtedly quite true, that from that period until death, the government did resist the consideration of this question; but it did not resist it on permanent grounds.—(Hear, hear.)— Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning were advocates of the Catholic claims, and only acted at that particular period in opposition to them on the ground of the conscientious scruples of the king. Mr. Percival lost his life in 1812, and, after his death, another course of policy, with respect to this question, was adopted.—The parliament elected in 1817 decided by a majority of 139 to take the question into consideration—Since 1822 the Catholic question has been what is called a neutral question, each member of every cabinet being allowed to take that course in respect of it which he thought best, and I must say that the consequences have been most unfavourable to the administration of the country.

I do think it hard that an individual, after fighting the battle for ten years, should be accused, as I have been, by those who, during that long period, have witnessed the struggle without once opening their mouths in support of that cause for which they now manifest such extraordinary anxiety (hear, hear). I cannot but complain that many of those who never assisted the cause in former years, on any one occasion, should now come forward, as we have seen them do, in 1829 — and say of those who were wont to be foremost in debate, that it is their want of zeal, or, their abandonment of principle, which secures to the advocates of Catholic emancipation their triumph.—Have the younger members of this house—has the youthful talent brought within these walls—been enlisted on the side of opposition to the Catholics? Have the opponents of the Catholic question been thus reinforced? Sir, looking back for the last ten years, I find that almost every young man of talent who has been brought into Parliament, has come forward on the other side, an active, an eloquent, advocate for Catholic emancipation.

Who will venture to say that we should be safe under the existing system in the event of a war, or that we should not be obliged, in such an event, to withdraw our declarations and grant still further concessions? Another alternative has indeed been alluded to, though, perhaps, somewhat remotely. I mean a civil war. From my heart do I deprecate such an event. (Cheers.) Sincerely from the bottom of my heart, do I hope that the Protestant constitution of this country may never be loaded with the responsibility of such an event. I would, in allusion to such an event, adopting the language of an illustrious individual (Lord Falkland) during a former civil war, cry out—PEACE, PEACE, PEACE!!! To those who contemplate, without alarm, such a disastrous event as a civil war, arising out of the discontent which a system of

coercion and exclusion of the Roman Catholics would be likely to produce, I would say —

“Coeant in fœdera dextræ

“Qua datur : ast armis concurrunt arma cavete.”

CONTINUATION OF MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH

IN DEFENCE OF MR. HAMILTON ROWAN.

Mr. Curran in this eloquent speech, from which another extract given page 255, draws the following admirable description of the advantages of the freedom of the press.

What calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; — I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In the one case, sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad, — the demagogue goes forth, — the public eye is upon him, — he frets his busy hour upon the stage; and soon, either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries, where the protection of despotism is supposed to be se-

cured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave have any slumber; the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both;—the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries (one cannot read it without horror), there are officers whose province it is to have the water, which is to be drank by their rulers, sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own Revolution,—you have it at that memorable period, when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly,—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot,—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many,—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies while soundness or sanity remained in them, but at length, becoming buoyant—they rose and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished—the people enslaved—and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the

state, that grand detector of public imposture; — guard it, because, when it sinks, there sink with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown.

FROM MR. SHIEL'S SPEECH

ON THE CLARE ELECTION IN 1828.

Mr. Fitzgerald, member for Clare, was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of that county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and not having been able to procure a Protestant candidate, Mr. O'Connell, the leader of the association, stood forward on behalf of the people. Aided by Messieurs Shiel, O'Gorman Mahon, Lawless, Wyse and other principal members of the association, as well as by the Catholic Clergy of the county, who persuaded the freeholders to vote for the popular candidate against the express orders of their landlords, Mr. O'Connell triumphed over the cabinet minister and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he was surrounded. Mr. Shiel, at the close of this memorable election, delivered a very eloquent speech from which the following extract is taken.

We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, Sir, do you, or any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? — Passions start simultaneously up, and bear down every obstacle before them. Do not, therefore, be surprised that

the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated, would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach;—the people have followed their priests to the hustings, and they would follow them to the scaffold. But you will ask, wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Ah, Gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A Gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord. I come now to Father Murphy of Corofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situated at the foot of a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst

of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand ; but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. But it is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of divine worship that he is dear to his flock ; he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds.—This, every word of this, is the truth—you know it, every one of you knows it to be true ; and now let me ask you, can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? —Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. Look round you. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that this is not mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that prophetic tranquillity, which is far more terrible than any ordinary storm? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command, and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are so much attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. What think you of all this? Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling despotism; annihilate us by concession; extinguish us with peace; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves, make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result.

FROM EARL GREY'S SPEECH

ON THE REFORM BILL*—HOUSE OF LORDS, OCT. 3d. 1831.

My Lords, in a long political life, which has now extended over nearly half a century, it has often been my lot to propose to this House and to the other House of Parliament—in moments of great difficulty—in seasons of great political contest and violence—many questions of the most vital importance to the political interest of this country, as well as to the general well-doing of Europe.

At the present moment, I am about to propose for your Lordships' consideration a question involving the dearest

* The total number of peers who sat in the house of lords in 1831 was 402, including 30 archbishops and bishops, of whom four Irish; 28 Irish members and 16 Scotch.

There were 658 members in the House of Commons, of whom only 100 for Ireland and 45 for Scotland. Under the old system one hundred and forty four peers actually nominated 300 members; and 187 more members, forming a vast majority, were nominated by government and 123 private individuals. Consequently the number of independent members was 171, being a little more than a fourth of the representation.—

The boroughs which returned members were of three sorts: first, the close or rotten boroughs, in which the power of returning the members was exercised by one or two individuals; secondly, the corporation boroughs, in which the members were returned by a dozen or two of self-elected Corporators; thirdly, the open boroughs, in which the members were returned by voters, varying in number from 500 to 8 or 10,000.

There was in all the rotten boroughs but one real voter, the patron, who was generally the lord of the manor; in some instances, as Gatton and Old Sarum, there were literally no inhabitants beyond the bailiff or steward of the estate; and in others, though the population sometimes amounted to a few hundreds, the nominal voters seldom exceeded twenty,—creatures of the proprietor.

interests of the country—a question, for bringing forward which I, more than any other individual, am personally responsible—a question which has been designated as destructive of the Constitution, as revolutionary in its spirit and principle, and as tending to produce general confusion and misgovernment throughout the country. Your Lordships will feel the weight of these charges, against which it is necessary that I should vindicate myself. My own belief is, that the measure which I am about to lay before your Lordships is one of peace, prosperity, and concord.—(Cheers.) I observe that on this question depends, on the one hand, the peace, prosperity, and concord of the country; and, on the other, the continuance of a state of political disaffection, which threatens all those consequences that must arise when ill

The rotten boroughs, and the Corporation boroughs, were alike objectionable, as representing only their proprietors, or the few individuals who returned the members. The open boroughs were still more inadmissible; they were as corrupt and limited in the interests they really represented as either of the preceding classes, with the further disadvantage of elections in them being productive of disgusting crimes and irregularities.

Omitting from the calculation the freeholders of the counties and the electors of the metropolis, it may be safely asserted that of the whole remaining body of the electors of England, *three fourths* were of the labouring classes. And it may with equal truth and safety be asserted that nearly the whole of these *three fourths* were in some way or other bribed.

The object of this important bill was to reform the abuses which had crept into the representation; by suppressing all the rotten boroughs as well as corporation boroughs of a small population; by granting to the middling and opulent citizens the rights of choosing their representatives; and finally by diminishing aristocratical influence in the County elections. In a word this bill tended to make the House of Commons—what history shows it to have been in former times, and what the united voices of millions called aloud for it to be at present—a *real representation of the people*.

feeling is engendered in the people towards the Government of a country. I have uniformly supported the principle of Reform. I voted, soon after my introduction into Parliament, in the year 1786, for questions of that description. I voted, with Mr. Pitt, for the shortening of Parliaments. I voted for a measure of reform introduced by Mr. Flood at the commencement of the French Revolution, and before the beginning of that war, which led to such disastrous consequences. I myself, on two different occasions, brought forward a proposition of this nature, believing, as I then did, that some change in the representation of the people was necessary to give new vigour to the Constitution, and to make the House of Commons in fact what it professed to be in theory—a full, free, and efficient representation of the people.—*I stand, therefore, now before your Lordships the advocate of principles from which I have never swerved.*

But, we are told that we must not make concessions, because, if we once begin to concede, there will be no end to the demands. That is an old doctrine, which has led to much mischief in our own times. When was it that concessions overturned a Government? Was it concession that lost the Netherlands to Philip? Was it concession that brought Charles I. to the scaffold? No, it was his unfaithful attempt to resume that which he had already conceded.—(Hear, hear.) Was it concession that compelled the second son of that unfortunate monarch to abdicate the throne to which the people had restored his family? Was it not rather his obstinate disregard of their wishes, and his withholding of all concession?—Was it by concession that we lost America?—(Hear, hear.)—Was it concession that overturned the old Monarchy of France? I know that it has been said so. But I am fully persuaded, that if the old nobility of France had done that which I now presume to counsel your Lordships to do—(Hear,

hear)—if they had consulted the wishes of the people, and had aided their King in granting to the people the concessions which the exigency of the times demanded, the family of that Monarch would never have been driven from the throne of France.

I know, my Lords, that some persons make a different application of those facts of history, and say—‘ See what are the effects of concession; when you offered to the Americans all that they required, they would not accept it.’ But their refusal is easily explained. The concession was not made in time. If Catholic Emancipation had been granted twenty or twenty-five years before, when all the wisest and most experienced statesmen of the kingdom recommended it, Ireland would be at this moment one of the most prosperous parts of the empire. By resisting the reasonable claims of the people, you rendered their demands more violent. You taught them to know their own power, and when they did know it, perhaps they were not willing to lay it down when the occasion for exercising it had passed away; and when at length you did yield to their claims, you accompanied the concession by a most impolitic measure, of which, at the time, I greatly disapproved, and by which the conciliating effects of your concession were greatly diminished. I say, therefore, my Lords, concede in time — concede graciously, and not grudgingly—make Reform an act of justice, not an extorted capitulation.—Concede in time: remove the cause of complaint, and place the fabric of the Constitution upon a rock.

I certainly deprecate any thing like a popular cry; as a citizen of a free state, who feels that liberty is essentially connected with order, I would resist the slightest approach to violence; as a member of the Government, it is my duty to maintain tranquillity; but as a citizen, as a legislator, as a member of the Government, as a man

and as a statesman, I am bound to look at the consequences that may ensue from rejecting this Bill; and although I do not state, as the noble Duke asserted of his measure, that the rejection of it would occasion a civil war—for I trust it will produce no such effect—yet I do say that such consequences are likely to result as make me tremble for the condition of my country, and for the security of this House. I especially beg the spiritual portion of your Lordships to pause and to reflect. (Here Earl Grey turned and addressed himself to the bench of Bishops.) The Prelates of the Empire have not a more firm or decided friend than I am.—Let me remind them, that they have already shown that they can read the signs of the times, and that measures of concession have been brought forward in obedience to those signs, as all such measures should be introduced by the leading members of their body. They feel that the eyes of the nation are upon them, and they ought to feel it.—(Hear, hear.) They feel, too, that it is necessary ‘to put their House in order,’ in order to meet the growing expectations out of doors.

I never will consent to hold out to the people a delusive measure of reform—I am convinced that they have a right to expect constitutional Reform to the full extent of the Bill upon the table, and their earnest wishes in its favour have been zealously expressed. I have set before your Lordships examples which should teach you how to avoid perils, which in my view must inevitably follow rejection. I advocate this Bill as a measure of peace and conciliation: and in the words of the prayer we daily offer, I hope that Providence will ‘prosper all your consultations to the advancement of his glory, to the good of the Church, and to the safety, honour, and welfare of the Empire.’—(Much cheering.)—I am aware that I have already too long detained your Lordships, but I cannot conclude without

expressing a hope—would I could say a sanguine expectation—that this measure may receive your sanction: I intreat your Lordships to take into view the situation of the country, and I trust that you will then see the necessity for confirming by your vote a measure calculated not only to produce immeasurable good, but to prevent incalculable evil.—(General and reiterated cheers.). . .

FROM LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH

ON THE REFORM BILL, OCT. 7 TH. 1831.

[After taking a luminous review of his opponents speeches, and refuting the objections brought against the bill, Lord Brougham then referred to the services which elevated many to the high honours of the peerage.]

Some were raised for their own merits, but frequently, as I said, for voting right—some for bleeding in their country's battles—some for having held official situations—some for their individual acts.—I assert it is not merit only that raises the man. Service in the Army and Navy has elevated men—so has the administering of justice on the Bench—so has the enlightening of our fellow-men in other departments of the State—but those have not made one Peer for every score in this House. Political service, without a scar in the constitutional conflicts of Saint Stephen's, has made more Peers than all the blood that was shed in all the battle-fields from Blenheim to Waterloo.

But, my Lords, there is a people. — (Hear, hear.) — If there is a mob, there is also a people. My Lords, I speak of the middle classes of society in this country. I speak of the most numerous and by far the most wealthy classes in this country. Ye who talk slight-

ingly of those classes, if your houses, your castles, your manors, your estates, were brought to the hammer and sold at fifty years' purchase, their produce would be as nothing compared with the property possessed by the middle classes of England. But it is not property alone—the middle classes are the best depositaries of sober, of intelligent, of honest English feelings.—

My Lords, that the Press has great influence over the public opinion I do not deny; it is most certain that that influence depends on its going along with public opinion. (Hear, hear.)—The press has chosen to make itself the organ of public opinion, because that opinion wants an authorized organ. When you ask where is its title — on what is it based? I answer—on the ruin of all public confidence in what is called the representation of the people. On that is erected that other representative system—the representation of the daily and weekly journals. Those journals had set themselves up as the rivals of the House of Commons. So long as the House of Commons had no standing to rest on in the affections of the people, just so long would the papers be the representatives of the public opinion. In the passing of this Bill, or, of one of equal efficiency, the press will not lose its influence—not be annihilated, for, God forbid, that in this free country it ever should be either, so as to prevent its pointing out the errors of the people — the mistakes of the Executive Government, or the neglect of the representatives of the people. But my opinion is, that it will enjoy a moderate, a constitutional, a safe, an innoxious, an inoffensive influence over the public — all that is salutary and useful remaining, and all that is noxious and hurtful being swept away. —(Cheers.) — I look upon all these growths, whether in the press, or in unions, in associations, or leagues against the Exchequer, or secret societies, as monstrous

things bred out of the corruption of the present representation of the people. When it has been asked what has given birth to them, the answer is at hand. Trust me, it is no other power than that which called together the Volunteers of Ireland in 1782.—(Hear.)—Trust me it is no other than that which engendered the Catholic Association. Trust me, it is justice withheld, rights refused—(Cheers)—wrongs perpetrated—(Hear)—the folly of believing that men can be governed against their will—(Cheers)—the idiocy of supposing that the inhabitants of England are to be treated like the savages of the South Sea Islands, the frenzy of assuming that you can govern them like children or like savages. These it is which have peopled the country with these noxious growths—that have made the rank soil shoot up all these prodigious things, which scare and fright us from our propriety. We have been going on like those before us in doing wrong, and our unholy husbandry it is that has induced us to sow injustice, and, thence to reap disaffection.—(Cheers.)—My Lords, I use no language of intimidation, but there is no meaner, baser more despicable kind of fear than for men of a frame of mind that allows the weight of reflection and the power of reason to be afraid of being accused of fear.—(Cheers.)—My Lords, I am now speaking in the same Hall where your Lordships sat in 1828; and in that Hall heard the argument intimidation urged, for the purpose of preventing your Lordships from liberating the Catholics. Wisely, patriotically, firmly, you saved your country — (Loud cheers); — you refused any longer to listen to the senseless cuckoo note of those who said ‘Do not emancipate them; for if you do, it will be through intimidation.’ — But at the same time, I am bound to say, that if you had not listened to these reasons year after year for about the twenty preceding years, that measure would have been attended with a

tenfold more beneficial effect than then, when, blessed be God ! it did pass, through the instrumentality of the Noble Duke, (Wellington) of whom I will say, that, however highly I hold his military achievements, still more highly do I think of his achievements in favour of the Catholics.—And now, my Lords, to apply this branch of history — for history it has become — to the present time. My Lords, you are now placed in this dilemma. If you refuse Reform now, under the foolish notion of being afraid, you may live to see something of which wise men will really be afraid. — (Cheers.) — You may have to live among the hearts of an alienated people—you may have to live among tens of thousands who hate you—you may have to live when all men shall be leagued against you : for it is you alone that stand between them and their wishes. — (Continued cheers.) — But some one has said that none but the Aristocracy are opposed to the Bill—Good God, I deny it! — and that none but the rabble, the House of Commons, and the people—(the people—a pretty good force that)—are for it! *Then the people are for it! The people for whom the Aristocracy has been constituted—for whom the Crown has been constituted—for whom the laws have been enacted—for whom the Government has been contrived—by whom the Government is supported — whom it is bound to serve—without whom it cannot exist an instant.—*

Your Lordships may pass this Bill, and then we shall have peace and contentment; but I much rather dread another alternative. I dread that it may be refused, and that you may afterwards be induced, under other Ministers, in less auspicious times, to grant a far more extensive measure than that which is now proposed. — (Loud cries of Hear.) The old classic story will apply here. Oh, my Lords, let the old illustration of the Sibyl never,

never be forgotten by you.—(Hear.) The price that you are called upon by that prophetic Sibyl to pay is, to restore under restriction—under modification—under great modifications—the old fabric of the representative Constitution. You will not take the volume; you will not pay that price—that moderate price! The Sibyl darkens your doors no longer. You repent—you call her back—she returns: the leaves of peace are half torn out, and it is no longer the volume that first was offered; but she demands a still larger price, and you must now pay for it with Parliaments by the year, elections by millions, and voting by ballot—you will not pay that price, and again you send her away. What the next price may be that she will demand, and that you *must* pay, is more than I will say. This I know, as sure as man is man, and human error leads to human disappointment, justice delayed, wisdom postponed, must enhance the price of peace. —(Loud cheers.) My Lords, there is yet an awful consideration connected with this subject. You are Judges in the highest Court in the last resort; and it is the first office of a Judge never to decide even the most trifling case without hearing every thing. But in this case you are going to decide without a hearing — without a trial. —(Continued cheering.) — My Lords, beware of standing out on this sacred subject. You may obstruct—you may put off the day—you may give a temporary life to the borough-jobber, and postpone the elective franchise to the greatest towns of the realm; but, my Lords, that delay will have no effect in raising the respect of this House, and in conciliating the affections of the people of this country. —(Hear, hear.) I call on every one, except those who think no Reform necessary, and they alone can give a consistent vote against the Bill.—(Hear, hear.) I call on you by this solemn appeal, and remember, my Lords, I am in the same vessel as yourselves—I call on you—I

entreat you—and, on my bended knees, implore you not to reject this Bill.—(Cheers.)*

FROM MR. O'CONNELL'S SPEECH

ON CHURCH RATES AND PARISH CESS **.

DELIVERED AT A CATHOLIC MEETING, ON THE 10 TH JANUARY, 1827.

At the Reformation this land was replenished with churches. You cannot now stroll for a mile amidst our green and neglected plains, without seeing the ruins of the ancient church of some parish or monastery. At the

* 1000 oppressive laws of the last fifty years, 800 millions sterling of debt, and 60 millions of annual taxes, proved the necessity of this reform which passed in 1832. — The system would be more perfect if elections were made by ballot, so as to render bribery useless, and if members of municipal corporations were chosen by the inhabitant householders, especially in Ireland, where the abuses and profligacy of the corporations show the utter impracticability of carrying on the present corrupt system. On the issue of the Irish corporation bill and tithe question depend the peace and prosperity of the British Empire.

** The bulk of Ecclesiastical revenue in England and Wales consists of tithe; but besides tithe, an immense revenue is drawn from other sources. The Clergy are almost in entire possession of the revenues of charitable foundations. They hold, exclusively, the principal places in the universities and public schools. Immense landed property is attached to the sees, cathedrals and collegiate churches. The Clergy have also a very considerable income from glebe-lands, church fees, etc., besides which they monopolize nearly all profitable offices in public institutions.... The total revenues of the established Clergy of England and Wales, amount to 9,459,565 pounds sterling (of which near 7 millions in Church tithe). This sum, which is greater than the expense of Christianity in all other

time the baleful Reformation reached our shores, they were all flourishing and full. No tax was levied to build or sustain them. The revenues of the Church supplied an ample and ungrudged fund. But the plundering Reformation came. The revenues of the Church passed into other hands.—Those who then took to themselves the revenues of the Church, let the churches go to ruin, and having first allowed the Catholic churches to go to ruin, they then turn round on the Catholics, and by Act of Parliament make us rebuild them. Was there ever in any country under the sun an evil like this?

The Reformation was, in my humble judgment, one of the most horrible calamities that ever afflicted the human race. I do not allude to the new Articles of Faith, or the fantastic doctrines it might have introduced ; I speak of i

countries of the world put together (Ireland excepted), is divided between two Archbishops who receive 52,930 pounds ; 24 Bishops receiving 244,185 pounds ; 959 dignitaries receiving 494,000 pounds ; 2886 aristocratical pluralists mostly non-resident, holding in all 7037 livings, amounting to 5,379,430 pounds ; — 4305 incumbents, holding one living each, and about one half resident on their benefices, whose income amounts to 3,289,020 pounds ; and 4254 curates, whose average stipends of about 75 pounds a year, amounting together to 319,050 pounds, are paid by the non-resident pluralists and incumbents.

In the kirk of Scotland, there are no bishops, nor dignitaries, nor tithes. The incomes of the national Clergy are paid by the Court of Session out of a fund formed from the ancient tithes of the country. Exclusive of house and glebe, the average income of the Clergy is 245 pounds, which to 948 pastors, makes the whole annual expenditure on the kirk 232,260 pounds, for a million and a half of hearers.

Formerly there were thirty-two diocesses in Ireland ; these have been compressed into eighteen protestant suffragan bishoprics and four archbishoprics, which with the other offices make 3195 shared among about *eight hundred and fifty individuals*, whose aggregate ecclesiastical revenue amounts to 1,426,587 pounds sterling. There is no example any where of 850 ministers of a church, the

as a political and moral event. It was a monstrous evil ; for, in the first place, it corrupted to the core public and private morals. The deluge of immorality and vice that followed it, was its immediate and most striking feature—profligacy and perfidy and crime, the disregard of every law of man, and the contempt for every restraint of the law of God, characterized its infancy and announced its progress. These are truths to which all the leading and prominent reformers bear the most distinct, though unwilling testimony. Luther and Zuinglius, Melancthon, Beza, and Calvin, differing as they do in every thing else, all agree in this fact. It is true that they lamented and deplored the spread of immorality amongst the followers of the Reformation, and stated, that as men became better in faith they grew worse in works. The Reformation did not stop here—it took away the reve-

communicants of which do not amount to half a million, possessing, in see-lands and glebes, one tenth of the soil, and claiming one tenth of the produce of the remainder, which supports eight millions of people. A large proportion of the Irish protestant bishops, dignitaries and incumbents, are *absentees*; most of them never see their parishes, deriving their incomes through the medium of agents, or of tithe-farmers, and engaging a curate at some 30 or 50 pounds a year to attend *once* on each Sunday to read prayers, often perhaps only to the parish clerk.

In Catholic times the fourth part of the tithes (the portion thus laid aside was called the *quarta pars*) was applicable to the building and keeping in repair of the churches, and the expense of the service—to these things for which at present Church rates are levied. It is almost impossible to estimate fully what the amount of these rates may be, as the power of taxation given to the vestries is unlimited. One parish in Dublin (as appears from Sir John Newport's report) was obliged to contribute 57,000 pounds sterling to build the Protestant church; and in the speech from which the above extract is taken, Mr. O'Connell, a most competent judge, declares that the act, against which he inveighs, enables the *established Church to levy at least one million sterling additional per annum from the occupiers of the land in Ireland.*

nues of the Church, and appropriated them to lay hands—it robbed the people of their rights—it robbed the poor of their property—it destroyed the funds to relieve the indigent, to solace the sick, to clothe the children of poverty, to sustain the wretched orphan, and to comfort the desolate widow. It applied to the purposes of laymen the property of the Church and of charity. In short, the Reformation gave to a married and heartless clergy, and to a profligate gentry, who controlled that clergy, the inheritance of the Lord and his poor, and entailed new burdens on the people.

[The House of Commons, on Sir John Newport's motion, directed returns to be made of parochial rates levied in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, after enumerating several gross and illegal charges made by the vestries, resumes.]

You perceive that Sir John Newport accused the Irish vestries of corruption, of profligate extortion, and of a daring violation of every law. He established these charges to the entire conviction of the House of Commons. He reduced the supporters of that system to total silence, and the vestries could not find a single advocate. Here they are peculating, and plundering, and robbing. Yes, it was robbery! The poor were robbed to feed the sexton and fatten the organist—to replenish the cellar of the powerful vestryman—and adorn the pew of the wealthy parish lordling. Yes, these men, who thus extorted, were the guardians of the land. I think I see them in holy horror punishing the vices of the lowly and the humble—transporting the pick-pocket—hanging the sheep-stealer — and then returning to their vestry — and there turning the calice of their sacrament into a receptacle for pilfered property, and an instrument to extort the money of their poor Catholic neighbours. There is no Act of Parliament to make their crime felony; but is it more

or less culpable—is it less robbery in the eyes of morality and religion?

This was a frightful picture of the vestries of the Established Church in Ireland—traced with her own hand—exhibited by her own returns. What! the most awful ceremonies and rites of religion made subservient to corrupt and profligate extortion!!! But let it pass. It is a fact of a family; and the sad story of Ireland's woes is full of many and many an illustration of the effects of that system which makes a political religion the chief instrument for which and by which the State is ruled. Let me not be misunderstood—or rather let me not be misrepresented. My heart tells me, that I mean no disrespect to my Protestant countrymen. Some of my near relations, many of my most loved and valued friends are Protestants. I therefore cannot intend to insult Protestantism, when I refer to those facts; but I call on every honest Protestant in the land to blush at this profanation of sacred things, by employing them as the tools of extortion—this converting of the house, which once was dedicated to God, into a den of rapacious thieves. . . .

[Here, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to state that Catholics were excluded by this act from voting at all at vestries, and that the power of taxation given to the Protestant was unlimited. He animadverted at considerable length upon the illegal charges pointed out by Sir John Newport which were legalized by this act. After showing that 'the Catholic, under this act, was in the state of a man who had his hands pinioned behind his back, his pockets unbuttoned, and was simply surrounded by pick-pockets,' Mr. O'Connell proceeded.]

But this Act, grievous as it is in point of vexation, is still more abominable in point of principle. It outrages every notion of justice and common sense, to take away from us the power of protecting our own properties. It

is bad enough to make us, Catholics, build and re-build churches, and furnish wine for the Sacrament, and pay officers for the regulation of Protestant worship. It is doubly severe, when our ancestors dedicated abundant property to these purposes, and that such property is devoted to other and hostile hands. But it is the consummation of cruelty to leave it in the power of a few to say, how much of our property they will vouchsafe to leave us. The first principle of common honesty is, the sacred right of private and individual property. The first principle of the British Constitution is the sacred right of the individual control of every man over his own property, to the exclusion of every other interposition. A national tax on any article is lawful only because the owners of property are supposed to assent to it by their representatives in Parliament. Without that assent, it would be palpable and avowed robbery. It was the violation of this principle that brought one British Monarch to the scaffold, and would, it is said by our writers on public law, justify revolution. Yet common honesty and constitutional principle are, in this Act of Parliament, violated and trampled under foot. We have no control over our own. It is no longer our own. We are the serfs, the slaves of our masters—the Protestants, in vestry assembled. For them we plough—for them we reap—or if any part shall hereafter be allowed to us to use, we will owe it to the courtesy or contempt of the vestry. . . .

FROM MR. SHEIL'S SPEECH

ON EDUCATION IN IRELAND. HOUSE OF COMMONS, SEPT. 9 TH. 1831.

During the course of the debate, some members expressed very illiberal feelings towards the Catholic Clergy of Ireland in consequence of the opposition of the latter to the books and system of education hitherto followed at the parish schools. These schools had been established by government and some Protestant societies for the express purpose of making proselytes of the Catholic children who were persuaded to attend these establishments. — Mr. Sheil, after attributing this conscientious opposition to the indignation with which the Catholics of Ireland looked at the proceedings and system of these societies, drew the following admirable picture of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, of which it may be truly said that reality has supplied the colours.

The Catholic clergy were composed of a body of six thousand intelligent educated men *, and it was madness not only to soothe them, but to offer them exasperation. The priesthood of Ireland had an influence over the people of Ireland, and wherefore should they not? They are the ministers of a religion endeared by suffering, and fastened by persecution, to the affections of the country. They superadd to the influence which is derived from their sacerdotal authority, the still better sway which is drawn from their apostolical conduct. If their dogmas go beyond (as some may imagine), their lives are within the limits of the Gospel. There is no variance—no wide gap be-

* The Roman Catholic Church of Ireland never was in a more, triumphant state than at the present moment. She has 4 archbishops, 23 bishops, 50 deans, 60 Archdeacons, 2,000 parish priests with 2 or 3 curates each. She has an unbroken hierarchy, as regular, as orderly and as perfect as it was the day before Henry VIII. deprived her of her revenues and hunted her priests into fastnesses.

tween their habits and their inculcation. There are no diamonds in their mitres, nor gold on their crosiers. If they are Samaritans in belief, they are not Pharisees in sensibility. They live with the poor, and they feel for them. They are their friends, their benefactors and their companions. If they admonish them with a parental strenuousness, they sympathize with them with more than a fraternal kindness. They are the trustees of their little interests, the depositaries of their humble solitudes; they give them solace in sorrow, food in famine, medicine in disease; they are the sentinels of the death-bed; and in the hovel that reeks with pestilence, they take their fearless stand, and minister to agony, at the hazard of their own lives, its last and most precious consolation. — (Cheers.) If at the dead of the winter midnight a knock should come to the door of the Catholic priest, and he should be told that one of those who are committed to his spiritual care lies at the point of death, in need of his immediate succour, does he turn him in a bed of down, and wrap himself in the warmth and snugness of his rectorial sinecurism, that he may dream of another benefice? — (Hear, hear.) No; he goes forth with a celerity to which genuine piety gives wings, though the rain should fall in torrents on his head, and (I do not exaggerate) the snow beat against his face; through many a lonely glen, and through many a deep morass, he makes his way. He arrives at the habitation of expiring wretchedness—he places himself in perilous contact with breath that exhales mortality—receives from poisoned lips the secret of the over-burdened heart—converts despair to hope and wafts that hope to heaven. (Cheering.)

IRISH STATE TRIALS.

It will readily be admitted, that the trial of Mr. O'Connell and his so-called co-conspirators, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of criminal jurisprudence. The state of Ireland at the time, the great talent arrayed for the defence of the traversers, the unexampled attention paid to the proceedings, not only in Ireland and England, but in France and America; the great name that appeared as a traverser on the front of the indictment;—all conspired to give that trial a permanent position on the page of history, as well as in the library of the statesman and lawyer.

The year 1843 was a remarkable one in the annals of that ill-governed country. Tory misrule, and the growing audacity of the Orange party,—who, under the milder appellation of Conservative, changing their name but not their nature, had obtruded themselves into the high places of the land,—had fostered the seeds of general discontent. The Whig party, magnificent in their promises, but scant in their performances, had failed to stifle the growing wish for domestic legislation. Sir Robert Peel succeeded them, and intended, we verily believe, had his party permitted him, to try a conciliatory policy towards Ireland.

The cloud that had so long hovered over the mountain now burst upon the plain. The cry for Repeal became louder and more general. Meeting followed meeting in quick succession. The ordinary names of such assemblies, parish, county, and aggregate, were found unsuitable; and, in a happy moment, the *Times*, designated them *Monster Meetings*, and the appropriateness of the name insured its universal acceptance. The public mind was stirred from its lowest depths. Vague and indefinite hopes of change filled men's thoughts. Huge masses of the peasantry, sober, peaceable, and determined, met together in the North, still larger in the South and West; and the largest of all assembled under the eyes of the viceroy, and beside the seat of the government itself. One master spirit regulated all. In whatever part of the island those assemblies took place, the name of O'Connell was on the banners, his praises were in men's mouths, his speeches were the attraction. No victorious general ever was greeted with so many and such enthusiastic ovations. Ireland presented an extraordinary study to the philosopher. With a population the poorest and most destitute on the face of the earth, she poured in thousands of pounds into the coffers of the

Association. Apparently left to themselves and to their own impulses by the government, they met in countless numbers, without making the slightest attack on the persons or property of their opponents.

The lion of England was roused at length, cabinet meetings were convened; — the lord-lieutenant hastened back to Ireland; — the Clontarf meeting was proclaimed. War-steamers and forced marches brought together a monster meeting of British cavalry, infantry, and artillery; O'Connell and the other traversers were arrested, and the world looked calmly on at a trial, in which at least two-thirds of the population of the island sympathized with the accused. The question at issue had an interest beyond Ireland: a check was threatened to the onward march of free opinions everywhere. Foreign Statesmen were as interested in the result as the Irish peasant. The press of France and England had their reporters in the gallery of the Queen's Bench, and the news of each day's proceedings was looked for with the most intense interest in America.

If ever there was a case, then, that should have been carried on in an honourable and fair spirit. It was the present. At the very outset however of this trial, a fraud, or a *mistake!* as injurious as a fraud, was perpetrated on the accused: a number of names by an *untoward accident!* disappeared from the jury list!!! Taking this fact in connexion with the refusal to allow the name of a single Catholic to remain upon the special jury list—how strange if the omission was accidental! If it was not fraudulent, at least, how likely was it to prejudice the traversers on their trial! The fact was discovered in time; the crown was urged to set the matter right, and refused. They had a jury to their mind, and would not forego their advantage. That it was instrumental in obtaining the verdict they ultimately obtained there can be no doubt. It is equally true, that it took away from that verdict all moral weight. Truly did Mr. Henn, himself a Tory and a judge, remark, that « Punishment inflicted in consequence of such a verdict, would be unjust and oppressive to the accused, and amount to *an exercise of legal tyranny* which ought not to be known to the English law. »

From among the best men at the Irish bar the agents for the traversers selected their counsel, men on whom the public had long set the stamp of their approval, the only safe test of merit.—Such men as Sheil, Henn, Moore, Hatchell, Whiteside, Fitzgibbon, and M'Donagh, among the Queen's counsel, and O'Hagan, O'Loughlin, and O'Hea, three real Irish names.

The chief burden of the prosecution fell upon the shoulders of the attorney and solicitor-general, and Mr. Brewster. A number

of other counsel—able and distinguished men, too—Messrs. Warren, Tomb, Freeman, Martley, and Napier, sat beside the law officers; but whatever part they may have taken in private, had not much responsibility or labour thrown on them during the progress of the trial in court.

No one expected any display of forensic eloquence from the attorney-general, and no one, therefore, was disappointed. Ireland had boasted of having had law officers in days gone by who had won and were worthy of extended fame. The manly bearing and sound discretion of Saurin—the classic and imaginative mind of Bushe,—and the vigorous and commanding eloquence of Plunkett, had shed a lustre on the offices which they held. On Smith, Greene, and Brewster, no shred of their mantles had descended. All the eloquence and all the talent was arrayed on the side of the traversers.

Two days were consumed in the attorney-general's opening speech. Bad in manner, and ill-digested in matter it was, nevertheless, listened to with attention.

The crown did not impugn the “monster meetings” as contrary to law. They did not indict the newspapers for the publication of sedition; but they conglomerated meetings, speeches, songs, and prose articles, into one vast and cumbrous indictment, and brought together nine persons, the acts and speeches of each of whom, whether spoken or written in concert with others, they sought to make evidence against all.

The trial progressed. Mere formal proofs were given of the lodgment of the newspapers at the stamp office. Policemen were called who attended the meetings, and who had listened to the idle gossip of those who were going to, or returning from them. Reporters, who had taken down the words of the speakers, and printers who had put in type certain documents of the association; and then the crown closed. Never was there a lamer case. An English jury would have hardly sat it out. They would never have asked the traversers for a defence. All parties were disappointed.

The case for the traversers opened with the speech of Mr. Sheil, who was counsel for Mr. John O'Connell. Mr. Sheil was evidently labouring under serious bodily illness for some days before the trial, and the over-exertion he made in delivering his speech, it was feared, might peril his life.—Of that speech we shall say but little. It was one of his happiest efforts. It was glittering, vivid, and polished, to as great an extent perhaps as human ingenuity could make it. It was the speech of the statesman and the practised debater more than that of the mere lawyer. He took a broad and expansive view of the government of Ireland for years; showed that England had never treated her as she ought; that the quiescence of Ireland under op-

pression had only led her to greater degradation, while sturdy Scotland remonstrated boldly, and not in vain. He appealed to their sense of justice and their love of country; but these were topics which would have more weight with an English jury than with one empannelled in the court of Queen's bench in Ireland.

The exquisite peroration has all the chastening effect of the last scene of a tragedy. O'Connell, bent with years, leaning on the arm of his favourite son, with the broad Atlantic before him, and his native mountains under his feet!

The next speaker was Mr. Moore, the Whig solicitor-general for Ireland, and the man who shares with Mr. Tomb the character of being the most prudent man at the Irish bar. — His speech on the present occasion was short, but extremely able, clear, and lucid.

Mr. Hatchell followed Mr. Moore.—He narrowed his speech to the defence of his own client, Mr. Ray, for whom he made a strong appeal.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, being the next in seniority to Mr. Hatchell, made a speech of two days' length for his client, Dr. Gray.—A very remarkable and unprecedented circumstance occurred during the delivery of the learned gentleman's speech. He had animadverted very strongly, but truly, upon the conduct of the attorney-general. That dignitary sent a letter to Mr. Fitzgibbon, asking him to retract his observations, or to name a friend. Prosecuting parties for a *misdemeanor*, he himself sought to commit a *felony*! Hardly dealt with in a court of law, he wished to try his opponent's metal in a court of honour!

The case of Mr. Duffy had next to be stated. It was a peculiar one. Mr. Duffy is the proprietor, the editor, and one of the principal writers for the *Nation* newspaper. To this fact is attributable his name figuring in the indictment. The growth of this paper was rapid beyond precedent in the history of the press. It was scarcely six months in being, before it enjoyed the largest circulation of any journal in Ireland. Its effect on public opinion was equally extraordinary.

Mr. Duffy chose his leading counsel from the Tory bar. He could not have made a happier selection. Mr. Whiteside was peculiarly fitted for such an occasion. Bold, high-minded, and uncompromising, he had ever postponed all petty considerations of personal interest to the performance of his duty as counsel.

Of his speech on the present occasion, we fear the time has not yet arrived when we can treat it in that calm and critical spirit in which it is our duty, as reviewers, to consider it.

Few, who were present, will ever forget the delivery of that part of Mr. Whiteside's speech, which closed, by his sinking down exhausted, into the arms of Mr. Henn, on the first day. No description

could do it justice. We, at least, are unequal to the task. Our readers must judge of it by its effect. A cheer, such as never before, we believe, was heard in a court of justice; a loud hearty involuntary cheer; the outburst of feelings wrought upon to the highest, arose from the entire bar, and from the thronged galleries, without distinction of sect, or politics, or sex; for the court, and even the judgment seat, was thronged with ladies. It was taken up in the hall without, and found a gigantic echo in the crowded avenues to the court. It was so intense and so general, that neither the officers of the court, nor the judges attempted to check it.

Upon the present occasion, Mr. M'Donagh made an excellent lawyer-like speech. At any other time it would have attracted attention, but Sheil and Whiteside had rendered the public taste fastidious, and M'Donagh was consequently not listened to with the attention he deserved.

We now come to M. Henn.—There is no studied action about him as with Sheil. No bursts of declamation like Whiteside's or O'Hagan's, but stately, solemn, and condensed, he pours forth his thoughts in the finest and most nervous language, which gains ten-fold weight from the high character and spotless reputation of the speaker.—His speech was a short one—it scarcely consumed two hours; but, in that space, he compressed as much matter as would make a two day's speech for ordinary men.

O'Connell's speech was the last on the part of the traversers. He that had so often with matchless power pleaded for others, was now to speak in his own behalf. He was to raise his voice, for the last time, perhaps, in the scene of many a former triumph. No greater cause had ever been entrusted to his advocacy. He himself, and the Irish people who acknowledged him as their leader, were the parties accused, and the whole civilized world waited impatiently for his defence. He displayed his usual wisdom in his address. It was not a showy speech, but one to be read and studied. Those who foolishly expected to hear an impassioned and declamatory harangue, were sadly disappointed. He knew the men who were *empannelled* (we were going to use another word), to try him. He knew they personally disliked him. He defied them. He reminded them of what he had done against them and their order. He boasted to them, that he had achieved Catholic Emancipation, in spite of their opposition. That he had spent the best part of his life in endeavours to destroy the exclusive privileges of the old corporation of which most of them were members. He attempted to palliate no acts, to soften down no opinion he had ever uttered. He showed, that his first speech was made against the Union; that he had always protested against it. That he had offered to cease to agitate for it,

if the English Government would cease to be unjust to Ireland. He showed them how that offer had been rejected. He appealed from the verdict he knew they would pass against him there, to the decision of the civilized world and to posterity. "I struggle," says he, "to rescue the poor from poverty, and to give wages and employment to those now idle—to keep our gentry at home by an absentee tax, after the example of the government last year, if by no other means, and compel them to do their duty to their country. I leave the case to you. I deny that there is anything in it to stain me with conspiracy. I reject with contempt the appellation. I have acted in the open day, in presence of the government—in presence of the magistrates—nothing was secret, private, or concealed—there was nothing but what was exposed to the universal world. I have struggled for the restoration of the parliament to my native country. Others have succeeded in their endeavours, and some have failed; but, succeed or fail, it is a glorious struggle—it is a struggle to make the first land on earth possess that bounty and benefit which God and nature intended." (Cheers.) Never in any scene of his varied life did the great leader of the Irish people prove his fitness to maintain that position better than upon that memorable occasion.

The evidence on the part of the traversers was very short. They had scarcely any case to combat. The crown had admitted the greater part of what they had made preparations to prove.

The solicitor-general, Mr. Greene, replied for the crown in a very able, laborious, and judicious speech, contrasting very favourably with that of his leader. His conduct, during the entire trial, while it raised him in the estimation of his own party, left no feeling of acrimony on the minds of those opposed to him. He did his duty throughout like an able lawyer and an accomplished gentleman. He displayed neither the captious petulance of the attorney-general, nor the vulgar offensiveness of Mr. Brewster.

After listening to the chief-justice, and recollecting how the jury had been selected, one could scarcely doubt what would be the verdict. — Late on Saturday evening, the streets leading to the four courts were as densely crowded as men could pack together. Those who despaired of getting near the court, remained in sleepless suspense at home. Never was public curiosity more excited. Steamers were in the bay ready to convey the intelligence to England, and mounted messengers waited outside the gates to bring the news to distant parts of the country. Within the court all was anxiety and suspense. The most desponding would not relinquish all hopes till the issue-paper was handed down. At midnight the jury virtually, though not formally, gave in their verdict; — so far as they could, they stamped the brand of guilt on two thirds of the Irish people.

The motion for a new trial, and the bold and manly tone in which the counsel for the traversers — particularly Messrs. Whiteside, Henn, and O'Hagan—canvassed the charge of the chief-justice, are worthy of more than a passing notice.

The forms of law allowed, or rather compelled, the ardent prosecutors to pause for a space; weeks were passed without any move on either side. No sooner had the judges re-assembled, however, than a motion was made on the part of the Traversers for a new trial, on the ground, principally, of the fraudulent tampering with the panel, the reception of illegal evidence, and the one-sided charge of the Chief-Justice. It is not within the scope of our design, to enter into the arguments of the counsel on this motion; neither will we be guilty of the injustice of making extracts, where the entire should be read.

The new trial, was, of course, refused, Judge Perrin dissenting from his brethren. Would that he had been on this, and on other occasions during the trial, a little more firm and self-relying.

The last of the motions made on the Traversers' part, was the motion in arrest of judgment. — But all argument, and reasoning, and reference to authority, were in vain;— the court ruled every thing against the accused. — Like those judges, who in the sanguinary days of the criminal law, "emptied the gaols into the grave;" the Judges of the Queen's Bench appeared to side in all things with the prosecutor. It is ludicrous now to turn back to the judgments delivered upon this occasion, over-ruled as they are in almost every particular by the House of Lords.

The leaders of the Irish people were called to the bar of the Court of Queen's Bench as convicted conspirators. With cheek unblenched, and with haughty port, they entered the court. The moment they appeared, the bar—the Irish bar, to their eternal honour be it recorded—rose and gave them an enthusiastic greeting; Conservative and Radical, Catholic and Protestant, Repealer and Anti-Repealer, joined in the demonstration. It was only thus, that they could protest against the unjust sentence that was about to be recorded. Many of them hated O'Connell politically; some were indifferent; *all* felt that he had not got a fair trial.

The British House of Lords has judicially declared the whole proceedings in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, erroneous and fraudulent. Should not those weep who permitted that fraud, and who, when applied to, refused to remedy it?

The sentence was listened to by the Traversers without any apparent emotion. There were many anxious and eager whisperings through the court, as every one imparted his opinion of its severity to his neighbour. There was the profoundest silence however, as

Daniel O'Connell spoke the very few words he did speak in reply to that judgment and sentence. He knew that that was not the time or place to enter fully into the matter. Few therefore, and dignified, were his observations; they had the solemn earnestness of truth—" *It is now, my Lords, with great regret, that I express my painful conviction* THAT JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN DONE." The pent-up feelings of that crowded court, could be repressed no longer. A loud and long continued cheer spoke the assent of the auditory to the declaration of O'Connell—that indignant shout expressed the feelings with which that sentence was received all over the world.

On the evening, of the 30th of May 1844, the Irish Patriots left the Four Courts in custody of the Sheriff to be consigned to a dungeon. There was no tumult, no groaning, no apparent excitement, as they passed rapidly to the prison.—The people looked on in speechless horror.—It was an insult to Ireland which ages may not obliterate.—Had O'Connell wished it, the chivalry of England, would have found it no easy task to make him a prisoner.—He preached peace, however, and the most infirm tipstaff of the court would have formed a sufficient escort to the prison. Still the smoothness on the surface showed the depth of feeling beneath. The absence of all noisy ebullition only proved its intensity.

There was a final appeal to the House of Lords, but many thought it worse than mockery to test it; *so thought not O'Connell*. He resolved that no act or default of his should be construed into an acquiescence in such a great injustice.

Before this august tribunal the case of the Irish State Prisoners came to be argued. The Attorney-General for Ireland had called upon the Irish judges to fling the Traversers into a dungeon, before their appeal had been adjudicated upon. Let the decision of that tribunal be what it might, he was determined that the Traversers should be punished. A fine levied might be repaid; a recognizance might be cancelled; but the prisoner can never get back months spent in a dungeon. It must never be forgotten—*it never will be forgotten*—that the order of reversal of the House of Lords only reached the state prisoners after they had been for upwards of three months the inmates of a gaol—the companions of pickpockets and petty-larceners. Imprisonment for such a space at his advanced age, might have proved fatal to ordinary men; but O'Connell was no ordinary man. His body and mind seem equally adapted for his high position; and he left the Richmond Penitentiary with step as light and elastic as he entered it.

They had been falsely accused, foully convicted, and illegally punished in their own country, and by their own countrymen. They came to seek redress from the law lords of England, not as a

boon, but as a right. The government had closed the prison doors upon them, before their appeal could be heard; if they had not been thus precipitate, Daniel O'Connell could himself, once more, have stood at the bar of the House of Lords, and stated his own and his fellow-traversers' case.

Sir Thomas Wilde, the ex-Attorney-General of England, had been selected by O'Connell as his leading counsel in the lords.—

Sir Thomas Wilde occupied the place that the Irish people would have selected for their own countryman.—It is only justice to him to say, that he was worthy of being the national advocate; he threw his whole heart into the case. He brought the vast stores of his legal learning, and the blunt manliness of his thoroughly English character to bear upon it.

Upon Mr. Peacock devolved the task of grappling with some of the nicer and subtler legal points in the case. No one could manage them more adroitly.

To Mr. Hill's part in the division of professional labour, fell the argument of the traversers' challenge to the array, in consequence of the fraudulent tampering with the jury list. He argued it with great force and ability. That challenge signed "Coleman O'Loughlin" stands uncontradicted—admitted—on the files of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench—an eternal memorial of the corrupt administration of justice in Ireland.

Mr. Kelly closed the arguments on the part of the appellants. He powerfully and successfully attacked the entire frame-work of the indictment.

Sir William Follett, confessedly the most highly-gifted legal man of the English bar, opened the case for the crown. As Attorney-General for England, it was his duty to hold the shield over his Irish brother. What a revolting task must it not have been to him!

We shall not exhaust our space, nor weary our readers by going through the answers of the Judges; they all upheld the technical propriety of the judgment upon the minor points; but Baron Parke (admittedly the highest legal authority on the Bench in England) and Mr. Justice Coleman, differed from their brethren, and considered that certain counts of the indictment being bad, a sentence inflicted generally upon all, could not be supported.

Wednesday the fourth day of September 1844, will be a day long marked with white, in the annals of Ireland. Truly was it said by O'Connell, to have been the first occasion on which England had done justice to Ireland—full justice she could not do. She could not retall the imprisonment that had been unjustly and illegally inflicted; she could not wipe out the insult that had been offered to the country. But what could at that period be done, was done

by Lord Denman, with the sanction of Lords Cottenham and Campbell, and, what enhances the favour, against the wishes of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham.

Lord Denman's was a masterly exposition of the law of England. He rent asunder the small web of legal subtleties with which it was attempted to encumber the case. He took up the question of the packing of the jury, which none of the judges had attempted to grapple with; he exposed the fraud, and boldly stated that "if such practices as had taken place in the present instance in Ireland should continue, the trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." This was speaking as became the Lord Chief Justice of England; this was in the spirit of the old worthies of the law, whose motto was "fiat justitia ruat cœlum," "we will interpret the law as it was bequeathed to us, we leave the consequences to the Almighty." We will not do such an injustice as to attempt to abridge Lord Denman's judgment; every man should read it; it now forms part of the constitutional history of England: it will be an authority hereafter. No one has yet dared to gainsay it.

Lord Cottenham, the best chancellor of modern times, and Lord Campbell agreed with the Lord Chief Justice in reversing the judgment of the court below; and the majority of law lords being of that opinion, *the judgment was reversed*.

We pass over the attempt of some of the Tory lay lords to vote without either having heard, or being able if they had heard, to understand, the subject. Of course they would have asked what judgment would have kept O'Connell in gaol, and would have voted accordingly. Fortunately they were saved from such degradation.

We have already stated that the Irish people had borne with patience and in silence the imprisonment of O'Connell and his fellow sufferers. The news of their liberation, however, was not so calmly received. Fires blazed on every hill-top: men and women rushed into the thoroughfares to congratulate each other on the happy event; it brought gladness to every heart and home throughout the length and breadth of the land. As the day of their incarceration was a day of mourning, so the day of their deliverance was one of national rejoicing.

Saturday, the seventh of September, was fixed upon for the public exit of the prisoners from the Richmond Penitentiary. The procession was a glorious one. The trades of Dublin, with their banners, flags, and music, marched past the prison; next came the members of the corporation in their robes, and gentry innumerable in private carriages and on horseback; and lastly, in the majesty of their numbers—the People. In keeping with the other portions of the transaction, this procession was on the largest scale, and might ap-

appropriately be called a monster procession. Its vast tide of human life, as it poured along for miles from the prison towards the city, would have formed a fitting subject for one of Martin's pictures.

The scene in Dublin, as O'Connell and his son, Mr. John O'Connell, were conveyed through its crowded streets on the triumphal car, we will not, for in sooth we cannot, describe. Every window was crowded, and every voice was uplifted to welcome the prisoners back to their native city. No violence was offered to the person, to the property, or even to the feelings, of any one. The national heart was too full of joy to find room for resentment.

We have thus hurriedly brought to a close our review of this state prosecution. It entailed great expense upon the government and upon the traversers, or rather upon the nation that sustained them. It called forth talent, too, of the highest order, and opened the eyes of many to the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. It subjected the leaders of the Irish people to an ordeal that they passed through triumphantly. We do believe that it will not be without its happy results. All parties are beginning to see their own real interests. Fraud and villainy need only to be exposed, to be hated and abhorred. The legal annals will never again be sullied with the report of such a trial. The people of England have now, from the mouth of one whose testimony may not be gainsaid—the Lord Chief Justice of England—that the law is not fairly administered in Ireland; and that trial by jury, which in England is the great bulwark of freedom, the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the people, has degenerated in Ireland into “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” They will no longer then be surprised at the general discontent, and the monster meetings in Ireland. They will ask themselves, had such provocations been given in England, would they have been so calmly endured. The people of England would have had their monster meetings too, *but they would not have left their arms behind them.* The sun shines upon no people so grateful for benefits conferred, or so patient under long suffering, as the people of Ireland!

(Abridged from the DUBLIN REVIEW.)

FROM MR. SHEIL'S SPEECH,

IN DEFENCE OF MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.

The Right Hon. RICHARD LAWLOR SHEIL, opened the defence of the Traversers, on Saturday, by one of the most magnificent displays of forensic eloquence ever made in a court of justice, and which occupies a space of near fourteen columns of closely printed solid matter, and which took him five hours to deliver. We cannot avoid noticing the complete castigation inflicted, by this prince of orators, on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL who must have so writhed under the withering influence of such a philipic, as to have cursed his stars the day he had the audacity and temerity to charge the Great Liberator of Ireland, "my political benefactor—my deliverer," said Mr. SHEIL, with conspiracy, with sanguinary designs, with intent to subvert the laws of the realm and the peaceful order of society. He accuses the ATTORNEY-GENERAL with having stood with folded arms and with permitting the Agitation to proceed for nine whole months, for the purpose, as it were, of luring the nation and its great leader within the meshes of the law, that he might be able to obtain a celebrity with posterity by prosecuting to conviction, as he contemplated, a whole nation in the persons of their leaders, for deeds which he himself permitted them to do. Mr. Sheil rose and spoke to the following effect :

May it please your lordships, and gentlemen of the jury. The magnitude of this case is not capable of exaggeration, and I do not speak in the language of hyperbole when I say that the attention of the empire is directed to the court in which we are now assembled. How great is the trust reposed in you, and how great is the task which I have undertaken to perform ; and conscious of its magnitude, I have risen to address you, undismayed, but not unmoved, indeed ; for at this moment, how many of the incidents of my own political life come back upon me, when I look upon my great political benefactor, my deliverer, and my friend ; but of the emotion by which I acknowledge myself to be profoundly stirred, although I will not permit myself to be subdued by it, solicitude

forms no part. I have great reliance upon you—upon the ascendancy of principle over prejudice in your minds. My confidence is derived, not from any overweening estimate of my own faculties, but from a thorough conviction of the innocence of my client. I know—and I appear in some part not only as an advocate but as a witness before you—I know him to be innocent of the misdeeds laid to his charge. The son and the father are in all political regards the same;—the same blood flows through their veins—the same feelings circulate through their hearts;—and with the father I have toiled in no dishonourable companionship for more than half my life, in that great work which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the spirit of peace—in the spirit of peace it was carried out—and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation. I am acquainted with every feature of his character, with his thoughts, hopes, fears, aspirations. I have—if I may venture so to say—a full cognizance of every pulsation of his heart. I know that from the sanguinary misdeeds imputed to him he shrinks with abhorrence.—It is this persuasion which will sustain me in the midst of the exhaustion incidental to this lengthened trial—will enable me to overcome the illness under which I am at this moment labouring—will raise me to the height of this great argument, and lift me to a level with the lofty topics which I shall have occasion to treat in resisting a prosecution to which in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in this country no parallel can be found. Gentlemen, the Attorney-General, in a statement of eleven or twelve hours' duration, read a long series of extracts from speeches and publications, extending over a period of nearly nine months. At the termination of every passage which was cited by him, he gave utterance to expressions of strong

resentment against the men by whom sentiments so noxious were circulated, in the most envenomed language. If, gentlemen of the jury, his anger was not simulated; if his indignation was not merely official; if he spoke as he felt, how does it come to pass that no single step was ever taken by him for the purpose of arresting the progress of an evil represented by him to be so calamitous? He told you that the country was traversed by incendiaries who set fire to the passions of the people; the whole fabric of society, according to the Attorney-General, has been in a blaze for the last nine months; wherefore, then, did he stand with folded arms to gaze at the conflagration?

Is there not too much reason to think that a project was formed, or rather that a plot was concocted, to decoy and ensnare the traversers, and that a connivance, amounting almost to sanction, was deliberately adopted as a part of the policy of the government, in order to betray the traversers into indiscretions of which advantage was in due time to be taken? I have heard it said that it was criminal to tell the people to "bide their time;" but is the government to "bide its time" in order to turn popular excitement to a useful official account? The public prosecutor who gives an indirect encouragement to agitation, in order that he may afterwards more effectually fall upon it, bears some moral affinity to the informer who provokes the crime from whose denunciation his ignominious livelihood is derived. Has the Attorney-General adopted a course worthy of his great office—worthy of the ostensible head of the Irish bar, and the representative of its interests in the House of Commons? Is it befitting that the successor of Saurin, and of Plunket, who should keep "watch and ward" from his high station over the public safety, should descend to the performance of functions worthy only of a commissary of the French police; and in place of

being the sentinel, should become the "artful dodger" of the state (applause)?

A prosecution was not instituted against the great conspirators of 1782. The English minister had been taught in the struggles between England and her colonies a lesson from adversity. In reading the history of that time, and in tracing the gradual descent of England from the tone of despotic dictation to the reluctant acknowledgment of disaster, and to the ignominious confession of defeat, how many painful considerations are presented to us! If in time—if the English minister in time had listened to the eloquent warnings of Chatham, or to the still more oracular admonitions of Edmund Burke, what a world of woe would have been avoided! By some fatality England was first dementated, and then all was lost. Her repentance followed her perdition. The colonies were lost; but Ireland was saved by the timely recognition of the great principle on which her independence was founded. No Attorney-General was found bold enough to prosecute Flood and Grattan for a conspiracy. With what scorn would twelve Irishmen have repudiated the presumptuous functionary by whom such an enterprise should have been attempted. Irishmen then felt that they had a country; they acted under the influence of that instinct of nationality, which, for his providential purposes, the Author of Nature has implanted in us. We were then a nation—we were not broken into fragments by those dissensions by which we are at once enfeebled and degraded.—If we were eight millions of Protestants should we be used as we are? Should we see every office of dignity and emolument in this country filled by the natives of the sister island? Should we see the just expenditure requisite for the improvement of our country denied? Should we see the quit and crown rents of Ireland applied to the improvement of Charing Cross or Windsor Castle? Should we submit to

the odious distinctions between Englishmen and Irishmen introduced into almost every act of legislation? Should we bear with an arms bill, by which the bill of rights is set at nought? Should we brook the misapplication of a poor law? Should we allow the parliament to proceed as if we had not a voice in the legislature? Should we submit to our present inadequate representation? Should we allow a new tariff to be introduced, without giving us the slightest equivalent for the manifest loss we have sustained? And should we not peremptorily require that the imperial parliament should hold a periodical sessions for the transaction of Irish business in the metropolis of a powerful, and, as it then would be, an undivided country? But we are prevented by our wretched religious distinctions from co-operating for a single object by which the honour and the substantial interests of our country can be promoted. Fatal, disastrous, detestable distinctions! — detestable, because they were not only repugnant to the genuine spirit of Christianity, and substitute for the charities of religion the rancorous antipathies of sect; but because they practically reduce us to a colonial dependency, make the Union a name, convert a nation into an appurtenance, and make us the commiseration of the world. Ireland is the only country in Europe in which abominable distinctions between Protestant and Catholic are permitted to continue. In Germany, where Luther translated the Scriptures; in France, where Calvin wrote the Institutes; aye, in the land of the Dragonades and the St. Bartholomews; in the land from whence the forefathers of one of the judicial functionaries of this court, and the first ministerial officer of this court, were barbarously driven — the mutual wrongs done by Catholic and Protestant are forgiven and forgotten, while we, madmen that we are, arrayed by that fell fanaticism which, driven from every other country in Europe, has found a refuge here, preci-

pitate ourselves upon each other in those encounters of sectarian ferocity in which our country, bleeding and lacerated, is trodden under foot. We convert the island that ought to be one of the most fortunate in the sea into a receptacle of degradation and of suffering; counteract the designs of Providence, and enter into a conspiracy for the frustration of the beneficent designs of God.

(The delivery of this passage elicited a general burst of applause.)

A charge of conspiracy against Mr. O'CONNELL, a few members of the Association and three Radical newspapers, in all of whose sayings and doings the whole nation participated and concurred—the thing is absurd! As well might an indictment for conspiracy be drawn up against the leaders in the great struggle for Catholic Emancipation in 1828 and 1829, for, said Mr. SHEIL:

Does it not occur to you that if the present indictment for a conspiracy can be sustained, an indictment for a conspiracy might have been just as reasonably preferred against the men who had associated themselves for the attainment of Catholic Emancipation? There is not a count in this indictment which, by the substitution of “Catholic Emancipation” for “Repeal,” might not have been made applicable to the great struggle of the Irish Catholics in 1828 and 1829. Money was collected by the Catholic Association. In America, and more especially in Canada, strong sympathy for Catholic Ireland was expressed. In the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Chateaubriand adverted to the state of Ireland in the language of minacious intimidation. Enormous assemblages were held in the south of Ireland; but more especially in the county of Kilkenny. Speeches were delivered by Mr. O'Connell and by others fully as inflammatory as any which have been read to you. Yes; what would have been thought of an indictment for a conspiracy against Mr. O'Connell.

Have a care how you make a precedent in favour of such

an indictment. During the last nine months, the Attorney-General had ample opportunities, if his own statement be well founded, of instituting prosecutions against individuals for what they themselves had written or done. In this proceeding, whose tardiness indicates its intent, you will not, I feel confident, become his auxiliaries. A coercion bill, if the repeal of the union is to be put down, would be preferable, for it operates as a temporary suspension of liberty, but the effects of a verdict are permanently deleterious. The doctrine of conspiracy may be applied to every combination of every kind. It is directed against the Repeal Association to-day : it may be levelled against the Anti-Corn Law League to-morrow. In one word, every political society, no matter how diversified their objects, or how different their constitution, is within its reach. The Catholic question having been considered, the Tories were put out by a conspiracy formed amongst themselves. The Whigs come in, and the reform bill is carried—how? A hundred and fifty thousand men assemble at Birmingham, and threaten to advance on London—a resolution not to pay taxes is passed and applauded by Lord Fitzwilliam.—Lord John Russell and Lord Althorpe became the correspondents of the Birmingham Union.—Cumber is reduced to ashes : Bristol is set on fire : the peers resist, and the Whig cabinet, with one voice, exclaims, “swamp the House of Lords!”—And who are the men—the bold, audacious men—conspirators, indeed ! who embark in an enterprise so fearful, and which could be only accomplished by such fearful means? You will answer, Lord Grey? Yes. Lord J. Russell? To be sure. Lord Althorpe? No doubt about it. But is our list exhausted? Do you remember Mr. Hatchell asking Mr. Ross, “Pray, Mr. Ross, have you any acquaintance with Sir James Graham?”—It is not wonderful that the Attorney-General should

have started up and thrown his buckler over the secretary of the home department. Sir James Graham has Ireland under his control. From the Home-office his prosecution directly emanates. Gamblers denounce vice—drunkards denounce debauch—against immoralities let libertines revile. When Graham complains of agitation, his change of opinion may, for aught I know, be serious; nor have I from motives of partisanship the slightest desire, especially behind his back, to assail him; I will even go so far, for the sake of argument, to admit that his conversion may have been disinterested; but I do say, that he is, of all men, the last under whose auspices a prosecution of this character ought to be carried on. The reform bill becomes the law of the land—the parliament is dissolved, and a new parliament is summoned and called together under the reform bill—and the very first measure adopted in that reformed parliament is a coercion bill for Ireland.

Gentlemen, I do not believe that a single witness was produced by the crown to prove that by the great assemblies which took place within the last nine months the slightest apprehension was created. But the attorney-general himself admits the fact, for he does not indict Mr. O'Connell for breaking the peace, but for a conspiracy to keep it. Let us pass to the proclamation. The commentaries of Mr. O'Connell upon the remarkable fact, that that proclamation was delayed until the day before the meeting was to take place, although notice for that meeting had been given for three weeks, are most deserving of your consideration.

A proclamation issues : it is at once obeyed. Mr. O'Connell had long before declared that a proclamation should be obeyed.—There was an end, therefore, to these monster meetings.—For what purpose, then, did the crown institute this prosecution? The bills are found; the traversers apply for the names of the witnesses on the back

of the indictment. One of the judges declared he thought it matter of right; another of the judges intimated his opinion that it would be advisable for the crown to furnish the list within a reasonable time. From that day to this the list has never been given. The list of jurors is drawn by ballot : there are eleven Catholics upon it. They are struck off.—The trial comes on. A challenge is put in to the array, upon this ground that one-tenth, or very nearly one-tenth of the jury list, was suppressed.—One of the court expresses an opinion that the challenge is a good one. His brethren differ from him ; but when in a trial at bar, at the instance of the crown, one of the judges gives an intimation so unequivocal as to the construction of the jury list, perhaps it would have been more advisable for the crown to have discharged the order for a special jury, and to have directed the high sheriff of the city to have returned a panel.

With regard to Mr. O'Connell's alleged mistake respecting the power of the crown to issue writs—what is it, after all, but a project for swamping the House of Commons, analogous to that of Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley for swamping the House of Lords : the plain truth is this—the sovereign has the abstract right to create new boroughs,—but the exercise of that right might be regarded as inconsistent with the principles of the constitution. Lord Denman and one of his late Majesty's law advisers in the House of Commons distinctly asserted the right to issue writs ; and although that opinion was reprehended by Sir Charles Wetherall, I believe that of its being strict law there can be little doubt. But the real question between the attorney-general and the traversers, and the only one to which you will be disposed to pay much regard, was raised by the attorney-general when he said that there existed a dangerous conspiracy, of which the object was to prepare the great body of the people to rise

at a signal and to erect a sanguinary republic, of which Daniel O'Connell should be the head. Gentlemen, how do men proceed who engage in a guilty enterprise of this kind? They bind each other by solemn oaths. They are sworn to secrecy, to silence, to deeds, or to death. They associate superstition with atrocity, and heaven is invoked by them to ratify the covenants of hell. They fix a day, an hour, and hold their assemblages in the midst of darkness and of solitude, and verify the exclamation of the conspirators in the language of the great observer of our nature—

“ Oh Conspiracy,

Where wilt thou find a cover dark enough

To hide thy monstrous visage? ”

How have the Repeal conspirators proceeded? Every one of their assemblages has been open to the public. For a shilling, all they said, or did, or thought, was known to the government. Every thing was laid bare, and naked to the public eye. No oaths, no declarations; no initiation, no form of any kind was resorted to. They did not even act together. Mr. Duffy, proprietor of the *Nation*, did not attend a single meeting in the country. My client attended only three; Mr. Tierney, the priest, attended no more than one. It would have been more manly on the part of the attorney-general to have indicted Dr. M'Hale or Dr. Higgins. He spoke of Dr. Higgins, but thought it more prudent not to include him in the indictment. Gentlemen, an enormous mass of speeches delivered by Mr. O'Connell within the last nine months, has been laid before you. I think, however, you will come to the conclusion, that they are nothing more than a repetition of the opinions which he expressed in 1810; and when you come to consider them in detail, you will, I am sure, be convinced that these speeches were not merely interspersed with references to peace and order, with a view to es-

cape from the law, but, that there was through the entire mass of thought that came from the mind of Mr. O'Connell a pervading love of order, and an unaffected sentiment of abhorrence for employment of any other than loyal, constitutional, and pacific means for the attainment of his object. He attaches fully as much importance to the means as to the end. He declares that he would not purchase the Repeal of the Union at the cost of one drop of blood. He announces that the moment the government calls upon him to disperse his meetings, these meetings shall be dispersed.—

I think I may fearlessly assert that of the charges against him—his life affords the refutation. A man cannot wear the mask of loyalty for forty-four years. However skillfully constructed, the vizard will sometimes drop off, and the natural truculence, the genuine features of the conspirator must be disclosed. You may have heard many references made to the year 1798, and several stanzas of a long poem have been read to you, in order to fasten them on Mr. O'Connell. It was in 1798 that the celebrated man was called to the bar, who is destined to play a part so conspicuous on the theatre of the world. He was in the bloom of youth—in the full flush of life—the blood bounded in his veins, and in a frame full of vigour was embodied an equally elastic and athletic mind. He was in that season of life, when men are most disposed to high and daring adventure. He had come from those rocks and mountains, of which a description so striking has appeared in the reports of the speeches which have been read to you. He had listened, as he says, to the great Atlantic, whose surge rolls unbroken from the coast of Labrador. He carried enthusiasm to romance; and of the impressions which great events are calculated to make upon minds like his, he was peculiarly susceptible. He was unwedded. He had given no hostages to the state. The conservative affec-

tions had not tied their ligaments, tender, but indissoluble, about his heart. There was at that time an enterprise on foot—guilty, and deeply guilty, indeed, but not wholly hopeless. The peaks that overhung the Bay of Bantry were accessible from Nenagh Hill. What post was taken in that daring adventure by the conspirator of '99? Grattan was suspected. He and others were designated as traitors unimpeached; but on the name of Daniel O'Connell a conjecture never lighted. And can you bring yourselves to believe that the man who turned with abhorrence from the conjuration of 1798 would now, in an old age, which he himself has called not premature, engage in an insane undertaking, in which his own life, and the lives of those who are dearer to him than himself; and the lives of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, would, beyond all doubt, be sacrificed? Can you bring yourselves to believe that he would blast all the laurels, which it is his boast that he has won without the effusion of a single drop of blood—that he would drench the land of his birth, of his affections, and of his redemption, in a deluge of profitless blood, and that he would lay prostrate that great moral movement, which he has raised so high that it is visible from the remotest region of the world? What he was in 1798 he is in 1844. Do you believe that the man who aimed at a revolution would repudiate French assistance. Do you think that the man who aimed at revolution, would hold forth to the detestation of the world the infamous slavery by which the great transatlantic republic, to her everlasting shame, permits herself to be degraded? or, to come nearer home, do you think that the man who aimed at revolution would have indignantly repudiated the proffered junction with the English Chartists? Had a combination been effected between the Chartists and the Repealers, it would have been more than formidable. At the head of that combination in England was Mr. Feargus O'Connor, once the associate and

the friend of Daniel O'Connell. The entire of the lower orders in the North of England were enrolled in a powerful organisation. A league between the Repealers and the Chartists might have been at once effected. Chartism uses its utmost and its most clandestine efforts to find its way into this country. O'Connell detects and crushes it. Of the charges preferred against him, am I not right when I exclaim that his life contains the refutation? To the charge that Mr. O'Connell and his son conspired to excite animosity amongst her Majesty's subjects, the last observation that I have made to you is more peculiarly applicable. Gentlemen, Mr. O'Connell and his co-religionists have been made the objects of the fiercest and the coarsest scrutiny of the entire of the speeches put before you, to detect a single expression—one solitary phrase—which reflects in the remotest degree upon the Protestant religion. Gentlemen, the religion of Mr. O'Connell teaches him two things—charity towards those who dissent from him in doctrine and forgiveness of those who do him wrong.

The right honourable gentleman's speech carries with it throughout its own commentary, and winds up with an address to the jury, the most pathetic and soul-touching we have ever read, calling upon them, in the name and for the sake of their common country, themselves and their children, for the acquittal of men who are innocent of the nefarious designs so unwarrantably and unjustly laid to their charge.

You may deprive him of his liberty—you may shut him out from the light of nature—you may inter him in a dungeon, to which a ray of the sun never yet descended; but you never will take away from him the consciousness of having done a good and noble action. If we have lost our representation in the parliament, let us behold it in the jury-box, and that you participate in feelings of millions of your countrymen—let your verdict afford a proof. But it is not to Ireland that the aching solicitude with

which the result of this trial is intently watched will be confined. There is not a great city in Europe in which, upon the day when the great intelligence shall be expected to arrive, men will not stop each other in the public way, and inquire whether twelve men upon their oaths have doomed to incarceration the man who gave liberty to Ireland? Whatever may be your adjudication he is ready to meet it. He knows that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that posterity—whether in a gaol or out of it—will look back to him with admiration. He is almost indifferent to what may befall him, and is far more solicitous for others at this moment than himself. But I—at the commencement of what I have said to you—I told you that I was not unmoved, and that many incidents of my political life,—the strange alterations of fortune through which I have passed,—came back upon me. But now the bare possibility at which I have glanced has, I acknowledge, almost unmanned me. Shall I, who stretch out to you in behalf of the son the hand whose fetters the father had struck off, live to cast my eyes upon that domicile of sorrow, in the vicinity of this great metropolis, and say: “ ’Tis there they have immured the Liberator of Ireland with his fondest and best-beloved child?” No! it shall never be! You will not consign him to the spot to which the Attorney-General invites you to surrender him. No. When the spring shall have come again and the winter shall have passed—when the spring shall have come again, it is not through the windows of this mansion that the father of such a son, and the son of such a father, shall look upon those green hills on which the eyes of so many a captive have gazed so wistfully in vain; but in their own mountain home again, they shall listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the mountain air together; “ they shall be free of mountain solitude;” they will be encompassed with

the loftiest images of liberty upon every side; and, if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's knee, or impaired the firmness of his thread, he shall lean on the child of her that watches over him from heaven, and shall look out from some high place far and wide into the island, whose greatness and whose glory shall be ever associated with his name. In your love of justice—in your love of Ireland—in your love of honesty and fair play—I place my confidence. I ask you for an acquittal, not only for the sake of your country, but for your own. Upon the day when this trial shall have been brought to a termination, when amidst the burst of public expectancy, in answer to the solemn interrogatory which shall be put to you by the officer of the court, you shall answer, “not guilty,” with what a transport will that glorious negative be welcomed! How will you be blest, adored, worshipped;—and when retiring from this scene of excitement and of passion, you shall return to your own tranquil homes, how pleasurable will you look upon your children, in the consciousness that you will have left them a patrimony of peace, by impressing upon the British cabinet, that some other measure besides a state prosecution is necessary for the pacification of your country.

(At the conclusion of the right honourable gentleman's Speech, Mr. O'Connell appeared to be much affected, and on Mr. Sheil's resuming his seat, shook the honourable and learned gentleman warmly by the hand. There was an ebullition of cheering, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of approbation, indescribable, and which lasted for several minutes. Numbers were seen to shed tears copiously, and to be very much affected.)

CHARACTER OF TIMOUR, OR TAMERLANE.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the East and West : the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of his bitterest enemies.

Timour might boast, that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the east to the west. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion. The four following observations will serve to appreciate his claim to the public gratitude; and perhaps we shall conclude that the the founder of the Mogul empire was rather the scourge than the benefactor of mankind. 1. If some partial disorders, some local oppressions, were healed by the sword of Timour, the remedy far more was pernicious than the disease. By their rapine, cruelty, and discord, the petty tyrants of Persia might afflict their subjects, but whole nations were crushed under the footsteps of the reformer. The ground which had been occupied by flourishing cities was often marked by his abominable trophies, by columns or pyramids of human heads. Astracan, Carizme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Boursa, Smyrna, and a thousand others, were sacked, or burnt, or utterly destroyed, in his presence and by his troops : and perhaps his conscience would have been startled if a priest or philosopher had dared to number the millions of victims whom he had sacrificed to the establishment of peace and order. 2. His most destructive wars were rather inroads than conquests. He invaded Turkestan, Kipzac, Russia, Hindostan, Syria, Anatolia, Armenia, and Georgia, without a hope or a desire of preserving those provinces. From thence he

departed laden with spoil; but he left behind him neither troops to overawe the contumacious, nor magistrates to protect the obedient natives. — He abandoned them to the evils which his invasion had aggravated or caused; nor were those evils compensated by any present or possible benefits. 3. The kingdoms of Transoxiana and Persia were the proper field which he laboured to cultivate and adorn, as the perpetual inheritance of his family. But his peaceful labours were often interrupted, and sometimes blasted, by the absence of the conqueror. While he triumphed on the Volga or the Ganges, his servants, and even his sons, forgot their master and their duty. The public and private injuries were poorly redressed by the tardy vigour of inquiry and punishment; and we must be content to praise the ‘Institutions’ of Timour as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy. 4. Whatever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than govern, was the ambition of his children and grandchildren; the enemies of each other and of the people*.

GIBBON.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.

Every British name is effaced by the illustrious name of ARTHUR, the hereditary prince of the Silures, in South Wales, and the elective king or general of the nation. According to the most rational account, he defeated, in twelve successive battles, the Angles of the North, and the Saxons of the West; but the declining age of the hero was embittered by popular ingratitude, and domestic misfortunes. The events of his life are less interesting, than the singular revolutions of his fame. During a

* The realms, once ruled by the HOUSE OF TIMOUR, now bow beneath the sceptre of Great Britain.

period of five hundred years the tradition of his exploits was preserved, and rudely embellished, by the obscure Bards of Wales and Armorica, who were odious to the Saxons, and unknown to the rest of mankind. The pride and curiosity of the Norman conquerors, prompted them to inquire into the ancient history of Britain: they listened with fond credulity to the tale of Arthur, and eagerly applauded the merit of a prince, who had triumphed over the Saxons, their common enemies. His romance, transcribed in the Latin of Jeoffry of Monmouth, and afterwards translated into the fashionable idiom of the times, was enriched with the various, though incoherent, ornaments, which were familiar to the experience, the learning, or the fancy, of the twelfth century. The progress of a Phrygian colony, from the Tyber to the Thames, was easily engrafted on the fable of the *Æneid*; and the royal ancestors of Arthur derived their origin from Troy, and claimed their alliance with the Cæsars. His trophies were decorated with captive provinces, and imperial titles; and his Danish victories avenged the recent injuries of his country. The gallantry and superstition of the British hero, his feasts and tournaments, and the memorable institution of his Knights of the *Round Table*, were faithfully copied from the reigning manners of Chivalry; and the fabulous exploits of Uther's son appear less incredible, than the adventures which were achieved by the enterprising valour of the Normans. Pilgrimage, and the holy wars, introduced into Europe the spacious miracles of Arabian magic. Fairies, and giants, flying dragons, and enchanted palaces, were blended with the more simple fictions of the West; and the fate of Britain depended on the art, or the predictions, of *Merlin*. Every nation embraced and adorned the popular romance of Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table. Their names were celebrated in Greece and Italy;

and the voluminous tales of sir Lancelot and sir Tristram were devoutly studied by the princes and nobles, who disregarded the genuine heroes and historians of antiquity.

GIBBON.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT*.

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems indeed to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perse-

* This accomplished prince ascended the throne of England in 872, in the 22nd year of his age. During a glorious reign of 27 years, he fought fifty-six battles both by sea and land against the Danes. In 877, he was obliged to disguise himself in the habit of a shepherd, in an island of Somersetshire, till, after having reconnoitred the enemy's camp disguised in the habit of a harper, and having collected his nobles, he defeated the Danes and obliged the greatest part of their army to quit the island. After Alfred had repressed the incursions of the Danes, he divided the kingdom into counties, hundreds and tithings; he framed a body of laws which still operate under the name of the *common law*, and established trials by juries. Alfred excelled all his contemporaries in general literature, composed several works still extant, invited learned foreigners to his court, admitted none into office unless they were learned, restored the university of Oxford, rebuilt and restored every monastery in his dominions. The last will of this truly patriotic king contains this ever-memorable sentiment: "*It is just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts.*"

verance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted. HUME.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur, for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not

insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe, but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government; they were ill calculated for softening the rigours, which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last enterprise of this kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, has fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63. HUME.

CHARACTER OF RICHARD I. COEUR DE LION.

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man even in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the Lion-Hearted, *Cœur de Lion*. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and

violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur, by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war, against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. HUME.

ANOTHER CHARACTER OF RICHARD I.

To a degree of muscular strength, which falls to the lot of few, Richard added a mind incapable of fear. Hence in the ancient annalists he towers as a warrior above all his contemporaries. Nor was this pre-eminence conceded to him by the Christians alone. Even a century after his death his name was employed by the Saracen cavalier to chide his horse, and by the Saracen mother to terrify her children. But when we have given him the praise

of valour, his panegyric is finished. His laurels were steeped in blood, and his victories purchased with the impoverishment of his people. . . . LINGARD.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION AND CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

In many respects, a striking parallel presents itself between this ancient king of England and Charles XII. of Sweden. They were both inordinately desirous of war, and rather generals than kings. Both were rather fond of glory, than ambitious of empire. Both of them made and deposed sovereigns. They both carried on their wars at a distance from home. They were both made prisoners by a friend and ally. They were both reduced by an adversary inferior in war, but above them in the arts of rule. After spending their lives in remote adventures, both perished at last near home, in enterprises not suited to the splendour of their former exploits. Both died childless; and both, by the neglect of their affairs, and the severity of their government, gave their subjects provocation and encouragement to revive their freedom. In all these respects the two characters were alike; but Richard fell as much short of the Swedish hero in temperance, chastity, and equality of mind, as he exceeded him in wit and eloquence. Some of his sayings are the most spirited that we find in that time; and some of his verses remain, which, in a barbarous age, might have passed for poetry.

CHARACTER OF EDWARD I.

The enterprises finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent, and more regularly con-

ducted, and more advantageous to the solid interest of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprise may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprise. He was frugal in all expenses that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years. HUME.

CHARACTER OF EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also,

which occurs in the annals of the nation.

His domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories ; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity than she had been blessed with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness; he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined, to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous : and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country, and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince. Died 21st of June, 1377, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign.

HUME.

ANOTHER CHARACTER OF EDWARD III.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

SMOLLETT.

CHARACTER OF HENRY V.

The splendour which conquest threw round the person of Henry during his life, still adheres to his memory four centuries after his death. But he was not only a warrior; he was also a statesman. The praise of constitutional courage he may share with many of his predecessors : he surpassed most of them in the skill with which he fomented the dissensions among his antagonists, and improved

to the best advantage the unexpected events which chequered the busy scene of French politics. . . Continually engaged in war, he had little leisure to discharge the duties of a legislator; but he has been commended for his care to enforce the equal administration of justice, and was beloved by the lower classes both in France and England, for the protection which he afforded them against the oppression of their superiors. To those, who served him, if he were a stern, he was also a bountiful master; and though he punished severely, he rewarded with munificence. By military men he was beloved and adored: and the officers of the army in France resolved to prove the sincerity of that attachment which they professed for him while living, by the extraordinary pomp with which they paid the last duties to his remains.

On the funeral car, and under a rich canopy of silk, was placed a bed of crimson and gold, on which reposed the effigy of the king in his robes, with a crown of gold on the head, the sceptre in the right hand, and the globe and cross in the left. It was preceded and followed by five hundred knights and esquires in black armour, with their spears reversed. Around the corpse walked three hundred torch-bearers, intermixed with persons bearing achievements, banners, and pennons. The clergy of every district, through which the procession passed, were arranged in lines on each side; and behind rode the nobility, the princes of the blood, and the king of Scots as chief mourner. After these, at the distance of a league, followed queen Catharine with a numerous retinue. In this manner the body of the king was conveyed to Paris and Rouen, where it lay in state; and from Rouen by short journeys to Calais, where a fleet was in waiting to transport it to England. As the procession approached the metropolis, it was met by the bishops, the mitred abbots, and the clergy; and the obsequies were performed, in

presence of the whole parliament, first in St. Paul's, and then in Westminster abbey. The corpse was interred near the shrine of Edward the Confessor : and the tomb was long visited by the people with sentiments of veneration and regret. LINGARD.

CHARACTER OF LORD FALKLAND.

In this unhappy battle (of Newbury, in 1643) was slain Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord deputy.

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men ; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts, which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons ; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them.

The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusion, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both houses, no man more opposed those attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble by reason and argumentation. . . .

In his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer: so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon a vehement course of study, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and

sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word "Peace, peace;" and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart."

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket.

Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency; whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

LORD CLARENDON.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

To form a just estimate of the character of Henry, we must distinguish between the young king, guided by the counsels of Wolsey, and the monarch of more mature age governing by his own judgment, and with the aid of ministers selected and fashioned by himself. In his youth, the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise, were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid; a succession of amusements seemed to absorb his attention: yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties; he assisted at the council, perused the despatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors: nor

did the minister, trusted and powerful as he was, dare to act, till he had asked the opinion, and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study : and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he conferred promotion in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father, was perhaps a misfortune; because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the crown : and the soundness of his politics may be doubted, which under the pretence of supporting the balance of power, repeatedly involved the nation in continental hostilities. Yet even these errors served to throw a lustre round the English throne, and raised its possessor in the eyes of his own subjects and of the different nations of Europe. But as the king advanced in age, his vices gradually developed themselves: after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint. He became as rapacious as he was prodigal : as obstinate as he was capricious : as fickle in his friendships, as he was merciless in his resentments. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others; acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion; and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and to obey were the great, the paramount duties of subjects : and this persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

When he ascended the throne, there still existed a spirit of freedom, which on more than one occasion defeated the arbitrary measures of the court, though directed by an able minister, and supported by the authority of the sovereign:

but in the lapse of a few years that spirit had fled, and before the death of Henry, the king of England had grown into a despot, the people had shrunk into a nation of slaves. The causes of this important change in the relations between the sovereign and his subjects, may be found not so much in the abilities or passions of the former, as in the obsequiousness of his parliaments, the assumption of the ecclesiastical supremacy, and the servility of the two religious parties which divided the nation. LINGARD.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES V.

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers;

and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I., had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war and such talents for command as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their

power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory: and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing a universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy, this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventured on such deviations from integrity as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and

Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

ROBERTSON.

THE CHARACTER OF FRANCIS I.

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS ON HIS RIVALSHIP WITH CHARLES V.

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalry subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascen-

dant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of greater extent, the French king's lay more compact : Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power ; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address : the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising ; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage ; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness ; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was universally influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best laid schemes ; Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war, or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him ; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue : many of

the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking : Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings ; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride, affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at

acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly; he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed as a

man have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, than have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but less amiable rival.

ROBERTSON.

CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH.

In the judgment of her contemporaries, and that judgment has been ratified by the consent of posterity, Elizabeth was numbered among the greatest and the most fortunate of our princes. The tranquillity, which, during a reign of nearly half a century, she maintained within her dominions, while the neighbouring nations were convulsed with intestine dissensions, was taken as a proof of the wisdom or the vigour of her government : and her successful resistance against the Spanish monarch, the many injuries which she inflicted on that lord of so many kingdoms, and the spirit displayed by her fleets and armies, in expeditions to France and the Netherlands, to Spain, to the West and even to the East Indies, served to give to the world an exalted notion of her military and naval power.

The spirit of commercial enterprise, which had revived in the reign of Mary, had been carefully fostered in that of Elizabeth, by the patronage of the sovereign, and the co-operation of the great. Its benefits were not confined to the trading and sea-faring classes, the two interests more immediately concerned. It gave a new tone to the public mind : it diffused a new energy through all ranks of men. Their views became expanded : their powers were called into action ; and the example of successful adventure furnished a powerful stimulus to the talent and industry of the nation. Men in every profession

looked forward to wealth and independence: all were eager to start in the race of improvement.

The system of foreign policy adopted by the ministers, a policy, indeed, which it may be difficult to reconcile with honesty and good faith, in the result, proved eminently successful. The reader has seen them perpetually on the watch to sow the seeds of dissension, to foment the spirit of resistance, and to aid the efforts of rebellion, in the neighbouring nations. In Scotland the authority of the crown was almost annihilated; France was reduced to an unexampled state of anarchy, poverty, and distress; and Spain beheld with dismay her wealth continually absorbed, and her armies annually perishing, among the dikes and sand-banks of the Low Countries. The depression of these powers, if not a positive, was a relative benefit. As other princes descended, the English queen appeared to rise on the scale of reputation and power.

In what proportion the merit or demerit of these and of other measures should be shared between Elizabeth and her counsellors, it is impossible to determine. Sometimes, after a long struggle, they submitted to her wisdom or obstinacy: sometimes she was terrified or seduced into the surrender of her own opinion: generally a compromise was effected by mutual concessions. This appears to have happened on most debates of importance, and particularly with respect to the treatment of the unfortunate queen of Scots. Elizabeth may perhaps have dissembled: she may have been actuated by jealousy or hatred: but, if we condemn, we should also remember the arts and frauds of the men by whom she was surrounded, the false information which they supplied, the imaginary dangers which they created, and the despatches which they dictated in England to be forwarded to the queen through the ambassadors in foreign courts, as the result of their own judgment and observation. . . .

An intelligent foreigner had described Elizabeth, while she was yet a subject, as haughty and overbearing : on the throne she was careful to display that notion of her own importance, that contempt of all beneath her, and that courage in the time of danger, which were characteristic of the Tudors. She seemed to have forgotten that she ever had a mother; but was proud to remind both herself and others that she was the daughter of a powerful monarch, of Henry VIII. On occasions of ceremony she appeared in all her splendour, accompanied by the great officers of state, and with a numerous retinue of lords and ladies dressed in their most gorgeous apparel. In reading the accounts of her court, we may sometimes fancy ourselves transported into the palace of an eastern princess. When Hentzner saw her, she was proceeding on a Sunday from her own apartment to the chapel. First appeared a number of gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the garter; then came the chancellor with the seals, between two lords carrying the sceptre and the sword. Elizabeth followed; and wherever she cast her eyes, the spectators instantly fell on their knees. She was then in her sixty-fifth year. She wore false hair of a red colour, surmounted with a crown of gold. The wrinkles of age were imprinted on her face; her eyes were small, her teeth black, her nose prominent. The collar of the garter hung from her neck; and her bosom was uncovered, as became an unmarried queen. Behind her followed a long train of young ladies dressed in white; and on each side stood a line of gentlemen pensioners, with their gilt battle-axes, in splendid uniforms.

The traveller next proceeded to the dining room. Two gentlemen entered to lay the cloth, two to bring the queen's plate, salt and bread. All, before they approached the table, and, when they retired from it, made three genuflexions. Then came a single and a married lady, per-

forming the same ceremonies. The first rubbed the plate with bread and salt : the second gave a morsel of meat to each of the yeomen of the guard, who brought in the different courses; and at the same time the hall echoed to the sound of twelve trumpets, and two kettledrums. But the queen dined that day in private; and, after a short pause, her maids of honour entered in procesion, and with much reverence and solemnity, took the dishes from the table, and carried them into an inner apartment.

From the elevation of the throne, we may now follow Elizabeth into the privacy of domestic life. Her natural abilities were great : she had studied under experienced masters; and her stock of literature was much more ample than that of most females of the age. Like her sister Mary, she possessed a knowledge of five languages : but Mary did not venture to converse in Italian, neither could she construe the Greek Testament, like Elizabeth. The queen is said to have excelled on the virginals, and to have understood the most difficult music. But dancing was her principal delight : and in that exercise she displayed a grace and spirit, which was universally admired. She retained her partiality for it to the last : few days passed in which the young nobility of the court were not called to dance before their sovereign; and the queen herself condescended to perform her part in a galliard with the duke of Nevers, at the age of sixty-nine.

In her temper Elizabeth seemed to have inherited the irritability of her father. The least inattention, the slightest provocation, would throw her into a passion. At all times her discourse was sprinkled with oaths : in the sallies of her anger it abounded with imprecations and abuse. Nor did she content herself with words : not only the ladies about her person, but her courtiers and the highest officers in the state, felt the weight of her hands.

Elizabeth firmly believed, and zealously upheld, the

principles of government, established by her father, the exercise of absolute authority by the sovereign, and the duty of passive obedience in the subject. The doctrine, with which the lord keeper Bacon opened her first parliament, was indefatigably inculcated by all his successors during her reign, that, if the queen consulted the two houses, it was through choice, not through necessity, to the end that her laws might be more satisfactory to her people, not that they might derive any force from their assent. She possessed by her prerogative whatever was requisite for the government of the realm. She could, at her pleasure, suspend the operation of existing statutes, or issue proclamations which should have the force of law. In her opinion the chief use of parliaments was to vote money, to regulate the minutiae of trade, and to legislate for individual and local interest. To the lower house she granted, indeed, freedom of debate; but it was to be a decent freedom, the liberty of 'saying aye or no;' and those who transgressed that decency were liable, we have repeatedly seen, to feel the weight of the royal displeasure.

The historians, who celebrate the golden days of Elizabeth, have described with a glowing pencil the happiness of the people under her sway. To them might be opposed the dismal picture of national misery, drawn by the Catholic writers of the same period. But both have taken too contracted a view of the subject. Religious dissensions had divided the nation into opposite parties, of almost equal numbers, the oppressors and the oppressed. Under the operations of the penal statutes, many ancient and opulent families had been ground to the dust; new families had sprung up in their place: and these, as they shared the plunder, naturally eulogized the system to which they owed their wealth and their ascendancy. But their prosperity was not the prosperity of the nation: it was that of one half obtained at the expense of the other.

It is evident that neither Elizabeth nor her ministers understood the benefit of civil and religious liberty. The prerogatives which she so highly prized, have long since withered away : the bloody code which she enacted against the rights of conscience, has ceased to stain the pages of the statute book : and the result has proved, that the abolition of despotism and intolerance adds no less to the stability of the throne, than to the happiness of the people.

LINGARD.

THE CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with an equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her into errors. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her. Humanity will draw a veil over that part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more

than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow. ROBERTSON.

DESCRIPTION AND CHARACTER OF KING JAMES I.

The scene of confusion amid which G. Heriot found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and qua-

lity of King James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures, and valuable ornaments ; but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry ; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on kingcraft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the Royal Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry ; and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance ; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carkanet of large balas rubies ; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly-honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge ; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom ; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most

unworthy favourites ; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds ; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted ; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity ; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement ; a wit, though a pedant ; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform ; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required ; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language ; just and beneficent by nature, yet he gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct ; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the King's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which

like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a fine taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, “He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian of the age in which he lived.” He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted, he suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in

knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial and inflexible.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing : yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1649. SMOLLETT.

JAMES GRAHAM MARQUIS OF MONTROSE*.

Charles made a convert to his interests of one nobleman, whose character and actions have rendered him a memorable person in Scottish history.—This was James Graham, Earl of Montrose; a man of high genius, glowing with the ambition which prompts great actions, and conscious of courage and talents which enabled him to aspire to much by small and inadequate means. He was a poet and a scholar, deeply skilled in the art of war, and possessed of a strength of constitution and activity of mind, by which he could sustain every hardship, and find a remedy in every reverse of fortune. It was remarked of him by Cardinal de Retz, an unquestionable judge, that he resembled more nearly than any man of his age

* Executed on the 21st of May 1650.

those great heroes, whose names and history are handed down to us by the Greek and Roman historians. As a qualification to this high praise, it must be added, that Montrose's courage sometimes approached to rashness, and that some of his actions arose more from the dictates of private revenge, than became his nobler qualities.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

Cromwell left a fame behind him, proportioned to his extraordinary fortunes, and to the great qualities which sustained them; still more perhaps the admiration of strangers than of his country, because that sentiment was less alloyed by hatred, which seeks to extenuate the glory that irritates it. The nation itself forgave much to one who had brought back the renown of her ancient story, the traditions of Elizabeth's age, after the ignominious reigns of her successors. This contrast with James and Charles in their foreign policy gave additional lustre to the era of the protectorate. There could not but be a sense of national pride to see an Englishman, but yesterday raised above the many, without one drop of blood in his veins, which the princes of the earth could challenge as their own, receive the homage of those who acknowledged no right to power, and hardly any title to respect, except that of prescription. The sluggish pride of Spain, the mean-spirited cunning of Mazarin, the irregular imagination of Christiana sought with emulous ardour the friendship of our usurper. He had the advantage of reaping the harvest which he had not sown, by an honourable treaty with Holland, the fruit of victories achieved under the parliament. But he still employed the great energies of Blake in the service for which he was so eminently fitted; and it is just to say, that the maritime

glory of England may first be traced from the era of the commonwealth in a track of contiguous light. The oppressed protestants, in catholic kingdoms, disgusted at the lukewarmness and half-apostacy of the Stuarts, looked up to him as their patron and mediator. Courted by the two rival monarchies of Europe, he seemed to threaten both with his hostility; and when he declared against Spain, and attacked her West India possessions, with little pretence certainly of justice, but not by any means, as I conceive, with the impolicy sometimes charged against him, so auspicious was his star, that the very failure and disappointment of that expedition obtained a more advantageous possession for England than all the triumphs of her former kings.

HALLAM.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and indeed in this view his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge*, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with

* The Marquis of Halifax.

themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master.

When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54.

HUME.

CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

Of the same name with the great Marquis of Montrose, boasting the same devoted loyalty, and a character as enterprising, with judgment superior to that of his illustrious prototype, Dundee is said to have replied to those who, on the day of his memorable retreat, asked him whither he went, — 'That he was going whither the spirit of Montrose should conduct him.' His whole mind was now bent upon realizing his chivalrous boast. His habits were naturally prudent and economical; but while others kept their wealth as far as possible

out of the reach of the revolutionary storm, Dundee liberally expended, for the cause of his old master, the treasures which he had amassed in his service. His arguments, his largesses, the high influence of his character among the Highland chiefs, whose admiration of *Ian Dhu Cean*, or Black John the Warrior, was no way diminished by the merciless exploits which had procured him in the Low Country the name of the Bloody Claverse, united with their own predilection in favour of James, and their habitual love of war, to dispose them to a general insurrection. Some of the clans, however, had, as usual, existing feuds amongst themselves, which Dundee was obliged to assist in composing, before he could unite them all in the cause of the dethroned monarch. SIR W. SCOTT.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

During the period of her illustrious husband's troubles, Lady Russel conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection, and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at his trial; and when the attorney-general told him "He might employ the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use," lord Russel answered, that "he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him." The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress: a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the king's feet; and pleaded, but alas! in vain, the merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband....

Lord Russel parted from his lady with a composed silence: and observing how greatly she was supported, said, after she was gone; "The bitterness of death is now past:" for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression ..

After the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent woman, encompassed with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern, to behave properly under the afflicting hand of God; and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness, of her children; those living remains of her lord, which had been so dear to him, and which were, for his sake, as well as their own, so dear to herself. She lost her sight after the death of her husband, it is said, through excessive weeping; yet she survived Lord Russel forty years, and died at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Her letters, which have been published, breathe a spirit of the most touching resignation and piety.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.

In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe, and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England

into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years.

SMOLLETT.

A SQUIRE OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME *.

The little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the

* The great events with which queen Anne's reign was crowded, the splendid victories gained by her generals abroad, and the numerous and extraordinary productions of genius that appeared in her age, suffice to render it one of the most brilliant in all the annals of English history.

attornies and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the conveniency of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fishing rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Granvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice and a Book of Farriery.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden

two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the base viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more! GROSE.

CHARACTER OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of Lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterised not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extrâ flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures

supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence. . . .

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness.... Upon the whole, of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature! CHESTERFIELD.

CHARACTER OF MONTESQUIEU.

Place, for instance, before your eyes, such a man as Montesquieu. Think of a genius not born in every country, or every time; a man gifted by nature with a penetrating aquiline eye; with a judgment prepared with the most extensive erudition; with an herculean robustness of mind, and nerves not to be broken with labour; a man who could spend twenty years in one pursuit. Think of a man, like the universal patriarch in Milton (who had drawn up before him in his prophetic vision the whole series of the generations which were to issue from him), a man capable of placing in review, after having brought together, from the East, the West, the North, and the South, from the coarseness of the rudest barbarism to the most refined and subtle civilization, all the schemes of government which had ever prevailed amongst mankind, weighing, measuring, collating, and comparing them all, joining fact with theory, and calling into council, upon all this infinite assemblage of things, all the speculations which have fatigued the understandings of profound reasoners in all times!—let us then consider, that all these were but so many preparatory steps to qualify a man, and such a man, tinctured with no national prejudice, with no domestic affection, to admire, and to hold out to the admiration of mankind the Constitution of England! And shall we Englishmen revoke to such a suit?

BURKE.

CHARACTER OF PULTENEY.

Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, etc.; in all which he had an uncommon facility.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king

hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom. CHESTERFIELD.

CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind, necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with success, which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working

men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations, which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical schoolboy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "No saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

CHESTERFIELD.

LIVELY DESCRIPTION OF KING GEORGE III.

By sunrise on Sunday morning, Wylie was brushing the early dew in the little park at Windsor, to taste the freshness of the morning gale. On stepping over a stile, he saw close before him a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory-headed cane virled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was either an old officer, or one of the poor knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the

noble order of the Garter. 'This,' said the embryo courtier to himself, 'is just the very thing that I have been seeking. I'll make up to this decent good man; for no doubt he's well acquainted with all about the king;' and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, 'Strange man,—don't know him,—don't know him,' and then he paused till our hero had come up.

'Good-day, Sir,' said Wylie as he approached; 'you are early on foot on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his Majesty, honest man, sets you all here an example of sobriety and early rising.'

'Scotsman, eh!' said the old gentleman; 'fine morning,—fine morning, Sir;—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the king, eh?' And loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

The senator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty freedom of the salutation, jocularly said, 'It's not easy to answer so many questions all at once; but if you'll not object to the method, I would say that you guess right, Sir, and that I come from the shire of Ayr.'

'Ah, shire of Ayr!—a fine country that,—good farming there;—no smuggling now among you, eh?—No excisemen shooting lords now?—Bad game, bad game. Poor Lord Eglinton had a true taste for agriculture; the country, I have heard, owes him much.—Still improving? Nothing like it—the war needs men—Corn is our dragons' teeth—potatoes do as well in Ireland, eh?'

The humour of this sally tickled our hero as well as the author of it, and they both laughed themselves into greater intimacy. 'Well; but Sir,' said Andrew, 'as I'm only

a stranger here, I would like to ask you a question or two about the King, just as to what sort of a man he really is ; for we can place no sort of dependence on newspapers or history-books, in matters concerning rulers and men of government.' 'What! like Sir Robert Walpole, not believe history?—Scotsmen very cautious.' But the old gentleman added in graver accent, 'The King is not so good as some say to him he is ; nor is he so bad as others say of him. But I know that he has conscientiously endeavoured to do his duty ; and the best men can do no more, be their trusts high or low.'

'That, I believe, we all in general think ; even the blacknebs never dispute his honesty though they undervalue his talents. But what I wish to know and understand, is not with regard to his kingly faculties, but as to his familiar ways and behaviour, the things in which he is like the generality of the world.'

'Ha!' said the stranger, briskly, relapsing into his wonted freedom, 'very particular, very particular indeed. What reason, friend, have you to be so particular?—Must have some :—People never so without a reason.'

'Surely, Sir, it's a very natural curiosity for a subject to inquire what sort of a man the Sovereign is, whom he has sworn to honour and obey, and to bear true allegiance with hand and heart?'

'True, true, true,' exclaimed the old gentleman ; 'just remark.—Come on business to England?—What business?'

'My chief business, in truth, Sir, at present here is, to see and learn something about the King. I have no other turn in hand at this time.'

'Turn, turn,' cried the stranger perplexed. — 'What turn? Would place the King on your lathe, eh?'

Our hero did not well know what to make of his quick and versatile companion ; and while the old gentleman was laughing at the jocular turn which he had himself

given to the Scoticism, he said, ' I'm thinking, friend, you are commanded not to speak with strangers concerning his Majesty's conduct, for you blink the question, as they say in Parliament.' ' Parliament! — Been there? — How do you like it? — Much cry and little wool among them, eh?' ' You say God's truth, Sir; and I wish they would make their speeches as short and pithy as the King's. I'm told his Majesty has a very gracious and pleasant delivery,' replied our hero, knowingly; and the stranger, not heeding his drift, said with simplicity, ' It was so thought when he was young; but he is now an old man, and not what I have known him.' ' I suppose,' replied our hero, ' that you have been long in his service.' ' Yes, I am one of his oldest servants. — Ever since I could help myself,' was the answer with a sly smile, ' I may say I have been his servant.' ' And I don't doubt,' replied the senator, ' that you have had an easy post,' ' I have certainly obeyed his will,' cried the stranger, in a lively laughing tone; but changing into a graver, he added, ' But what may be my reward, at least in this world, it is for you and others to judge.' ' I'm mistaken, then, if it should not be liberal,' replied Andrew, ' for you seem a man of discretion, and doubtless merit the post you have so long possessed. May be some day in Parliament, I may call this conversation to mind for your behoof. The King cannot go far wrong so long as he keeps counsel with such mild and prudent-like men, even though you have a bit flight of the fancy. — What's your name?' The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, ' So you are in Parliament, eh? — I have a seat there too. — Don't often go, however. Perhaps may see you there. Good-bye, good-bye.'

' You'll excuse my freedom, Sir,' said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new

acquaintance separated from him; 'but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together.' 'Can't, can't,' cried the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, 'Obliged to breakfast with the King—he won't without me;' and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses. GALT.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON*.

General Washington, as a military man, possessed personal courage, and a firmness which neither danger nor difficulties could shake. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated all opposition; his genius supplied every resource. He knew how to conquer by delay, and deserved true praise by despising unmerited censure. Inferior to his adversary in the num-

* This consummate general, statesman, and patriot was born in Virginia Feb. 22, 1732. During the war between England and France, the governor of Virginia sent Washington, then major in the English service, to negotiate a removal of the French troops from that state. He resigned the command of the Virginian troops in 1758, and then served his country as senator. When the states of America resolved to separate themselves from the mother country, Washington was unanimously proclaimed generalissimo of the republican army. In 1783, when independence was secured to the Americans, he retired to Mount Vernon. He was elected president of the United States in 1789 and continued in this office till 1796. In 1798 he accepted the command of the army, and held it till his death, which happened Dec. 14, 1799. His body was deposited in a marble monument erected by the United States at the capitol of the city of Washington.

bers, the equipment, and discipline of his troops, no great advantage was ever obtained over him, and no opportunity to strike an important blow was ever neglected in the most ardent moments of the contest; his prudent firmness proved the salvation of his country.

The whole range of history does not present a character on which we can dwell with such entire unmixed admiration. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The integrity of Washington was incorruptible. His principles were free from the contamination of selfish and unworthy passions. His real and avowed motives were the same. His ends were always upright, and his means pure. He was a statesman without guile, and his professions, both to his fellow-citizens and to foreign nations, were always sincere. No circumstances ever induced him to use duplicity. He was an example of the distinction which exists between wisdom and cunning; and his manly, open conduct, was an illustration of the soundness of the maxim, 'that honesty is the best policy.'

The powers of his mind were in some respect peculiar. He was a great, practical, self-taught genius; with a head to devise, and a hand to execute, projects of the first magnitude and greatest utility. There are few men of any kind, and still fewer of those the world calls great, who have not some of their virtues eclipsed by corresponding vices. But this was not the case with Gen. Washington. He had religion without austerity, dignity without pride, modesty without diffidence, courage without rashness, politeness without affectation, affability without familiarity. His private character, as well as his public one, will bear the strictest scrutiny. He was punctual in all his dealings; temperate in his enjoyments; liberal and hospitable to an eminent degree; a lover of order; systematical and methodical in all his arrange-

ments. He was the friend of morality and religion; steadily attended on public worship; encouraged and strengthened the hands of the clergy. In all his public acts, he made the most respectful mention of providence; and, in a word, carried the spirit of piety with him both in his private life and public administration. Washington had to form soldiers of freemen, many of whom had extravagant ideas of their personal rights. He had often to mediate between a starving army, and a high-spirited yeomanry. So great were the necessities of the soldiers under his immediate command, that he was obliged to send out detachments to seize on the property of the farmers at the point of the bayonet. The language of the soldier was, 'Give me clothing, give me food, or I cannot fight, I cannot live.' The language of the farmer was, 'Protect my property.' In this choice of difficulties, Gen. Washington not only kept his army together, but conducted it with so much prudence as to command the approbation both of the army and of the citizens. He was also dependent for much of his support, on the concurrence of thirteen distinct, unconnected legislatures. Animosities prevailed between his southern and northern troops, and there were strong jealousies between the states from which they respectively came. To harmonize these clashing interests, to make uniform arrangements from such discordant sources and materials, required no common share of address. Yet so great was the effect of the modest, unassuming manners of Gen. Washington, that he retained the affection of all his troops, and of all the states.

Washington, in private life, was as amiable as virtuous; and as great as he appeared sublime, on the public theatre of the world. He lived in the discharge of all the civil, social, and domestic offices of life. He was temperate in his desires, and faithful to his duties. For more than forty

years of happy wedded love, his high example strengthened the tone of public manners. He had more real enjoyment in the bosom of his family than in the pride of military command, or in the pomp of sovereign power. On the whole, his life affords the brightest model for imitation, not only to warriors and statesmen, but to private citizens; for his character was a constellation of all the talents and virtues which dignify or adorn human nature.

RAMSAY.

CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

The distinguishing feature of Franklin's understanding was great soundness and sagacity; combined with extraordinary quickness of penetration. — He possessed also a strong and lively imagination, which gave his speculations, as well as his conduct, a singularly original turn. The peculiar charm of his writings, and his great merit also in action, consisted in the clearness with which he saw his object—and the bold and steady pursuit of it, by the surest and the shortest road. He never suffered himself, in conduct, to be turned aside by the seductions of interest or vanity, or to be scared by hesitation and fear, or to be misled by the arts of his adversaries. Neither did he, in discussion, ever go out of his way in search of ornament, or stop short from dread of the consequences. He never could be caught, in short, acting absurdly, or writing nonsensically : at all times, and in every thing he undertook, the vigour of an understanding, at once original and practical, was distinctly perceivable.

But it must not be supposed that his writings are devoid of ornament or amusement. The latter specially abounds in almost all he ever composed; only nothing is sacrificed to them. On the contrary they uniformly help on the purpose in hand, of which neither writer nor reader ever

loses sight for an instant. Thus, his style has all the vigour, and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively. The wit, or rather humour, which prevails in his works, varies with the subject. Sometimes he is bitter and sarcastic; oftener gay, and even droll; reminding us, in this respect, far more frequently of Addison than of Swift, as might be naturally expected from his admirable temper, or the happy turn of his imagination. When he rises into vehemence or severity, it is only when his country, or the rights of man are attacked—or when the sacred ties of humanity are violated by unfeeling or insane rulers. There is nothing more delightful than the constancy with which those amiable feelings, those sound principles, those truly profound views of human affairs make their appearance at every opportunity, whether the immediate subject be speculative or practical — of a political, or of a more general description. It is refreshing to find such a mind as Franklin's—worthy of a place near to Newton and to Washington—filled with those pure and exalted sentiments of concern for the happiness of mankind, which the petty wits of our times amuse themselves with laughing at, and their more cunning and calculating employers seek by every means to discourage, and sometimes by ridicule, sometimes by invective, as truly incompatible with all the plans of misgovernment.

The benevolent cast of his disposition was far from confining itself to those sublimer views. From earnest wishes, and active, victorious exertions for the prosperity of the species, he descended perpetually to acts of particular kindness. He seems to have felt an unwearied satisfaction in affording assistance, instruction, or amusement to all who stood in need of it. His letters are full of passages which bear testimony to this amiable solicitude

for the happiness of his fellow-creatures individually; it seems the chief cause of his writing in most cases; and, if he ever deviates from his habit of keeping out all superfluous matter, whatever be the subject, it is when he seems tempted to give some extra piece of knowledge or entertainment. So, if ever the serene and well-natured cast of his temper appears ruffled by anger, or even soured for the moment, it is when some enormities have been committed which offend against the highest principles which he professes.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CHARACTER OF THE ELDER PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

GRATTAN.

CHARACTER OF TOWNSHEND.

Even long before the close of the first session of his * administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant.

This light too is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme; whom I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation, and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water. — And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in ques-

* Chatham's.

tion, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions, and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

BURKE.

CHARACTERS OF PITT AND FOX.

Two rival statesmen divide the opinion of the public—opposite in temperament, education, system, and in whatever constitutes character.—Shaded by the prophetic mantle of his father, there was, in the first appearance of the one, something of sublimity; splendid abilities, unusual sanctity of manners, bespoke and justified the confidence of his country.—Raised at once to a high station, pressed by business that must be instantly performed, he was obliged to accept of assistance from men hackneyed in the ways of office, and by degrees was compelled to relinquish the favourite, honourable resolutions of his youth.

The other statesman had a character to make. With the exuberant animation which usually accompanies genius, he ran the eccentric round of dissipation.—But this to him was a short and salutary experiment; the same social nature at his first entrance upon his political career led him to tolerate, perhaps to imitate, his companions: but his taste and judgment soon disdained the mean arts and sordid objects of inferior ambition. His moral character has been gradually formed by the conviction of his understanding, and perhaps not a single year has been added to his life, which has not added to his virtue.

The philosophic eye will perceive the influence of character, not only in the conduct of affairs, but in the deliberation of the Senate. When the melodious voice of the

minister steals upon the ear, when he leads us 'through many a bout of lengthened sweetness,' far away from the object which we sought, we feel as if our understandings had been convinced, when our senses only have been gratified. When he assumes the tone of argument, we admire the lucid order, the beautiful connexion, the high polish of his orations. It is true the parts are put together with dexterity ; the joinings and defects in the materials are exquisitely concealed by workmanship. The varnish is so delicate, that no rude hand ventures to deface it. But, when it yields to time, and reveals the wretched materials which it covered, we are amazed to see so much skill and ingenuity bestowed upon such a worthless fabric.

His opponent rises—we forget the orator, and sympathize with every feeling of the man. With the energy of a master-hand he strikes out at every blow a distinct idea. He never spins the slight gossamer of sophistry, to catch the feeble and fluttering attention ; but, with Herculean nerve, we see him forge out, link by link, the chain of demonstration. There is no pause, no respite, till the massive length is complete, and riveted round the mind.

In a commercial nation, it is natural to look more to the financier, than to the statesman ; but these are not times when fiscal abilities can save an empire. Ministers who have furnished their memories with statistical tables, and all the detail of diplomatic learning, are well qualified, in times of tranquillity, to trim the balance of Europe, and to calculate its nice librations : but in the hour of tempest and danger, we abandon these refined speculations : we look for a statesman, who, when he finds himself hurried on by the irresistible current of affairs, governs himself by a bolder prudence, and who, whilst the storm rages, dares to rely on the rapid suggestions of a vigorous and comprehensive mind. EDGEWORTH.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn : and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity ! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for explanation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation ; kings were his people—nations were his outposts ; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board !

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room, —with the mob or the levee, —wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, —banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, —dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at Leipsic, —he was still the same military despot ! Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army ; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless, and the first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well, that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself ; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder.

For the soldier, he subsidized everybody ; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains ; and the capital, gorgeous with

the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters,—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy,—the persecutor of authors, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! — The silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of Delille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England*. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist,—a Republican and an Emperor,—a Mahometan,—a Catholic and a patron of the Synagogue,—a Subaltern and a Sovereign, he was through all his vicissitudes the same stern, impatient, inflexible original,—the same mysterious incomprehensible self,—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation: in short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte.

That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people: the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that i

* Sir H. Davy.

ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest. C. PHILLIPS.

PARALLEL BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND CROMWELL *.

The most superficial observers cannot have overlooked the general resemblances in the fortunes and character of Cromwell, and of him, who more recently, and upon an ampler theatre, has struck nations with wonder and awe. But the parallel may be traced more closely—than perhaps has hitherto been remarked. Both raised to power by the only merit which a revolution leaves uncontroverted and untarnished, that of military achievements, in that reflux of public sentiment, when the fervid enthusiasm of democracy gives place to disgust at its excesses, and a desire of firm government. The means of greatness the same to both, the extinction of a representative assembly, once national, but already mutilated by violence, and sunk by its submission to that illegal force into general contempt. In military science or the renown of their exploits, we cannot certainly rank Cromwell by the side of him for whose genius and ambition all Europe seemed the appointed quarry ; but it may be said that the former's exploits were as much above the level of his contemporaries, and more the fruits of an original uneducated capacity. In civil government, there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added, that Cromwell, far unlike his antitype, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown

* See p. 390, for the character of Cromwell.

on that noblest basis, the amelioration of social institutions. Both were eminent masters of human nature, and, played with inferior capacities in all the security of powerful minds. Though both, coming at the conclusion of a struggle for liberty, trampled upon her claims, and sometimes spoke disdainfully of her name, each knew how to associate the interests of those who had contended for her with his own ascendancy, and made himself the representative of a victorious revolution. Those who had too much philosophy, or zeal for freedom, to give way to popular admiration for these illustrious usurpers, were yet amused with the adulation that lawful princes showered on them, more gratuitously in one instance, with servile terror in the other. Both too repaid in some measure this homage of the pretended great, by turning their ambition towards those honours and titles which they knew to be so little connected with high desert. A fallen race of monarchs, which had made way for the greatness of each, cherished hopes of restoration by their power, till each, by an in-expiable act of blood, manifested his determination to make no compromise with that line. Both possessed a certain coarse good nature and affability, that covered the want of conscience, honour and humanity; quick in passion, but not vindictive, and averse to unnecessary crimes. Their fortunes in the conclusion of life were indeed very different : one forfeited the affections of his people, which the other, in the character at least of their master, had never possessed; one furnished a moral to Europe by the continuance of his success, the other by the prodigiousness of his fall. A fresh resemblance arose afterwards, when the restoration of those royal families, whom their ascendant had kept under, revived ancient animosities, and excited new ones; those who, from love of democratical liberty, had borne the most deadly hatred to the apostates who had betrayed it, recovering some affection to their

memory, out of aversion to a common enemy. Our English republicans have, with some exceptions, displayed a sympathy for the name of Cromwell; and I need not observe how remarkably this holds good in the case of his mighty parallel. HALLAM.

CHARACTER OF GRATTAN.

From Grattan's first emergence, a milder light rested upon the public mind, and Ireland began to take upon her the robes and aspect of a settled polity. It was his own language of her constitution, "that he had stood "by its cradle, and followed its hearse." This was the phrase of a moment of strong and melancholy feeling. But he had at least seen its birth, and he had done more, he had poured of his spirit upon it, and anointed the infant for aspirations and triumphs, glorious beyond the youth of any other freedom.

The enthusiasm, the rejoicing, the gratitude of Ireland, on her first possession of public rights, were beyond all language. The proceedings of the first few years after 1782 were like a continued triumph. The man who had led the battle, led the march to the capitol; but, unlike the triumph of the Roman, his glory was that his car was followed by no slave. In after years, this man was repelled by the same heated and impetuous spirit which then rushed, rejoicing, before, and around, and behind his progress. The popular feeling grew disturbed. It was a time of European perplexity. The first advances of the great convulsion, which was yet to lift temples and thrones upon it, like weeds upon a wave, were felt in the quiverings of the earth, and the overshadowing of the air; and, far as Ireland was from the central shock, she was reached by the general heave. But her first exultation was beyond all experience. It was the first beam of the sun upon Mem-

non's statue; and if, as the day advanced, the voice died, and the form was tinged with a darker hue, the early miracle was yet the great testimony and tribute, neither to be forgotten nor retracted.

It is the praise of Grattan, and no man needs desire a nobler epitaph, that, with powers supremely fitted to influence the multitude, he restrained himself from popular excitement. The Irish have habitual propensities to public speaking; and Grattan's celebrity had still more strongly turned the powers of her ambitious minds to oratory. But he withdrew from the temptations of the hustings and the highway, to devote his mind under the only roof where public freedom can be worshipped without reproach and without fear. His place was in the house of commons. There he laboured, and there he lived. It was full of his trophies. He was its true architect. It might have been said of him, "*Si monumentum ejus quæris, circumspice.*" And for this he had his reward. The long succession of demagogues, who each misled the public mind, and who, for the time, were borne above him, perished like the foam when the storm is done. Grattan's name always rose with the falling of the surge, and in the returned calmness and sunshine of the great popular expanse, his firm renown stood up like a rock from the bosom of the ocean.

The chief instrument of those successes was his eloquence. It had the first mark of genius, originality. With Burke, Curran, and Sheridan, for his contemporaries, his senatorial oratory had a form and countenance altogether its own. All definitions of the powers of those gifted men have grown common-place; but with a portion of what made the splendour of each, he had a direction distinct and peculiar. He was not a satellite of the most illustrious among them, but a new star, sweeping round its own orbit, and enlightening its own region, undisturbed, and

unexhausted.

In his conduct on the Catholic question, he gave a model for the pursuit of all great claims for the time to come. In this attempt to recover the ancient privileges, the Palestine of the Catholic, he neither quickened nor retarded his march for the enthusiasts who hastened to cover the desert with their bodies. His advance was deliberate, but it was secure. The leader reflected lustre on the host; and, before he died, he left them in sight of the city to which they had looked in hopelessness for a hundred years.

But Grattan is defrauded of his highest praise, if his integrity is forgotten. His powers might have commanded all that ambition covets. He was impregnable to place and title. He refused all honours and emoluments, even when they were offered by hands which he honoured. He declared himself to be the purchased servant of the country, and to be incapable of adopting another master. No disclosure that death, the great unsealer of cabinets, has made, has been able to throw a shadow on the exalted patriotism of Grattan. No evil secrets are buried in his grave. He lived till he saw doubt and detraction perish before him, and was assured of his immortality. But his grave does not bound the services of such a life. While there is memory in man, his name will be an incentive to the generous ambition of his country. But he is now gathered to the great repository of the human race, and belongs to the infinite assemblage of all tongues, and ages, and nations, that have been. The virtues of the dead patriot become the property of mankind. The small seed is buried in the earth, but from it springs the mighty tree gathering the dews of heaven in its branches, and covering the multitude with its shade.

ANONYMOUS.

CHARACTER OF CURRAN.

It was not until he became animated that Curran appeared interesting. Then indeed, more especially on great public occasions, he assumed a new and imposing aspect. His black piercing eyes lighted up a countenance which before seemed dark, dismal, and unmeaning; every feature became suddenly dilated; he appeared to rise taller and fairer in point of form and stature; and at length seemed actually to occupy a larger space in the eye of the delighted stranger. Every one present felt a generous compunction for the prejudices with which he had been at first viewed; and at length the pleased and enraptured audience, as if unconscious of the dignity of a court of justice, or the imposing majesty of a representative senate, by one sudden and simultaneous burst of applause, seemed unequivocally to testify that he had awakened and excited all the noblest passions of which the human heart is susceptible.

On trifling occasions he would condescend to harness and bring forward all the light artillery of raillery, satire, and invective. He dearly loved a classical and appropriate quotation; and did not disdain even a squib or a pun. By his pleasantry he appeared for a moment to conciliate even the bench. But it was his well-directed sarcasms that served instantly to abate the nuisance, or remove the petty injustice of which he complained, and, while the frequent sallies of a happy imagination played like lightning in the faces of his adversaries, the causticity of his wit seemed to smite, and wither, and shrivel up the puny efforts of his discomfited opponents.

On great events he affected *pathos*; and then he himself appeared to be fully imbued with, and actuated by, a due and deep sense of the wrongs of which he com-

plained. If we are to give full credit to the testimony of some of his contemporaries, he united two rare, distinct, and opposite qualifications in his own person: the fine style of defensive eloquence, once exhibited by an Erskine, with all the subtle, nice, and discriminating powers occasionally employed by a Garrow, when he was employed to detect subornation; to lay bare guilt; to support and establish innocence.

On several memorable occasions he defied the threats of commitment, and the frowns of the court: these indeed were formidable engines; but, when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake, he always exhibited a daring and a dauntless resistance. One memorable instance is recorded of his courage. At a time when Ireland was unhappily deluged with her own blood, and animosities sharpened to a deadly height, by the fatal feuds of party-politics and adverse religions, his eloquence was invoked for the protection of some prisoners, whose crimes appeared to him to have originated in the guilty fears of their prosecutors. As he was denouncing vengeance against these, many of whom were present and in uniform, some of the yeomen, incited by a sudden impulse, are said to have actually drawn their swords. On this he assumed a stern and undismayed look; and, after exclaiming aloud, "You may assassinate, but you shall not intimidate me," continued his speech as if nothing had occurred! ANONYMOUS.

DESCRIPTION OF JUNIUS.

Where, then, Sir, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still

pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you : No ; they disdain such objects when the mighty boar of the forest that has broken through all their toils is before them. But, what will all their efforts avail ? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs : not that he had not asserted many truths : yes, Sir, there are in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, Sir ; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity ! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity ; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

BURKE.

CHARACTER OF KIRWAN,

THE CELEBRATED IRISH PREACHER.

He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity of which the proprietors had been unconscious—in feeding the lamp of charity, he exhausted the lamp of life. He comes to interrupt the *repose of the pulpit*, and shakes one world with the thunders of another. The preacher's desk becomes a throne of light—around him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levee of viceroys—horse, foot, and dragoons; but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in ecstasy, and vice in humiliation—not as with you, in cabinet against the people, but in humiliation. Vanity, arrogance and saucy empty pride, appalled by the rebuke of the preacher and cheated for a moment of their native improbity and insolence. What reward? St. Nicholas without or St. Nicholas within? the curse of Swift is upon him, to have been born an Irishman – to have been a man of genius—and to have used it for the good of his country. Had this man, instead of being the brightest of preachers, been the dullest of lawyers—had he added to dullness, venality—had he aggravated the crime of venality by senatorial turpitude, he had been a judge—or had he been born a blockhead, bred a slave, trained up in a great English family and handed over as a household circumstance to the Irish viceroy, he should have been an Irish bishop and an Irish peer with a great patronage, perhaps a borough, and have returned members to vote against Ireland; and the Irish parochial clergy must have adored his venality and deified his dullness. But under the present system Ireland is not the element in which a native genius can rise, unless he sells that genius to the court, and atones by the apostacy of his conduct for the crime of his nativity. GRATTAN.

SKETCH OF BURKE.

On the subject, speaking of authority, we cannot forget Burke. — Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition—he read every thing—he saw every thing—he foresaw every thing — his knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness, and then, prophet like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations.

GRATTAN.

CHARACTER OF FATHER O'LEARY.

At the time that this very man lay under the censure of the law, which in his own country made him subject to transportation or death, from religious distinctions, and at the time that a prince of his own religion threatened this country with an invasion, this respectable character took up his pen unsolicited, and without a motive, but that of real patriotism, to urge his own communion to a disposition of peace, and to support the law which had sentenced him to transportation. A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan, did the most eminent service to his country. He brought out a publication which would do honour to the most celebrated name. The whole kingdom must bear witness of its effect by the reception which they gave it.—Poor in every thing but genius and philosophy, he had no property at stake, no family to fear for; but descending from the contemplation of wisdom, and abandoning the ornaments of fancy, he humanely

undertook the task of conveying duty and instruction to the lowest classes of the people. If I did not know him to be a Christian clergyman, I should suppose him by his works to be a philosopher of the Augustan age of literature. GRATTAN.

SKETCH OF FLOOD.

Flood, my rival, as the pamphlet calls him — and I should be unworthy the character of his rival, if even in his grave I did not do him justice. He had his faults — but he had great powers — great public effect — he persuaded the old — he inspired the young; the castle vanished before him — on a small subject he was miserable — put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter; he misjudged when he transferred himself to the English parliament; he forgot that he was a tree of the forest too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty, and his seat in the British parliament is a caution to the friends of *union* to stay at home and make the country of their birth the seat of their action. GRATTAN.

THE FIVE FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

WASHINGTON, the first President, made the government, like himself, cautious, uniform, simple, and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect — every thing from principle. There was no vapouring, and no chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness.

ADAMS was the second President. He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adven-

turous, and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the very moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements.

The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned by Adams for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing, and attitude. The quiet dignity and august plainness of the former, were put aside for something more absolute and regal. The continuance of the American government under Washington, through all its foreign negotiations, and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple, and grave. But, under Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable.

• Then came JEFFERSON. He was the third President. He was, undoubtedly, a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and hypothesis, experiment and trial? He turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a work-shop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is, that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes; but they were, generally, unintelligible;

so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his fame at Muclecello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state — altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world.

To him succeeded MADISON, the fourth American President. He was altogether of a different constitution—loquacious, plausible, adroit, and subtle. Out of his administration grew the war between his country and this. It has been a question much agitated among many sensible men, and respectable politicians, whom I have known in different countries — whether Madison, whose temper was neither quarrelsome nor warlike, really wished for, and promoted and expedited the war, or not? I have heard the same question warmly debated among his countrymen and friends. They had, probably, never seen, or had overlooked the significance of a paper in the ‘Federalist,’ (a work produced by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, in defence of the constitution then about to be adopted by the American people,) written by Madison himself, when a young man, in which he shows, plainly and convincingly, how vast an augmentation of patronage, and, of course, power, the President of the United States would derive from a state of war. No man saw it so clearly at the time—no man remembered it, after the debate was over, so distinctly; and no man could have profited by it more resolutely than did Madison, when he came to be what, when he foretold the evil, he had no more idea of being, than he has now of being Emperor—the President of the United States, with ample power to fulfil the prophecy.

The next of the American Presidents is MUNROE, a remarkably plain, sensible man—very honest, and, but for this last message of his, which is wholly unlike any thing that he has ever written, or said, or done before, I

should be inclined to think of a very prudent, cold, and phlegmatic temperament. Yet what is his administration, but a history of the man himself—or rather a biography? If all this be true, have we no interest in understanding the true character of the five men out of whom the next President of the United States will be chosen?

Munroe, the actual President at this time, is an old-fashioned-looking man, whose manner is a compound of natural, strong simplicity, and artificial courtesy. He is very awkward, and very affable, with a countenance and address so distinguished for substantial good sense, and downright honesty, like that which we oftentimes meet with in humble life among the uneducated—that if you should encounter him, accidentally, in the company of men of the world, without knowing him, you would take him for a sensible man, quite unaccustomed to such society, and altogether above the folly and affectation of imitating them. But let some one tell you, that this sensible, uneducated man, is no less a personage than the President of the United States, and you would be likely to discover something almost awful in his plainness of manners; something before whose quiet rebuke the grandeur and beauty of courtly bearing would fall away like affectation. Yet is it not so? — Munroe is really an awkward man; and so are most of the candidates at this moment,—‘all, all awkward men.’

And yet his acquired courtesy, and a sort of farmer-like, or republican cordiality, which, being tempered with much gravity and reserve, induces you to think that more is meant than said, operate upon those who see him very like that insincere, graceful, and flattering manner which we look for in the European courtier; and have made it a common remark throughout the United States, and particularly in the city of Washington, that an unsuccessful applicant will come away better satisfied with

Munroe, than a successful one will from Adams, the present Secretary of State.

I paid this gentleman (Munroe) a visit once, on the very evening before he was to send a message to Congress. The front of his house, which is really quite a palace, was entirely dark: there were no lamps lighted, no servants in waiting, and I had to find my way as I could among the marble pillars, and over the broad marble pavement of the great hall, into the private study of the President. I was quite struck with the appearance of every thing that I saw there:—the man himself—the furniture—and the conversation, were all of a piece, and rather out of keeping, I thought, with the marble chimney-piece, and magnificent ceiling and carpeting. There were a couple of common candles—tallow, I dare say, lighted upon his table; and the furniture, though costly, was very plain and substantial. In fact, there was an air of rigorous economy about all the decorations of the room, except those which were furnished by the Congress; and the economy too, not of a chief magistrate, so much as of a private gentleman, who had neither the power nor the disposition to be more prodigal*.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

* Since the above was written there have been four other American Presidents, namely JOHN QUINCEY ADAMS, GENERAL JACKSON, VAN-BUREN and TYLER, the actual president. The *thirteen* United States, by the addition of the Floridas and Louisiana, have been extended to *twenty-six states* and *four territories*, besides extensive unarranged tracts. The whole being nearly equal to all habitable Europe. The population amounts to above fourteen millions, of whom nearly two millions are slaves. CONGRESS consists of the SENATE, composed of 48 members, and the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, amounting to 243 members. Congress is elected annually, but in the seven most distant states triennially. Members of Congress are paid eight dollars per day, and eight per twenty miles for travelling expenses—each member has 40,000 electors.

CHARACTER OF HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

I cannot name this gentleman without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe,—not to survery the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts : — but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery ; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country : I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter. BURKE.

CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT,

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

Death is still busy in our high-places; — and it is with great pain that we find ourselves called upon, so soon after the loss of Mr. Playfair, to record the decease of another of our illustrious countrymen,—and one to whom mankind has been still more largely indebted. Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th

of April 1820, at his seat of Heithfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age. This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall 'have gathered all its fame.' We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was regulated so as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the wind and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country.—There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which enables

us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who are deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, confer less important benefits on mankind, than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and country. JEFFREYS.

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR DOYLE.

Doctor Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, is certainly among the most remarkable men who have appeared in this strange state of things, and has most essentially contributed to the moral and political feeling which has grown up amongst the people. He was educated at a university in Portugal, where it was not very likely that he would contract any very ardent attachment to freedom; but his original love of his country overcame the education of Coimbra, and he returned to Ireland with a mind deeply imbued with learning, fraught with

eloquence, and burning with patriotism. He was for some time a professor in the ecclesiastical college at Carlow, and before he was made a bishop was unknown as a politician. But the crosier had been scarcely placed in his hands, when he raised it in the cause of his country. He wrote, and his writings were so strikingly eloquent in diction and powerful in reasoning, that they at once invited the attention of the public. He fearlessly broached doctrines which not only startled the Government, but gave alarm to some of the hoary professors at Maynooth. In the following passage in his letter to Mr. Robertson, after speaking of the likelihood of a rebellion and a French invasion, he says, — ‘The Minister of England cannot look to the exertions of the Catholic priesthood : they have been ill-treated, and they may yield for a moment to the influence of nature, though it be opposed to grace. This clergy, with a few exceptions, are from the ranks of the people; they inherit their feelings : they are not, as formerly, brought up under despotic governments; and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley, more deeply than those of Bellarmin, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings. They know much more of the principles of the constitution, than they do of passive obedience. If a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to cape Clear (two of the most distant points of Ireland), no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate.’

I. K. L. the name by which Dr. Doyle is generally known, and which is composed of the initials of his titular designation, threw into the Catholic Association all the influence of his sacred authority; and, having openly joined that body, increased the reverence with which the people had previously considered its proceedings, and imparted to it something of a religious character.

**CONTRAST BETWEEN CANNING AND
BROUGHAM, IN 1823.**

Though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence ; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice ; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding : the modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulæ ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind ; and they rose and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself ; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed : that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track,—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful ;—it was all felt, and it was felt at once : Brougham twined round and round in a spiral,

sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course ; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way : but as the curve lessened and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there *.

* See p. 317 for a specimen of Lord Brougham's style and power of reasoning. The following admirable advice to the students of Glasgow is taken from Lord Brougham's inaugural discourse on being installed Lord Rector of the University of that city in 1825. This highly talented production, for its powerful eloquence is almost unrivalled.

" At your enviable age, every thing has the lively interest of novelty and freshness ; attention is perpetually sharpened by curiosity ; and the memory is tenacious of the deep impressions it thus receives, to a degree unknown in after life ; while the distracting cares of the world, or its beguiling pleasures, cross not the threshold of these calm retreats ; its distant noise and bustle are faintly heard, making the shelter you enjoy more grateful ; and the struggles of anxious mortals embarked upon that troublous sea, are viewed from an eminence, the security of which is rendered more sweet by the prospect of the scene below. Yet a little while, and you too will be plunged into those waters of bitterness ; and will cast an eye of regret, as now I do, upon the peaceful regions you have quitted for ever. Such is your lot as members of society ; but it will be your own fault if you look back on this place with repentance or with shame ; and be well assured, that, whatever time—ay, every hour—you squander here on unprofitable idling, will then rise up against you, and be paid for by years of bitter but unavailing regrets. Study, then, I beseech you, so to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at nought the grosser pleasures of sense, whereof other men are slaves ; and so imbue yourselves with the sound philosophy of later days, forming yourselves to the virtuous habits which are its legitimate offspring, that you may walk unhurt through the trials which await you.

" To diffuse useful information—to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement—to hasten the coming of that bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid ; this indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part. I know that I speak in a place consecrated by the pious wisdom of ancient times to the instruction of but a select portion of the community. Yet from this classic ground have gone forth those whose genius, not their ancestry, ennobled them ; whose incredible merits have opened to all ranks the temple of science ; whose illustrious example has made the humblest emulous to climb steps no longer inaccessible, and enter the unfolded gates burning in the sun.

" The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds by discovering new truths, or multiply its uses by inventing new modes of applying it in practice. Their numbers will indeed be increased, and among them more Watts and more Franklins will be enrolled among the lights of the world, in proportion as more thousands of the

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session for 1823 ;—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office ; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered ; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place ; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every

working classes, to which Franklin and Watt belonged, have their thoughts turned towards philosophy ; but the order of discoverers and inventors will still be a select few, and the only material variation in their proportion to the bulk of mankind will be, that the mass of the ignorant multitude being progressively diminished, the body of those will be incalculably increased who are worthy to admire genius, and able to bestow upon its possessors an immortal fame.

“And if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labours, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence ; do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandisement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame : theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection, that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious though costly, and though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below !”

material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effect might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under-tone of muttered thunder, which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House; and the *voting* members, who often slept in the side-galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric: it was as when the thunder

cloud descends upon some giant peak—one flash, one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, ‘It is false!’ to which followed a dull chapter of apologies.—From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation.

EUROPEAN REVIEW.

N. B.—See the *Key to my English exercises* for the lives and characters of, DRAKE, BLAKE, MARLBOROUGH, NEWTON, ANSON, COOK, MUNGO-PARK, NELSON, WOLLASTON, HERSCHELL, Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, WELLINGTON, WILBERFORCE, etc., etc.

LETTER OF MR. GAY TO MR. F....

ON THE DEATH OF TWO LOVERS.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

The only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humblest vallies have escaped: The only thing that is proof against it, is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary of this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that perished! For, unhappily, be-

neath this little shelter, sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree.

John Hewet was a well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction. If she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of a green silk ribbon for her straw-hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that he had any other views than the lawful possession of her in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding clothes; and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to choose her knot for the wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last day of July, between two and three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they

perceived the barley all in a smoke, and they espied this faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast. Her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnish the epitaph.

When eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But My Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold*.

* The Epitaph ended thus:

“ Think not by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

“ Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.”

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON,

ON THE MANNERS OF A BOOKSELLER.

MY LORD,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, overtook me in Windsor forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher: 'For that rogue, my printer, (said he,) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the Tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr.—; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.'

'So, in short I borrowed this horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me; he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.'

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and

an Elzevir Virgil ; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner ;—‘ Now, damn them ! what if they should put in the news-papers how you and I went together to Oxford ? what would I care ? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the speaker : but what of that ? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.’

Hereupon I inquired of his son. ‘ The lad, (says he,) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly ; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don’t you think Westminster to be the best school in England ? Most of the late ministry came out of it ; so did many of this ministry ; I hope the boy will make his fortune.’

Don’t you design to let him pass a year at Oxford ? ‘ To what purpose ? (said he,) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.’

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. ‘ Nothing, (says he,) I can bear it well enough ; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.’ When we were alighted, ‘ See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket ! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again ? Lord ! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at your leisure hours !’ Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on ; that motion is an aid to my fancy ; a round trot very much awakens my spirits : then jog on apace, and I’ll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour : after which Mr. Lintot

lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short and broke out. 'Well, Sir, how far have you gone?' I answered, Seven miles. 'Z—ds! Sir,' said Lintot, 'I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, (though I lost by his Timothy's,) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleetditch and St Giles's pound, shall make you half a job.'

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I,) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? 'Sir, (replied he,) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.' But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? 'Why, I get any civil gentleman, (especially any Scotchman,) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

'I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S—for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's: agreeing to pay the author so many shillings on his producing so many lines. He made a

great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin, but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.'

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? 'Sir, (said he,) nothing more easy, I can silence the most formidable of them : the rich ones with a sheet a piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction : this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town.—As for the poor critics I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. One would wonder, (says he,) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife called to dinner.—Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?—Mr. Lintot, (said he,) I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book ; I am really concerned on your account.—Sir, I am much obliged to you : if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding. — Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to advise with men of learning.—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in —— My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry; and tells me in the same breath, that your book is commendable and the pudding excellent.

‘Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?’ I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. ‘That may be, (replied Mr. Lintot) : but, by G—d, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.’

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot : which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carlton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I am now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold and deep snows, which is enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principle of passive obedience carries me through every thing. I have had my audience of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning Empress, and, after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her Highness pressed me very much to stay;

and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you do not mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttel has one, and the duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the king of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat, and am really glad of the excuse to avoid seeing people, that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life. Here are some Spaniards of both sexes that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation,

and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I should wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I am determined to undertake this journey. And indeed I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water, assuring me that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Esseck, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent that many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna as I should be to talk of Hercules at the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I do not know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men, (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level); but it is always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister; this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can

say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses, I have long learned to hold myself as nothing ; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady—, that I believe she will not like ; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone ; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and at her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I will not lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the Anthropophagi, men whose heads grow below their shoulders : however, pray, say something to pacify her.

**FROM A LETTER OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE
TO LADY ESSEX.**

I was once in hope, that what was so violent could not be long : But, when I observed your grief to grow stronger with age, and to increase, like a stream, the farther it ran ; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and to threaten no less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour, nor end it without begging of you, for God's sake and for your own, for your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to a disconsolate passion ; but that you would, at length, awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse the invincible spirit of the Percys, that never yet shrunk at any disaster.

**JAMES EARL OF DERBY, TO COMMISSARY
GENERAL IRETON,**

IN ANSWER TO THE SUMMONS SENT THE EARL TO DELIVER UP THE
ISLE OF MAN.

From Castle-Town, this 12th July 1649.

SIR,

I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign, since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candour of my former actings in his late Majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice, of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his Majesty's most loyal and obedient subject.

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH TO PRINCE HENRY,
SON OF JAMES I.**

London, August 12, 1611.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The following lines are addressed to your Highness from a man who values his liberty, and a very small

fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father, God's vicerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! Hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all plans, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants, in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow creatures from slavery : from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right

of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions; while this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people: it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive. I am, Sir, your Highness's most faithful servant.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY TO E. MOLINEUX ESQ.,

SECRETARY TO HIS FATHER AS LORD DEPUTY.

MR. MOLINEUX,

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of

it. But that for so much as is passed : for what is to come I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time farewell.

From court, this last day of May, 1578.

ALGERNON SIDNEY TO ONE OF HIS FRIENDS

WHO HAD ADVISED HIM TO RETURN INTO ENGLAND AFTER THE
RESTORATION.

SIR,

I am sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine : and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood : but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed; all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous

means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world, sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is passed, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers: let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved, but advanced themselves in these dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world! And that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery; a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is

accompanied with it: the honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it, to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! Cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffic, equal almost in guilt to that of Judas! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed: they, who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us; they themselves led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means; when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpassed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Hasterigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learned

to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and the turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return. To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work! If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, etc. Farewell. My thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

MR. STEELE TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but

see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow; after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am yours, etc.

**DR. ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,
TO MR. POPE.**

The Tower, April the 10th, 1723.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are ab-

solutely necessary towards the despatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. — You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

Some nat'ral tears he dropp'd, but wip'd them soon :
The world was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you, at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea; for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

**DR. JOHNSON TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.**

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time, I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without an act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help. The

notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind : but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

FROM JUNIUS'S LETTER TO THE KING.

SIR,

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince; whose countenance promised even more than his words: and loyal to you, not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints.— Do

justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. — Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding. . . .

But, if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs; if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being, who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender, let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment.—

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs. . . .

On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set the people at defiance; but, be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind for ever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! How easy, how safe and honourable, is the path before you! the English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust, which they find has been scandalously abused. — What party then remains, but to leave it to

the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a King, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man, who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be, in reality, the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indifferently, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends, whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a King, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken Prince who looks for friendship, will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover; not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction, that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct, should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember, that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

DR. FRANKLIN TO GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1787.

DEAR FRIEND,

I received the kind letter you did me the honour of writing in February, 1786. The indolence of old age, and the perpetual teasing of too much business, have made me so bad a correspondent, that I have hardly written a letter to any friend in Europe during the last twelvemonth: but as I have always a pleasure in hearing from them, which I cannot expect will be continued if I do not write to them, I again take up my pen, and begin with those whose correspondence is of the greatest value; among which I reckon that of general de Lafayette.

I was glad to hear of your safe return to Paris, after so long and fatiguing a journey. That is the place where your enlightened zeal for the welfare of our country can employ itself most to our advantage, and I know it is

always at work, and indefatigable. Our enemies are, as you observe, very industrious in depreciating our national character. Their abuse sometimes provokes me, and I am almost ready to retaliate; but I have held my hand, though there is abundant room for recrimination, because I would do nothing that might hasten another quarrel by exasperating those who are still sore from their late disgraces. Perhaps it may be best that they should please themselves with fancying us weak, and poor, and divided, and friendless; they may then not be jealous of our growing strength (which, since the peace, does really make rapid progress), and may be less intent on interrupting it.

I do not wonder that the Germans, who know little of free constitutions, should be ready to suppose that such cannot support themselves. We think they may, and we hope to prove it. That there should be faults in our first sketches or plans of government, is not surprising; rather, considering the times and the circumstances under which they were formed, it is surprising that the faults are so few. Those in the general confederating articles are now about to be considered in a convention called for that express purpose; these will indeed be the most difficult to rectify. Those of particular states will undoubtedly be rectified, as their inconveniences shall by experience be made manifest. And whatever difference of sentiment there may be among us respecting particular regulations, the enthusiastic rejoicings with which the day of declared independence is annually celebrated, demonstrate the universal satisfaction of the people with the revolution and its grand principles.

I enclose the vocabulary you sent me, with the words of the Shawanese and Delaware languages, which colonel Warmar has procured for me. He is promised one more complete, which I shall send you as soon as it comes to my hands

My grandson, whom you so kindly inquire after, is at his estate in the Jerseys, and amuses himself with cultivating his lands. I wish he would seriously make a business of it, and renounce all thoughts of public employment; for I think agriculture the most honourable, because the most independent of all professions. But I believe he hankers a little after Paris, or some other of the polished cities of Europe, thinking the society there preferable to what he meets with in the woods of Anconas; as it certainly is. If he was now here, he would undoubtedly join with me and the rest of my family (who are much flattered by your remembrance of them) in best wishes for your health and prosperity, and that of your whole amiable fireside. You will allow an old friend of fourscore to say he *loves* your wife, when he adds, and children, and prays God to bless them all. Adieu ! and believe me ever, yours most affectionately.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH; and threw her inspiring MANTLE over me. She bade me sing the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours. That path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of our forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party, and may social Joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, April, 4, 1787.

LETTER OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

WRITTEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE HER DEATH, TO HER MOTHER.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — A very few days will elapse before I may claim to be addressed by the endearing appellation with which I have commenced this letter; when Providence may develop to me new duties, which may, in some measure, temper, but can never supersede those moral and pious obligations which have been heretofore imposed upon me. Were I to disguise my true sentiments, or to affect feelings other than those which occupy my bosom, in the prospect of becoming a mother, I should feel myself unworthy of that parental affection which constitutes at least the second bliss of life.

United to a man*, whose whole attentions are directed to the promotion of my happiness, I cannot but feel a pleasure in the anticipation of that hour of perilous hope, which shall enable me to present a new tie of connubial love,—and to the nation a new and abundant source of future promise and consolation. Political considerations, in this instance, stand in competition with the more near and natural feelings of the heart. While, as a wife, I am alive to all those anxious susceptibilities which accompany my peculiar situation, I am compelled by circumstances to extend my views to contemplations widely different in their kind, as in their latitude; contemplations involving the nearest and most durable interests of a people to whom I owe a debt scarcely to be liquidated—gratitude for unbounded affection.

To relieve, in some degree, this weight of obligation, and to justify the universal confidence in the strength and consistency of my character, I have determined, should it

Prince Leopold, King of the Belgians.

please Providence to bless me with offspring, so to regulate its early reason, and to direct its infant energies, that the lessons I have received from you, and the wisdom of which time and observation have confirmed, may be handed down to my child, with a view to the perpetuation of the great principle—that the legitimate end of all governments is the welfare of society, and that political and private virtue is the surest foundation and the best bulwark of a throne.

But, O my mother, when my timid imagination revolves upon the uncertainty which veils futurity,—when I look to the dark possibilities which may put a period to the dreams of hope—even shadows shake my courage, and I feel myself the victim of terrors which reason would almost denominate absurd. At such a trying moment, why am I debarred from the consoling voice of maternal affection? Why is not my mother allowed to pour cheerfulness into the sinking soul of her inexperienced and trembling child? I have no friend, no relation near me, whose advice may guide, or whose admonitions may check my conduct. Surrounded by strangers, with a *single* exception, my heart feels itself alone; and should the protection of Heaven for a moment leave me, and I fall, the presence of a mother would assuredly impart a serenity and resignation to my mind, which would smooth the pillow for my dying head, and prevent my distracted soul from erring in the hour of her severest trial.

Secluded from the giddy world, I have learned to set a true value on that retirement which has taught me a more perfect knowledge, not only of myself, but of the society over which I may one day be called to rule. Folly and pride no longer wear to me the imposing blazonry which they exhibited to my early years. I have read, reflected, and conversed : and I trust the evidence of a future day will rescue me from the imputation of having read, reflected, and conversed in vain.

The sufferings of my early years, acute as they were in their operation, have not been unproductive of instruction. Their effect has been to correct that sanguineness of disposition which was too commonly a source of severe disappointment, and which uniformly led me to view things through a prejudiced medium. A sort of premature experience has given me that insight into human life and human character, which, in ordinary cases and circumstances, is the result of the study and observation of years. . . .

By a refinement of cruelty, indeed, we may be separated on earth; and I, as well as yourself, may be doomed the victim of an unjust and malignant spirit of persecution. But, in a better world, our congenial spirits will wish to meet each other, where no envious or hating fiends can interfere to impede the pleasures which flow from the pure fountain of filial and maternal love.

Such sentiments as these naturally arise out of the contemplation of my situation at this moment. Should it be the pleasure of Providence that I survive the hour of approaching danger, I may, at some future period, be endued with power to restore you to that situation which you were formed to embellish, but in which the jealousies of inferior minds would not suffer you to remain. But if an all-wise decree should summon me from this sphere of anxious apprehension, not for myself, but for my mother, a pang of terror shoots across my wildered brain. Even then, however, my last prayer would be to Heaven, to gift you with that sublime feeling of pious resignation, which would teach you to bow submissive to the chastening stroke of our common Father, and to console your afflicted heart with the anticipation of our reunion, in a world where felicity is unimpaired, and to which malice is inadmissible.

Believe me, my adored mother, I fear less to die than to live. The prospect of protracted existence is so blended with dangers and difficulties, so shadowed with clouds and

uncertainties, so replete with anxieties and apprehensions, that I must shrink from the contemplation of it, and fly for refuge even to the probability of my removal from so joyless an inheritance. The page of history has determined that happiness is not the possession of those who move in the lofty circles to which my birth entitles me to look. I cannot hope for an exception in my favour : All the joys of life are centered in my present retirement, and they are even poor because you are not a participator in them. But even this qualified enjoyment of them must be brief ; and I must emerge into a situation uncongenial to my soul, and destructive to all my hopes of felicity on earth. What cause, then, have I to shun that issue which others may behold with horror? What cause have I to covet that existence which others so highly prize? Death would obliterate no image of delight from my heart, save that which, in the portrait of a beloved mother, nature has still left to the hoping, doubting, yet fearing CHARLOTTE.

Claremont, Oct. 10, 1817.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES AND DIALOGUES,
WITH
DESCRIPTIVE, HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND OTHER
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A PARTY AT VAUXHALL.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that passed.

After some talk, 'Come, come,' said the old don; 'it is high time, I think, to go to supper.' To this the ladies readily assented: and one of the misses said, 'Do let us have a chick, papa.' 'Zounds,' said the father, 'they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.' Here the old lady took him up—'You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is

about it!’ This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise : accordingly the waiter was called, and despatched, by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance ; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, ‘how much there was of it.’ ‘A shilling’s worth, Sir,’ said the fellow.—‘Prithee,’ said the don, ‘how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds :—at a shilling per ounce, that is, sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don’t stand him in ten shillings a piece.’ The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar (whence it hung like a bib), and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—‘There goes twopence—there goes threepence—there goes a groat.—Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow as wide as a tom-tit.’

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon despatched ; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham : at length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket,

and, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter case. 'I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I'll show thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him, if he can make as much of his steaks.' Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—'Why now,' says he, 'to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.' A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards, next made their appearance, at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, 'that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook's.'

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—'We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.' 'Well, well,' says the don, 'that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or claret, or'—'No, no, none of your wishy-vashy outlandish rot-gut for me,' interrupted the citizen.—'A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port : and, d'ye hear! let it be good.'

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, 'because,' she said, 'it was ungenteel to smoke, where any ladies were in company.' When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and, holding it above his head, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'the bottom has had a good kick. And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides. Not above five gills, I warrant. An old soldier at the Jerusalem

would beat two of them. But let us see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and, after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking with his lips, drank it off: but, declaring that the second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper: and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drunk a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that, out of his own free will and motion, he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter 'to pick out an honest one.'

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves by making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said, it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgotten, till the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and, when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, 'it was pretty reasonable considering.'

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree

of patience. He shook his head as he ran over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence : then, pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter,—‘There,’ says he, ‘there’s your damage—thirteen and two pence—And hearkye, there’s threepence over for yourself.’ The remaining penny he put into his coat pocket : and chinking it—‘This,’ says he, ‘will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco.’

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig : and as the coat itself, she said, had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters, with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the garden; and, as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, ‘When shall we come again, papa?’ ‘Come again?’ said he. ‘What a pox would you ruin me? Once in one’s life is enough : and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me above four pence halfpenny to have spent my evening at Sol’s Hole : and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here’s almost a pound

gone, and nothing to show for it.' 'Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,' replies the old lady. 'You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure : and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world ; and they shall.' The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any farther ; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying, 'Come, come, let us make haste, wife ; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again ; and tomorrow, you know, is Sunday.' CONNOISSEUR.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the confessor ; and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs ; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their 'beds of darkness.' Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power ; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been

gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — To show it, even in the moment of its proudest exultation, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport, with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered — some mutilated—some covered with ribaldry and insult — all more or less outraged and dishonoured !

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me: the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight: the chapels and aisles grew darker and darker; the effigies of the kings faded into shadows: the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light: the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave: and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the poets' corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind

of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! it is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young EMMET, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply

into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution *.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful! so dishonoured! there was nothing for memory to dwell on

* The enthusiastic and unfortunate young Emmet whose mind was deeply imbued with republican principles, having become involved in a series of insurrections, was arrested while he lingered in his flight, in expectation of a last meeting with the lady to whom he was engaged. This amiable female, whose hard fate is described with so much pathos by our author, was the daughter of the celebrated John Philpot Curran. The address delivered by Emmet on his trial, terminated in the following words: 'My lamp of life is nearly expired—my race is finished: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. All I request, then, at parting from the world, is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; let them and me repose in obscurity and in peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character.'

that could soothe the pang of separation—None of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—Nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish*.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief; and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There

* It was on her, says our author, that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and ‘heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and more painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, how-

ever, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast. — *I think*, says he, taking

his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, and my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.——Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; he has not stirred from the bedside these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his

pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow : my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal ! said my uncle Toby,—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather ; 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby ; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it :—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal ;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoître, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe ; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one, — he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes

out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learned it—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done : so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—'Your honour is good :—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never go from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long :—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him : for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin

toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father :—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it :—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast; —I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal —— I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into

the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson: — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. — But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; — harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; — harassing others to-morrow; — detached here; — countermanded there; — resting this night upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; — he must say his prayers how and when he can. — I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily as a parson — though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. — Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, — for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not, and we shall be advanced,

Trim, accordingly. — I hope we shall, said Trim. — It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ;—and I will show it thee to-morrow : — In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one : — I hope not, said the corporal. — But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it : —The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. — Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside : — If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant — I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one LeFevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—But he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ; — possibly he may my story — added he — pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a

musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief — then well may I. — In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice. — Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, — I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? — Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finish the story thou art upon.—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But, alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly attached at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel

with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp : and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good : and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim ;—in the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay, — that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—You honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders ;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, — when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too :——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him, —— thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,——and what with thy re of him, and the old woman's and his boy's and mine

together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal; —He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off: —An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march! cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die: —He shall not die, by G—d, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother of-

ficer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature: to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?——No.

STERNE.

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SAILOR.

‘ I was born in Shropshire ; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old ; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all ; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters, but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet ; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away ; but what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late ; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself ; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

‘ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none : when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it :—well, what will you have on’t ! I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me ; he called me a poacher and a villain ; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell on my knees, begged his worship’s

pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation ; but though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate in order to be transported as a vagabond.

‘ People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever ; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air ; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

‘ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

‘ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang : I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether, to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier : I chose the latter ; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and

Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

‘When the peace came on I was discharged ; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company’s service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money : but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

‘The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow : he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle ; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating ; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost my money.

‘Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand ; ‘Jack,’ says he to me, ‘will you knock out the French sentries’ brains ?’ ‘I don’t care,’ says I, striving to keep myself awake, ‘if I lend a hand.’ ‘Then follow me,’ says he, ‘and I hope we shall do some busi-

ness.' So we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset Privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind: but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!'

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it. GOLDSMITH.

SIR BERTRAND.

A FRAGMENT.

— — — Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards; but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sullen toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moonlight he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half

demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A drawbridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed: and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—at the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned

back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed it in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not,—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his — He dropped it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him.—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into

a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt — instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady and clasped her in his arms—and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs. — The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him.

The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words.

AIKIN.

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On Tuesday the 7th of February, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, ‘That soul,’ said she, ‘is not worthy the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot.’ And laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth’s life. (She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer.) She entreated with particular earnestness, that now in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed

in tears, and though over-awed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she eat temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked them forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the High Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her

heads at her girdle ; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring countries, received her ; and there sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears : and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, 'Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion ; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland ; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right ; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood.'

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in

her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: 'As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins.'

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil, and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out, 'So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies,' the earl of Kent alone answered amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at the moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity.—

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to

the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain! the pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries, which laid Mary in her grave. James, soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

ROBERTSON.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution : for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers, that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people; he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him ; particularly colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the parliament had inlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations, than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the parliament; but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and

jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, bishop Juxon called to him : 'There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way ; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.' 'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.' At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner : another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a traitor !*

It is impossible to describe the grief, indignation, and astonishment, which took place, not only among the spectators, who were overwhelmed with a flood of sorrow, but throughout the whole nation, as soon as the report of this fatal execution was conveyed to them. Never monarch, in the full triumph of success and victory, was more dear to his people, than his misfortunes and magnanimity, his patience and piety, had rendered this unhappy prince. In proportion to their former delusions, which had animated them against him, was the violence of their return to duty and affection; while each reproached himself, either with active disloyalty towards him, or with too indolent defence of his oppressed cause. On weaker

minds, the effect of these complicated passions was prodigious. Women are said to have cast forth the untimely fruit of their womb : others fell into convulsions, or sunk into such a melancholy as attended them to their grave : Nay, some, unmindful of themselves, as though they could not, or would not, survive their beloved prince, it is reported, suddenly fell down dead. The very pulpits were bedewed with unsuborned tears; those pulpits, which had formerly thundered out the most violent imprecations and anathemas against him. And all men united in their detestation of those hypocritical parricides, who, by sanctified pretences, had so long disguised their treasons, and in this last act of iniquity had thrown an indelible stain upon the nation.

HUME.

MARIA.

FIRST PART.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four and twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines.—

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her

banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion said this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then

at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately——

——Well, Maria, said I softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

SECOND PART.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—Thou shalt not

leave me, Sylvio,' said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine: and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in woman, that could the

traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

STERNE.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his Queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low-Countries at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself for the last time in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and, on the other, his sister the Queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the Empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intentions in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and au-

thority in the Low-Countries ; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat ; and, leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience ; and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure ; that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low-Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea ; that, while health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue ; that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire, nor was he so fond of reigning as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy ; that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of his youth, all the attention and sagacity of ma-

turer years ; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or, if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness ; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services ; and in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, " If, says he, I had left you, " by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have " made such large additions, some regard would have " been justly due to my memory on that account ; but now, " when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still " retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of " thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense ; " and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your " subjects, and your love of them, as the best and the " most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It " is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I, this day, " give of my paternal affection ; and to demonstrate, that " you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. " Preserve an inviolable regard for religion ; maintain " the Catholic faith in its purity ; let the laws of your " country be sacred in your eyes ; encroach not on the " rights and privileges of your people ; and, if the time " shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son, endowed " with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to " him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse the whole audience melted into tears ; some from admiration of his magnanimity ; others, softened by the expression of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people : and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation ; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms ; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls ; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door,

on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power. ROBERTSON.

THE SWORD.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E——in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E——had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve and still show to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity—but he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—but in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it;

and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the dutchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here—said he—take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think

I saw a tear fall upon the place ; I could not be deceived by what followed.

‘ I shall find, said he, some other way to get it off.’

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings! STERNE.

RECEPTION OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

AFTER HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

The first care of Columbus was to inform the King and Queen, who were at Barcelona, of his arrival and success. Ferdinand and Isabella, no less astonished than delighted with this unexpected event, returned an answer in terms the most respectful and flattering to Columbus, requesting him to repair immediately to court, that, from his own mouth, they might receive a full detail of his extraordinary services and discoveries. During his journey to Barcelona, the people crowded from the adjacent country, following him every where with admiration and surprise. His entrance into the city was conducted, by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, with pomp suitable to the great event, which added such distinguishing lustre to their reign. The people whom he brought along with him from the countries which he had discovered, marched first; and by their singular complexion, the wild peculiarity of their features, and uncouth finery, appeared like men of another species. Next to them were carried the ornaments of gold fashioned by the rude art of the natives, the grains of gold found in the mountains, and dust of the same metal gathered in the rivers. After these appeared the various commodities of the new discovered countries, together

with their various productions. Columbus himself closed the procession, and attracted the eyes of all the spectators, who gazed with admiration on the extraordinary man, whose superior sagacity and fortitude had conducted their countrymen, by a route concealed from past ages, to the knowledge of a new world. Ferdinand and Isabella received him clad in their royal robes, and seated upon a throne, under a magnificent canopy. When he approached they stood up, and raising him as he kneeled to kiss their hands, commanded him to take his seat upon a chair prepared for him, and to give a circumstantial account of his voyage. He delivered it with a gravity and composure no less suitable to the disposition of the Spanish nation, than to the dignity of the audience in which he spoke, and with that modest simplicity which characterizes men of superior minds; who, satisfied with having performed great actions, court not vain applause by an ostentatious display of their exploits. When he had finished his narration, the King and Queen, kneeling down, offered up solemn thanks to almighty God for the discovery of these new regions, from which they expected so many advantages to flow on the kingdoms subject to their government. Every mark of honour that gratitude or admiration could suggest was conferred upon Columbus. Letters-patent were issued, confirming to him and to his heirs all the privileges contained in the capitulation concluded at Santa-Fe; his family was ennobled; the King and Queen, and, after their example, the courtiers, treated him, on every occasion, with all the ceremonious respect paid to persons of the highest rank. But what pleased him most, as it gratified the enterprising activity of his mind, bent continually upon great objects, was an order to equip, without delay, an armament of such force as might enable him not only to take possession of the countries which he had already discovered, but to go in search of those more

opulent regions, which he still confidently expected to find.

ROBERTSON.

THE GROTTA OF ANTIPAROS.

Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago. 'Having been informed,' says he, 'by the natives of Paros, that in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, which by its gloom at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however we entered boldly; and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove;

some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

‘ We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place: and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the side of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent a levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it about a quarter of an hour, he returned bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. In doing, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre (if I may so call it) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

‘ Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be

presented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberation were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite.

‘Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us.’ This account of so beautiful and strik-

ing a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature. GOLDSMITH.

MATILDA.

Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms, into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after ; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though his retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after his heart. They were married ; he rose to the highest posts ; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent ; after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those

which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take a last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger; he acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united. GOLDSMITH.

EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA,

IN THE YEAR 1638.

An account of this dreadful earthquake is given by the celebrated father Kircher. It happened whilst he was on his journey to visit mount *Ætna*, and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the south of Italy. Kircher is considered by scholars, as one of the greatest prodigies of learning.

‘Having hired a boat, in company with four more (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars), we launched from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design; for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and, although the sea appeared to be uncommonly agitated, we ventured forwards. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Ætna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance: they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased, by the calmness and serenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at *Tropæa*, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea.

‘But our triumphs at land were of short duration;

for we had scarcely arrived at the Jesuits' college in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forwards: the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the whole tract upon which we stood, seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent: and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin round me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to increase my terror and despair. On every side of me, I saw nothing but a scene of ruin; and danger threatening wherever I should fly, I recommended myself to God, as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles of the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity,—nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt, amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety; and running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape: it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrors.

‘Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued

in violent agitations. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins.

‘In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Strombalo, though at sixty miles distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences. It every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

‘After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away; then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Won-

derful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was become a melancholy solitude; a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him, with every expression of tenderness and pity, to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapped up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loathe the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses, and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia. As we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men scattered without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea and land.'

GOLDSMITH.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, IN 1717.

In the year 1717, in the middle of April, with much difficulty I reached the top of Mount Vesuvius, in which I saw a vast aperture full of smoke, that hindered me from seeing its depth and figure. I heard within that horrid gulf extraordinary sounds, which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the mountain, and, at intervals,

a noise like that of thunder or cannon, with a clattering like the falling of tiles from the tops of houses into the streets. Sometimes, as the wind changed, the smoke grew thinner, discovering a very ruddy flame, and the circumference of the crater streaked with red and several shades of yellow. After an hour's stay, the smoke being moved by the wind, we had short and partial prospects of the great hollow, in the flat bottom of which I could discern two furnaces almost contiguous; that on the left seeming about three yards over, glowing with ruddy flame, and throwing up red-hot stones with a hideous noise, which, as they fell back, caused the clattering already taken notice of. May 8th, in the morning, I ascended the top of Vesuvius a second time, and found a different face of things. The smoke ascending upright, afforded a full prospect of the crater, which, as far as I could judge, was about a mile in circumference, and a hundred yards deep. Since my last visit, a conical mount had been formed in the middle of the bottom. This was made by the stones thrown up and fallen back again into the crater. In this new hill remained the two furnaces already mentioned. The one was seen to throw up every three or four minutes, with a dreadful sound, a vast number of red-hot stones, at least three hundred feet higher than my head; but as there was no wind, they fell perpendicularly back from whence they had been discharged. The other was filled with red-hot liquid matter, like that in the furnace of a glass-house, raging and working like the waves of the sea, with a short abrupt noise. This matter sometimes boiled over, and ran down the side of the conical hill, appearing at first red-hot, but changing colour as it hardened and cooled. Had the wind set towards us, we should have been in no small danger of being stifled by the sulphurous smoke, or killed by the masses of melted minerals that were shot

from the bottom. But as the wind was favourable, I had an opportunity of surveying this amazing scene for above an hour and a half together. On the 5th of June, after a horrid noise, the mountain was seen at Naples to work over; and about three days after, its thunders were renewed, so that not only the windows in the city, but all the houses shook. From that time it continued to overflow, and sometimes at night exhibited columns of fire shooting upwards from its summit. On the 10th, when all was thought to be over, the mountain again renewed its terrors, roaring and raging most violently. One cannot form a juster idea of the noise, in the most violent fits of it, than by imagining a mixed sound made up of the raging of a tempest, the murmur of a troubled sea, and the roaring of thunder and artillery, confused all together. Though we heard this at the distance of twelve miles, yet it was very terrible. We resolved to approach nearer to the mountain; and accordingly three or four of us entered a boat, and were set ashore at a little town situate at the foot of the mountain. From thence we rode about four or five miles before we came to the torrent of fire that was descending from the side of the volcano, and here the roaring grew exceedingly loud and terrible. I observed a mixture of colours in the cloud above the crater—green, yellow, red, blue. There was likewise a ruddy, dismal light in the air over that tract where the burning river flowed. These circumstances, set off and augmented by the horror of the night, formed a scene the most uncommon and astonishing I ever saw, which still increased as we approached the burning river. A vast torrent of liquid fire rolled from the top down the side of the mountain, and with irresistible fury bore down and consumed vines, olives, and houses, and divided into different channels, according to the inequalities of the mountain. The largest stream seemed at least half a

mile broad, and five miles long. I walked before my companions so far up the mountain, along the side of the river of fire, that I was obliged to retire in great haste, the sulphurous steam having surprised me, and almost taken away my breath. During our return, which was about three o'clock in the morning, the roaring of the mountain was heard all the way; while we observed it throwing up huge spouts of fire and burning stones, which falling, resembled the stars in a rocket. Sometimes I observed two or three distinct columns of flame, and sometimes one only that was large enough to fill the whole crater. These burning columns and fiery stones seemed to be shot a thousand feet perpendicular above the summit of the volcano. In this manner the mountain continued raging for six or eight days after. On the 18th of the same month the whole appearance ended, and Vesuvius remained perfectly quiet, without any visible smoke or flame.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

My grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons, and died on the field of honour, except myself, and I hope my posterity will be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vain-glorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army which, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders. He could swear a good stitch himself; and moreover was the very man that introduced the doctrine corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damp of ditch-water by burnt

brandy. He had seen service, or, according to his own phrase, he had seen the devil—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark from Ostend—bad luck to the place! for one where I was kept by storms and head-winds for three long days. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend—no matter which—it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges. Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen, a queer old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was at the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded, and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandizes, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy sun-shiny fellow — staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable-ends to the street, and storks' nests on the chimnies....

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded, every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old racketty inn, that looked ready to fall to pieces. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds, and as many garrets one over the other, 'as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a

house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace standing like ghosts on the chimney-top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day, for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet, only it is turned into a brewery of strong Flemish beer; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not have altogether struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door: "Heer verkoopt man goeden drank."

My grandfather had learned enough of the language, to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event, in an old inn frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of geneva, from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other; and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him, and the hostess's daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph!" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Der Duyvel!" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw, with the quick glance of a publican, that the new guest was not at all at all to the taste of the old ones; and, to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head. "Not a garret in the house but was full!"

"Not a garret!" echoed the landlady.

“Not a garret!” echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp, and the little distiller of Schiedam, continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyeing the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be browbeaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his head on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, “Faith and troth!” said he, “but I'll sleep in this house this very night.”—As he said this, he gave a slap on his thigh, by way of emphasis—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar-room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see, with a brick floor, and a great fireplace, with the whole Bible history in glazed tiles; and then the mantle-piece pitching itself head-foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked teapots and earthen jugs paraded on it, not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters, hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid inside of it, with a red calico cap and yellow ear-droops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room.—“Faith, this is the very house I've been looking after,” said he.

There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, the landlord's wife, the landlord's daughter, the bar-maid; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that

is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

“Some say it’s haunted,” whispered the landlord’s daughter : “but you are a bold dragoon, and I dare say don’t fear ghosts.” “The devil a bit!” said my grandfather. “But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I’ve been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them.”

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, my grandfather took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, played with his daughter and the bar-maid.—Never since the days of Alley Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord’s daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another :

“What a proper man!”

At supper my grandfather took a command of the table-d’hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment,

and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table, excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat smoking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters up a large stair-case, composed of loads of hewn timber, and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly Burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables, with curiously carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his light in the fire-place.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house-maids

one by one crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather-beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, except the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers, who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bullfrogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

“Faith, there’s no standing this any longer,” says he. So he jumped out of bed, and went strolling about the house.....

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egal, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire he saw a pale, weazen-faced fellow in a long flanne gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel

to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasseled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind-instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and, at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor. The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the tongs seized the shovel and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying and curtsying, in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance; or perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason — so being, like a true Irishman, at all times ready for a frolic — he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, ca-

pered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon two handles to lead her out: when, whirr ! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

“ Then, after all, this was a mere dream ! ” said the inquisitive gentleman.

“ The divil a bit of a dream ! ” replied the Irishman. “ There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream.”

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chamber-maids, all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold Dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puz-

zled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chamber-maids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room: and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"That is more than I can tell. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make blunders in his travels about inns at night, which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning."—*Tales of a Traveller*.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

MAP OF ITALY*.

Sicily is, as I said before, an island in the Mediterranean, forming part of the kingdom of Naples. Italy has been described as a boot, giving Sicily a kick. Lay your right leg upon your left knee, and then observe, that the shin of the boot is bounded by the Mediterranean, and the sole and back of the leg by the Gulf of Venice. All the part from the toe to the calf belongs to Naples; and the city of Naples is on the sea-side, at about the middle of the small. Then the Pope takes a slice on the shin

* This curious little sketch is well calculated to impress on the mind the general geography of Italy.

side, going up above the knee, and reaching about three parts of the way across the calf; and the city of Rome is in this slice of the Pope. Piedmont, which belongs to the king of Sardinia, begins at the northern extremity of the Pope's slice, and runs northward from the Mediterranean having part of France and Switzerland on one side, and Austrian territory on the other, which comes down the thigh and along the back of the calf of the leg, bounding the Pope to the point where Naples ends. As the boot lies in such a manner as to make the top point towards the northwest, all that part which is above the Pope's territory is called the North of Italy; and, as it is well known, the whole of this part, including the Pope's territory, formed at one time a part of the empire of Napoleon; and which empire he might, perhaps, still have had, if he had not taken to his arms a daughter of the emperor of Austria, for which he deserved, not only his fall, but his present humiliation. Thus, then, reader, as you read the accounts of the short-lived struggles of the degraded Neapolitans, by laying the small of your right leg upon your left knee, if you be not too fat, you will need no map to give you a rough sketch of Italy.

COBBETT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ADDISON AND DR. SWIFT.

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Ay, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's without a seat in either house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as Nature made me? No, no : wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet, believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest : so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman Dr. Swift, we beg leave——

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food, he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them; they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's

teeth; one should not have thought it belonged to a man. —Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respect due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another : he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverly, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in showing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye ! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. —He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a

good one with a masterly hand : but there was all his power ; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine : it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury (if I may have leave to say a word for myself), do you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner :—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled (as most heroes do), they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon show the first that he cannot be holy without being humble ; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu : I must now return to my business above.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

SCENE BETWEEN THE JEWS SHYLOCK
AND TUBAL;

IN WHICH THE LATTER ALTERNATELY TORMENTS AND PLEASES THE FORMER, BY GIVING HIM AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF HIS DAUGHTER JESSICA, AND THE MISFORTUNES OF ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too! Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what! ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripoli.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news; good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I'm glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them show'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal! It was my ruby, I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

SHAKSPEARE.

HUMOROUS SCENE BETWEEN PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF;

IN WHICH THE PRINCE DETECTS FALSTAFF'S MONSTROUS LIES.

Falstaff. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a handsaw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray heav'n you have not murdered some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell you what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a front, and made a thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took all their seven points, in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by those hills, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me

ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought—seven of the eleven, I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason : what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion! — No : were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this : — Poins and I saw you four set on four : you bound them, and were masters of their wealth : mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what de

vice, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct; I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors, watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—And the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

SHAKSPEARE.

PARTIALITY.

As there is a partiality to opinions, which, as we have already observed, is very apt to mislead the understanding; so there is often a partiality to studies, which is prejudicial also to knowledge and improvement. Those sciences which men are particularly versed in, they are apt to value and extol, as if that part of knowledge which every one has acquainted himself with, were that alone which was worth the having, and all the rest were idle and empty amusements, comparatively of no use or importance. This is the effect of ignorance, and not knowledge; the being vainly puffed up with a flatulency, arising from a weak and narrow comprehension. It is not amiss that every one should relish the science that he has made his particular study; a view of its beauties, and a sense of its

usefulness, carries a man on with the more delight and warmth, in the pursuit and improvement of it. But the contempt of all other knowledge, as if it were nothing in comparison of law or physic, of astronomy or chemistry, or perhaps some yet meaner part of knowledge, wherein I have got some smattering, or am somewhat advanced, is not only the mark of a vain or little mind, but does this prejudice in the conduct of the understanding, that it coops it up within narrow bounds, and hinders it from looking abroad into other provinces of the intellectual world, more beautiful possibly, and more fruitful, than that which it had until then laboured in; wherein it might find, besides new knowledge, ways or hints whereby it might be enabled the better to cultivate its own.

LOCKE.

HUMOROUS SCENE BETWEEN DENNIS THE CRITIC AND THE DOCTOR;

IN WHICH THE FORMER IS SATIRICALLY REPRESENTED BY SWIFT
AS MAD.

Scene, DENNIS'S Garret.

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT *the Bookseller*, and
another Author.

Dennis. [*Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.*] Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you, as it did with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for, in this very manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapped up in criticism, and beset allround with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease besides a swelling in my legs,

of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! that's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir, a distemper! it is no distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor and don't know that there is a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again. [*Almost crying.*]

Lintot. Fits! with a pox? a man may well have fits and swelled legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggard'y bookseller has advertised the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not advertise it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir; I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more.—I desire a word in private with this

He published Remarks on Cato in the year 1712.

gentleman.—I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in Celsus, which says, “If the patient, on the third day, have an interval, suspend the medicines at night.” Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have, upon no account, promoted sternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a physician he mistakes! you pretend to dispute my prescription! *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus præscribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death. Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? shall poetry fall to the ground? must our reputation in foreign countries be quite lost? O destruction! perdition! cursed opera! confounded opera!* as poetry once raised critics, so, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

* He wrote a treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be straight-waistcoated, that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Dennis. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! for the lost drama! the drama is no more!

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a *peripetia*! no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the sixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-shop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increases. We must call for help. Mr. Lintot—a—hold him, pray. [*Doctor gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wish [*scratching his head*] he had been besh—t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctor. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem desperate. Avicen says “If learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a con-
“ texture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be
“ totally exhausted.” We must endeavour to eradicate these indigested ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! [*The Doctor, the Nurse, and Lintot run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs all together.*] Is the man, whose labours are calculated to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, Aristotle in my left. [*Calls after the Doctor, Bookseller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.*] I am the only man among the moderns, that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*] SWIFT.

COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

When Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone.—One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown; such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

‘Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear.’

‘I am very sorry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but (looking at his watch) it is only half past six by me.’

‘It is seven by me.’

They presented their watches to each other, he in an apologetical, she in a reproachful attitude.

‘I rather think you are too fast, my dear,’ said the gentleman.

‘ I am very sure you are too slow, my dear,’ said the lady.

‘ My watch never loses a minute in the four and twenty hours,’ said he.

‘ Nor mine a second,’ said she.

‘ I have reason to believe I am right, my love,’ said the husband, mildly.

‘ Reason !’ exclaimed the wife, astonished.

‘ What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you, I am morally certain you are wrong, my love?’

‘ My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day.’

‘ The sun must be wrong, then,’ cried the lady hastily — ‘ You need not laugh ; for I know what I am saying — the variation, the declination, must be allowed for in computing it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right.’

‘ Well, my dear, if you are conscious of it, that is sufficient — We will not dispute any more about such a trifle.

‘ Are they bringing up dinner?’

‘ If they know that you are come in ; but I am sure I cannot tell whether they do or not. — Pray, my dear Mrs. Nettleby,’ cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in her hand — ‘ Wat o’clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right.’

Mrs. Nettleby’s watch had stopped — how provoking ! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our heroine consoled herself by proceeding to criminate her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but

upon the general charge of being always too late for dinner, which he strenuously denied.

There is something in the species of reproach, which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature cannot easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends, to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial; or at least to temper it with much fondness, or else mischief will infallibly ensue.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

BAYES' RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up sometime); and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own; 'tis so changed that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of tablebook. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir; go on.

Bayes. As thus : I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort ; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark ?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third rule : that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the playhouse and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask you how you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself? What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir, I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham College, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains and that shall do my business.

BUCKINGHAM.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PLINY THE ELDER AND PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Pliny the Elder. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance

from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. . . .

When I came out from my house I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the galleys were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountains had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on the part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea

very rough, we remained on the shore until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.

Pliny the Younger. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing? Do you not remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind, that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption. DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

HUMOROUS SCENE AT AN INN, BETWEEN BONIFACE AND AIMWELL.

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir,—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar, ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale.—Here, tapster; broach number 1706, as the saying is—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see—Your worship's health: [*Drinks.*—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong hat drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it

every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after — but however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done : she cured her of three tympanies ; but the fourth carried her off : but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned ?

Bon. Odds my life, Sir, we'll drink her health : [*Drinks.*] — My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year ; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children ?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles ; the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day : if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he ?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough : says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith : but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose ?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure : he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say ?

Bon. Aye ; and to a curious woman, Sir,—but he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not — — Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]—Though I

value not a farthing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter-day ; I have a good running trade ; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface ; pray what other company have you in town ?

Bon. A power of fine ladies ; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O that's right ; you have a good many of those gentlemen ; pray how do you like their company ?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em ; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

FARQUHAR.

MAGNIFICENT DESCRIPTIVE DIALOGUE ;

IN WHICH THE FAIR JEWESS REBECCA, AFTER CLIMBING UP TO THE PRISON WINDOW, RELATES TO THE WOUNDED KNIGHT OF IVANHOE THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE BY ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BRAVE ARCHERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE BLACK KNIGHT OF THE FETTERLOCK, WHO IS AFTERWARDS DISCOVERED TO BE NO OTHER THAN RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION HIMSELF.

' The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.' — ' Under what banner ? ' asked Ivanhoe. — ' Under no ensign of war which I can observe,' answered Rebecca. — ' A singular novelty,' muttered the knight, ' to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—See'st thou who they be that act as leaders ? ' — ' A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspi-

cuous,' said the Jewess; 'he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.' — 'What device does he bear on his shield?' replied Ivanhoe. — 'Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield.' — 'A fetterlock and shackle bolt azure,' said Ivanhoe; 'I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?' — 'Scarce the device itself at this distance,' replied Rebecca; 'but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you.' — 'Seem there no other leaders?' exclaimed the anxious inquirer. — 'None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,' said Rebecca; 'but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance. — God of Zion, protect us! — What a dreadful sight! — Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. — They raise their bows! — God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!' — Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. — 'And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath — Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.' — With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however,

so as not to be visible from beneath. — ‘What dost thou see, Rebecca?’ again demanded the wounded knight. — ‘Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.’ — ‘That cannot endure,’ said Ivanhoe; ‘if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.’ — ‘I see him not,’ said Rebecca. — ‘Foul craven!’ exclaimed Ivanhoe; ‘does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?’ — ‘He blenches not! he blenches not!’ said Rebecca, ‘I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. — They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. — His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. — They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds.’ — She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible. — ‘Look forth again, Rebecca,’ said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; ‘the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand — Look again, there is now less danger.’ — Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, ‘Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach; amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife — Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!’ She then ut-

tered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, 'He is down! — he is down!' — 'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?' — 'The Black knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—'But no—but no! — the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm — His sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!' — 'Front-de-Bœuf!' exclaimed Ivanhoe. — 'Front-de-Bœuf,' answered the Jewess; 'his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.' — 'The assailants have won the barriers; have they not?' said Ivanhoe. — 'They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend up on the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault — Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!' — 'Think not of that,' replied Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield? — who push their way?' — 'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; 'the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better.' — 'Saint George strike for us!' said the knight, 'do the false yeomen give way?' — 'No!' exclaimed Rebecca, 'they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear

them above all the din and shouts of the battle — stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers.'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.'—'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca; 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the out-work is won—oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'—'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.—'No,' replied Rebecca, 'the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'—'See'st thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?'—'Nothing,' said the Jewess; 'all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of blood-shed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

Stockwell. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you: you are welcome to England.

Belcour. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met, and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stockwell. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met with a bad passage at this time o'year.

Belcour. Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; it is upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; it is the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stockwell. Ay, indeed! what obstructions can you have met with between this and the river-side?

Belcour. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defil as the island of Corsica; and I believe they are as obstinately defended; so much hurry, bustle and confusion on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common council-men, in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can affect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stockwell. I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Belcour. Why, faith, it was all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters and water-bailiffs that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my ratan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to re-

bel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approach in any decent trim.

Stockwell. Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you will not think the worse of them for it.

Belcour. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better; was I only a visitor, I might perhaps wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effect of it in every bone of my skin.—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stockwell. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton despotic power, but as a subject which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

Belcour. True, Sir, most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind; but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stockwell. Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself.

Belcour. Ah! that is an office I am very weary of; I wish a friend would take it up: I would to heaven you had leisure for the employ. But did you drive a trade to the

four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stockwell. Well, I am not discouraged ; this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat ; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Belcour. No : if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

Stockwell. And was I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion ; so if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admission, and enter upon a course of lectures directly.

Belcour. With all my heart. (West Indian.)

CUMBERLAND.

FROM A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SHYLOCK, SALANIO AND SALARINO,

INCLUDING THE PATHETIC EXCLAMATION OF THE JEW.

Salarino. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shylock. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; — a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ; — let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ; — let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; — let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shylock. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my

bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason? I am a Jew : hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

SHAKSPEARE.

**MISS HOWE VISITING THE REMAINS OF HER
DEAR FRIEND MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE.**

Never did I think, said Miss Howe, as she gave me her hand, to enter more these doors : but living or dead, my CLARISSA brings me after her any-whither! She entered with me the little parlour; and seeing the coffin, withdrew her hand from mine, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth. In a wild air, she clasped her uplifted hands together; and now looked upon the corpse, now up to Heaven, as if appealing to that. Her bosom heaved and fluttered discernible thro' her handkerchief, and at last she broke silence: — O Sir! — See you not here! — See you not here — the glory of her sex? — Thus by the most villainous of yours—*thus*—laid low! O my blessed friend! said she—my sweet companion! my lovely mistress! kissing her at every tender appellation. And is this all! — Is it all, of my CLARISSA's story! Then, after a short pause, and

a profound sigh, she turned to me, and then to her breathless friend. — But *is* she, *can* she be, really dead! — O no! — She only sleeps. — Awake, my beloved friend! My sweet clay-cold friend, awake! Let thy Anna Howe revive thee. — Then, sighing again, as from the bottom of her heart, and with an air, as if disappointed that she answered not. And can such perfection end thus! — And art thou really and indeed flown from thine Anna Howe! — O my unkind CLARISSA! She was silent a few moments, and then, seeming to recover herself, she turned to me — Forgive, forgive, Mr. Morden, this wild phrensy! — I am not myself! — I never shall be! — You knew not the excellence, no not *half* the excellence, that is thus laid low! — Repeating, this cannot, surely, be all of my CLARISSA's story! Again pausing, one tear, my beloved friend didst thou allow me! — But this *dumb* sorrow! — O for a tear to ease my full-swoln heart that is just bursting! — But why, Sir, why, Mr. Morden, was she sent *hither*? Why not to *me*? — She has no father, no mother, no relation; no, not *one*! — They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend. — And had not I the best right to my dear creature's remains? — And must names, without nature, be preferred to such a love as mine? Again she kissed her and sighed as if her heart would break — but why, why, said she, was I withheld from seeing my dearest dear friend, before she commenced angel? — Delaying still, and *too easily persuaded* to delay, the friendly visit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reflection give me! — O my blessed friend! who knows, who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfortings might have done for thee! But — looking round her, as if she apprehended seeing some of the family — one more kiss, my angel, my friend, my ever-to-be-regretted, lost companion! And let me fly this hated house, which I never loved but for thy sake! — Adieu, then, my

dearest CLARISSA!—*Thou* art happy, I doubt not, as thou assuredst me in thy last letter!—O may we meet, and rejoice together where no villanous *Lovelaces*, no hard-hearted *relations* will ever shock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity! Again she was silent, unable to go, tho' seeming to intend it: struggling, as it were, with her grief, and heaving with anguish: at last, happily, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes—now!—now! said she, shall I—shall I—be easier. But for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder—more, many more tears than these are due to my CLARISSA, whose counsel has done for me what mine could not do for her!—But why, looking earnestly upon her, her hands clasped and lifted up—But why do I thus lament the HAPPY? And that thou art so, is my comfort. It is, it is, my dear creature! kissing her again. Excuse me, Sir (turning to me, who was as much moved as herself); I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another. Excuse my frantic grief. How has the glory of her sex fallen a victim to villainy, and to hard-heartedness! Madam, said I, they all have it!—Now indeed they have it—and let them have it!—I should belie my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them.—But how unhappy am I (looking upon her) that I saw her not before these eyes were shut, before these lips were for ever closed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from these lips when she spoke!—Nor what a friend I have lost! Then, surveying the lid, she seemed to take in at once the meaning of the emblems. And this gave her so much fresh grief, that tho' she several times wiped her eyes, she was unable to read the inscription and texts: turning therefore to me, favour me, Sir, I pray you, by a line, with the description of these emblems, and with these texts: and if I might be allowed a lock of the dear creature's hair—I told her, that her executor would order both; and would

also send her a copy of her last will; in which she would find the most grateful remembrances of her love for her, whom she calls *the sister of her heart*. Justly, said she, does she call me so; for we had but one heart, but one soul, between us : and now my better half is torn from me,—*what shall I do?* But looking round her, on a servant's stepping by the door, as if again she had apprehended it was some of the family—one more, said she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu! — Alas for *me!* a solemn, an everlasting adieu! Then again embracing her face with both her hands, and kissing it, and afterwards the hands of the dear deceased, she gave me her hand; and, quitting the room with precipitation, rushed into her chariot; and, when there, with profound sighs, and a fresh burst of tears, unable to speak she bowed her head to me, and was driven away. RICHARDSON.

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE POET AND PLAYER.

‘Hold, hold, hold,’ said the poet, ‘do repeat that tender speech in the third act of my play which you made such a figure in.’—‘I would willingly,’ said the player, ‘but I have forgot’—‘Ay, you was not quite perfect enough in it when you played it,’ cries the poet, ‘or you would have had such an applause as was never given on the stage; an applause I was extremely concerned for your losing.’—‘Sure,’ says the player, ‘if I remember, that was hissed more than any passage in the whole play.’—‘Ay, your speaking it was hissed,’ said the poet. ‘My speaking it!’ said the player.—‘I mean your not speaking it,’ said the poet.—‘You was out, and then they hissed.’—They hissed, and then I was out, if I remember,’ answered the player; ‘and I must say this for myself, that the whole audience allowed I did your part justice : so don’t lay

the damnation of your play to my account.' — 'I don't know what you mean by damnation,' replied the poet. 'Why, you know it was acted but one night,' cried the player. 'No,' said the poet, 'you and the whole town were my enemies : the pit were all my enemies : fellows that would cut my throat if the fear of hanging did not restrain them : all tailors, Sir, all tailors !' — 'Why should the tailors be so angry with you?' cries the player. 'I suppose you don't employ so many in making your clothes.' — 'I admit your jest,' answered the poet; 'but you remember the affair as well as myself; you know there was a party in the pit and upper gallery would not suffer it to be given out again; though much, ay infinitely the majority, all the boxes in particular, were desirous of it; nay, most of the ladies swore they never would come to the house till it was acted again—Indeed I must own their policy was good, in not letting it be given out a second time; for the rascals knew, if it had gone a second night, it would have run fifty : for if ever there was distress in a tragedy — I am not fond of my own performance; but if I should tell you what the best judges said of it.—Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies neither, that it did not succeed on the stage as well as it hath since among the polite readers; for you can't say it had justice done it by the performers.' — 'I think,' answered the player, 'the performers did the distress of it justice : for I am sure we were in distress enough, who were pelted with oranges all the last act; we all imagined it would have been the last act of our lives.'

FIELDING.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoken

my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise; I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. No w this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely), that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play, be then to be considered:

that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE FOLLY OF DISPUTING UPON TRIFLES.

One morning, Griselda and her husband were present, while Emma was busy, showing some poor children how to plait straws for hats.

'Next summer,' my dear, 'when we are settled at home, I hope you will encourage some manufacture of this kind among the children of our tenants,' said Mr. Bolingbroke to his lady.

'I have no genius for teaching manufactures of this sort,' replied Mrs. Bolingbroke, scornfully.

Her husband urged the matter no farther. A few minutes afterwards, he drew out a straw from a bundle, which one of the children held.

'This is a fine straw,' said he, carelessly.

'Fine straw ! cried' Mrs. Bolingbroke : 'no, that is very coarse. This,' continued she, pulling one from another bundle, 'this is a fine straw, if you please.'

'I think mine is the finest,' said Mr. Bolingbroke.

'Then you must be blind, Mr. Bolingbroke,' cried the lady, eagerly comparing them.

'Well, my dear,' said he, laughing, 'we will not dispute about straws.'

'No indeed,' said she, 'but I observe, whenever you know you are in the wrong, Mr. Bolingbroke, you say *we will not dispute, my dear* : now pray look at these straws, Mrs. Granby, you that have eyes, which is the finest ?'

'I will draw lots,' said Emma, taking one playfully from Mrs. Bolingbroke; 'for it seems to me, that there is little or no difference between them.'

‘No difference? O my dear Emma!’ said Mrs. Bolingbroke.

‘My dear Griselda,’ cried her husband, taking the other straw from her, and blowing it away, ‘indeed it is not worth disputing about : this is too childish.’

‘Childish?’ repeated she, looking after the straw, as it floated down the wind; ‘I see nothing childish in being in the right : your raising your voice in that manner never convinces me. Jupiter is always in the wrong, you know, when he has recourse to his thunder.’

‘Thunder! my dear Griselda! about a straw; well! when women are determined to dispute, it is wonderful how ingenious they are in finding subjects. I give you joy, my dear, of having attained the perfection of the art : you can now literally dispute about straws.’

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

In a few hours, Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fullness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on that quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills : they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone, to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram’s horn; his knees, though he was no pilgrim, had worn the stuff off his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings

had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ancles : in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour ; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

‘Our delicacies,’ said Harley to himself, ‘are fantastic ; they are not in nature : that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe.’—The beggar had, by this time, come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley ; the dog began to beg too : — it was impossible to resist both ; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined six-pence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number ; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, ‘that if he wanted to have his fortune told.’—Harley turned his eyes briskly on the beggar : it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately.—‘I would much rather learn,’ said Harley, ‘what it is in your power to tell me : your trade must be an entertaining one : sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession ; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself.’

‘Master,’ replied the beggar, ‘I like your frankness much ; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child ; but there is no doing with it in this world ; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession : but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt on in telling truth.

‘I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live : I never laid by, indeed ; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich,

Mr. Harley.' 'So,' said Harley, 'you seem to know me.' 'Aye, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of : how should I tell fortunes else?'—'True ; but go on with your story : you were a labourer, you say, and a wag ; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade, but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new.'

'What signifies sadness, Sir ? a man grows lean on't : but I was brought to my idleness by degrees ; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the country where I lived ; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground : I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however ; but I was so weak, that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke. I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any : thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed : and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money ; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there ; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This

I found by much the better way : folks will always listen, when the tale is their own ; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance ; amours and little squables are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours ; and indeed the people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose : they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe ; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning ; with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards ; with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion—I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest ; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all man can arrive at in this world. — But I must bid you good-day, Sir ; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army ; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket ; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm :—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him : his fingers lost their compression ;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up ; and,

contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.'

MACKENZIE.

AUCTION SCENE, FROM THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

*Picture Room at Charles's.—Large chair on left.—
Family Pedigree hanging up in the wing.*

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES
and CARELESS.*

Charles S. Walk in, gentlemen : pray walk in—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting ;—no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you ; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no ; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah ! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not. — Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am : here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer ; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

(Brings chair forward.)

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. — But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer : and what's an auctioneer without his hammer ?

Charles S. Egad, that's true *(Taking pedigree down)* ; what parchment have we here ?—O, our genealogy in full.

Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue, — this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue! — an *ex post facto* parricide. (Aside.)

Care. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin —A-going, a-going, a going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless! — Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be —What do you bid?

Sir O. (Aside to Moses.) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff officer.

Sir O. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds (Aside)! Very well, Sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. —There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. —You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself (Aside)! —Five pounds ten—she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned

judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. — Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack: do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! — I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I throw out the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen——But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you; — they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. (*Having put the chair away comes forward*)

What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir O. Yes, Sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What, that?—Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver!—Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(*Slapping him on the shoulder.*)

Sir O. Upon my soul, Sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir O. The rogue's my nephew after all. (*Aside.*)—But, Sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him every thing! (*Aside.*)—But, Sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! (*Aside.*)—Well, well, I have done.——I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*)——Here is a draught for your sum.

(*Taking it out of his pocket-book.*)

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance

that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles — I beg pardon, Sir, for being so free—Come, Moses.

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*)—Good-day! —Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who dares call him profligate! (*School for Scandal.*) SHERIDAN.

DESCRIPTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

If we survey Byzantium, in the extent which it acquired with the august name of Constantinople, the figure of the imperial city may be represented under that of an unequal triangle. The obtuse point, which advances towards the east, and the shores of Asia, meets and repels the waves of the Thracian Bosphorus. The northern side of the city is bounded by the harbour; and the southern is washed by the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora. The basis of the triangle is opposed to the west, and terminates the continent of Europe. But the admirable form and division of the circumjacent land and water cannot, without a more ample explanation, be clearly or sufficiently understood.

The winding channel, through which the waters of the

Euxine flow, with a rapid and incessant course, towards the Mediterranean, received the appellation of Bosphorus; a name not less celebrated in the history, than in the fables of antiquity. A crowd of temples, and of votive altars, profusely scattered along its steep and woody banks, attested the unskilfulness, the terrors, and the devotion of the Grecian navigators, who, after the example of the Argonauts, explored the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine. On these banks, tradition long preserved the memory of the palace of Phineus, infested by the obscene harpies; and of the sylvan reign of Amycus, who defied the son of Leda to the combat of the cestus. The straits of the Bosphorus are terminated by the Cyanean rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, had once floated on the surface of the waters; and were destined, by the gods, to protect the entrance of the Euxine against the eye of profane curiosity. From the Cyanean rocks to the point and harbour of Byzantium, the winding length of the Bosphorus extends about sixteen miles, and its most ordinary breadth may be computed at about one mile and a half. The new castles of Europe and Asia are constructed, on either continent, upon the foundations of two celebrated temples of Serapis and of Jupiter Urius. The old castles, a work of the Greek emperors, command the narrowest part of the channel, in a place where the opposite banks advance within five hundred paces of each other. These fortresses were restored and strengthened by Mahomet the second, when he meditated the siege of Constantinople: but the Turkish conqueror was most probably ignorant, that, near two thousand years before his reign, Darius had chosen the same situation to connect the two continents by a bridge of boats. At a small distance from the old castles, we discover the little town of Chrysopolis, or Scutari, which may almost be considered as the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, as it begins to

open into the Propontis, passes between Byzantium and Chalcedon. The latter of those cities was built by the Greeks, a few years before the former; and the blindness of its founders, who overlooked the superior advantages of the opposite coast, has been stigmatized by a proverbial expression of contempt.

The harbour of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained, in a very remote period, the denomination of the Golden Horn. The curve, which it describes, might be compared to the horn of a stag, or, as it should seem with more propriety, that of an ox. The epithet of golden was expressive of the riches, which every wind wafted from the most distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople. The river Lycus, formed by the conflux of two little streams, pours into the harbour a perpetual supply of fresh water which serves to cleanse the bottom, and to invite the periodical shoals of fish to seek their retreat in that convenient recess. As the vicissitudes of tides are scarcely felt in those seas, the constant depth of the harbour allows goods to be landed on the quays, without the assistance of boats; and it has been observed, that in many places the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses, while their sterns are floating in the water. From the mouth of the Lycus to that of the harbour, this arm of the Bosphorus is more than seven miles in length. The entrance is about five hundred yards broad, and a strong chain could be occasionally drawn across it to guard the port and city from the attack of a hostile navy.

Between the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, the shores of Europe and Asia, receding on either side, enclose the Sea of Marmora, which was known to the ancients by the denomination of Propontis. The navigation, from the issue of the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Hellespont, is about one hundred and twenty miles. Those, who

steer their westward course through the middle of the Propontis, may at once descry the highlands of Thrace and Bithynia, and never lose sight of the lofty summit of Mount Olympus, covered with eternal snows. They leave, on the left, a deep gulf, at the bottom of which Nicomedia was seated, the imperial residence of Diocletian; and they pass the small islands of Cyzicus and Proconnesus before they cast anchor at Gallipoli; where the sea which separates Asia from Europe, is again contracted into a narrow channel.

The geographers, who, with the most skilful accuracy, have surveyed the form and extent of the Hellespont, assign about sixty miles for the winding course, and about three miles for the ordinary breadth of those celebrated straits. But the narrowest part of the channel is found to the northward of the old Turkish castles, between the cities of Sestus and Abydos. It was here that the adventurous Leander braved the passage of the flood to visit his beautiful Hero. It was here, likewise, in a place where the distance between the opposite banks cannot exceed five hundred paces, that Xerxes imposed a stupendous bridge of boats, for the purpose of transporting into Europe a hundred and seventy myriads of barbarians. A sea, contracted within such narrow limits, may seem but ill to deserve the singular epithet of broad, which Homer, as well as Orpheus, has frequently bestowed on the Hellespont. But our ideas of greatness are of a relative nature: the traveller, and especially the poet, who sailed along the Hellespont, who pursued the windings of the stream, and contemplated the rural scenery, which appeared on every side to terminate the prospect, insensibly lost the remembrance of the sea; and his fancy painted those celebrated straits, with all the attributes of a mighty river, flowing with a swift current, in the midst of a woody and inland country, and at length, through a wide mouth, discharg-

ing itself into the *Ægean*, or *Archipelago*. Ancient *Troy*, seated on an eminence, at the foot of *Mount Ida*, overlooked the mouth of the *Hellespont*, which scarcely received an accession of waters from the tribute of those immortal rivulets the *Simois* and *Scamander*. The Grecian camp had stretched twelve miles along the shore, from the *Sigæan* to the *Rhætean* promontory; and the flanks of the army were guarded by the bravest chiefs, who fought under the banners of *Agamemnon*. The first of those promontories was occupied by *Achilles*, with his invincible *Myrmidons*; and the dauntless *Ajax* pitched his tents on the other. After *Ajax* had fallen a sacrifice to his disappointed pride, and to the ingratitude of the Greeks, his sepulchre was erected on the ground where he had defended the navy against the rage of *Jove* and of *Hector*; and the citizens of the rising town of *Rhæteum* celebrated his memory with divine honours. Before *Constantine* gave a just preference to the situation of *Byzantium*, he had conceived the design of erecting the seat of empire on this celebrated spot, from whence the Romans derived their fabulous origin. The extensive plain, which lies below ancient *Troy*, towards the *Rhætean* promontory and the tomb of *Ajax*, was first chosen for his new capital; and though the undertaking was soon relinquished, the stately remains of unfinished walls and towers attracted the notice of all who sailed through the straits of the *Hellespont*.

We are at present qualified to view the advantageous position of *Constantinople*; which appears to have been formed, by nature, for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. Situate in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded, from her seven hills, the opposite shores of *Europe* and *Asia*; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbour secure and capacious; and the approach, on the side of the continent, was of small extent and easy defence. The *Bosphorus* and

the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople ; and the prince, who possessed those important passages, could always shut them against a naval enemy, and open them to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may, in some degree, be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians of the Euxine, who, in the preceding age, had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed, within their spacious enclosure, every production, which could supply the wants, or gratify the luxury, of its numerous inhabitants. The seacoasts of Trace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests ; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken, in their stated seasons, without skill, and almost without labour. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the north and south, of the Euxine, and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia ; as far as the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes ; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia ; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which, for many ages, attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

GIBBON.

ON LIBERTY.

True and precious liberty, that is only to be valued, is nothing else but that we may not be compelled to do any thing that the law hath left in our choice whether we will do or no ; nor hindered from doing any thing we have a mind to do, and which the law hath given us liberty to do, if we have a mind to it : and compulsion and force in either of these cases is an act of violence and injustice against our right, and ought to be repelled by the sovereign power, and may be resisted so far by ourselves as the law permits. The law is the standard and the guardian of our liberty ; it circumscribes and defends it ; but to imagine liberty without a law, is to imagine every man with his sword in his hand, to destroy him who is weaker than himself ; and that would be no pleasant prospect to those who cry out most for liberty. CLARENDON.

ELOQUENT APOLOGY FOR EXCESS.

It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular ; and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism ; but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path : subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dulness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer : the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce ; but they scourge before them the lazy elements which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like

manner, liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is. You might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law ; but she would then be liberty no longer : and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice, which you had exchanged for the banners of freedom.

ERSKINE'S *Speech in the Case of Stockdale.*

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery ! thou art a bitter draught ! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. — 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious Goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change — no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron — with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled ! — Gracious heaven ! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent — grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair Goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement ; I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not

bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice — his children. — But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down — shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter his soul. I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. STERNE.

ON VANITY.

O Vanity ! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned ! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises ! Sometimes dost thou

wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity : nay thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster ! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed : is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public ?— Yet how few will refuse to thee in private ! Nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee ; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of private robbery, and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves : avarice itself is often no more than thy hand-maid. The bully fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and joy and grief hide their heads in thy presence. FIELDING.

FACTION.

Liberty, the daughter of Oppression, after having brought forth several fair children, as Riches, Arts, Learning, Trade, and many others, was at last delivered of her youngest daughter called Faction ; whom Juno, doing the office of the midwife, distorted in its birth out of envy to the mother, whence it derived its peevishness and sickly constitution. However, as it is often the nature of parents to grow most fond of their youngest and disagreeablest children, so it happened with Liberty, who doted on this daughter to such a degree, that by her good will she would never suffer the girl to be out of her sight. As Miss Faction grew up, she became so termagant and froward, that there was no enduring her any longer in heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to be gone, and her

mother, rather than forsake her, took the whole family down to earth. She landed first in Greece, was expelled by degrees through all the cities by her daughter's ill conduct, fled afterwards to Italy, and being banished thence, took shelter among the Goths, with whom she passed into most parts of Europe; but, being driven out every where, she began to lose esteem, and her daughter's faults were imputed to herself, so that, at this time, she has hardly a place in the world to retire to. One would wonder what strange qualities this daughter must possess, sufficient to blast the influence of so divine a mother, and the rest of her children. She always affected to keep mean and scandalous company, valuing nobody but just as they agreed with her in every capricious opinion she thought to take up, and rigorously exacting compliance, though she changed her sentiments ever so often. Her great employment was to breed discord among friends and relations, and make up monstrous alliances between those whose dispositions least resembled each other. Whoever offered to contradict her, though in the most insignificant trifle, she would be sure to distinguish by some ignominious appellation, and allow them to have neither honour, wit, beauty, learning, honesty, nor common sense. She intruded into all companies, at the most unseasonable times; mixed at balls, assemblies, and other parties of pleasure; haunted every coffee-house and bookseller's shop; and by her perpetual talking, filled all places with disturbance and confusion: she buzzed about the merchant in the exchange, the divine in his pulpit, and the shop-keeper behind his counter. Above all, she frequented public assemblies, where she sat in the shape of an obscene, ominous bird, ready to prompt her friends, as they spoke.

SWIFT.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

Nothing is more erroneous than the common observation that men, who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober: for drink in reality doth not reverse nature or create passions in men which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and enflames our passions; so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-natured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed. And yet as no nation produces more drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, than England (for indeed with them to drink and fight together are almost synonymous terms), I would not have it thence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people in the world; perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; so that the fair conclusion seems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery than any other plebeians. And this the rather as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair or ill-natured exercised on these occasions; nay, it is common for the combatants to express good will for each other even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

FIELDING.

EFFECTS OF DEMOSTHENES'S ORATORY.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! Is

man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? —Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions? To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted: not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is,—‘ Let us march against Philip; let us fight for our liberties; let us conquer or die!’

SHERIDAN.

THE INDIAN ANCHORITE.

At a spot not far distant from the brook, the guide called the attention of the travellers to a most wretched-looking man, overgrown with hair, who was seated on the skin of a tiger. His body was covered with mud and ashes, his skin sun-burnt, his dress a few wretched tatters. He appeared not to observe the approach of the

strangers, neither moving nor speaking a word, but remaining with his eyes fixed on a small and rude tomb, formed of the black slatestones which lay around, and exhibiting a small recess for a lamp. As they approached the man, and placed before him a rupee or two, and some rice, they observed that a tiger's skull and bones lay beside him, with a sabre almost consumed by rust.

While they gazed on this miserable object, the guide acquainted them with his tragical history. Sadhu Sing had been a Sipahce, or soldier, and freebooter of course, the native and the pride of a half-ruined village which they had passed on the preceding day. He was betrothed to the daughter of a Sipahce, who served in the mud fort which they saw at a distance rising above the jungle. In due time, Sadhu, with his friends, came for the purpose of the marriage, and to bring home the bride. She was mounted on a tatoo, a small horse belonging to the country, and Sadhu and his friends preceded her on foot, in all their joy and pride. As they approached the nullah near which the travellers were resting, there was heard a dreadful roar, accompanied by a shriek of agony. Sadhu Sing, who instantly turned, saw no trace of his bride, save that her horse ran wild in one direction, whilst in the other the long grass and reeds of the jungle were moving like the ripple of the ocean, when distorted by the course of a shark holding its way near the surface. Sadhu drew his sabre and rushed forward in that direction; the rest of the party remained motionless until roused by a short roar of agony. They then plunged into the jungle with their drawn weapons, where they speedily found Sadhu Sing holding in his arms the lifeless corpse of his bride, while a little farther lay the body of the tiger, slain by such a blow over the neck as desperation itself could alone have discharged. — The brideless bridegroom would permit none to interfere with his sorrow. He dug a grave for

his Mora, and erected over it the rude tomb they saw, and never afterwards left the spot. The beasts of prey themselves seemed to respect or dread the extremity of his sorrow. His friends brought him food and water from the nullah, but he neither smiled nor showed any mark of acknowledgment unless when they brought him flowers to deck the grave of Mora. Four or five years, according to the guide, had passed away, and there Sadhu Sing still remained among the trophies of his grief and his vengeance, exhibiting all the symptoms of advanced age, though still in the prime of youth. Sir WALTER SCOTT.

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Towards the close of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley: but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

‘There,’ said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, ‘is Udolpho.’

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle which

she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn darkness of evening. Silent, lonely and, sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice: but the gloom that overspread it, allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants, that had taken

root amongst the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis, surmounting the gates. From these, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. — Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

Mrs. RADCLIFFE.

POPULAR CUSTOMS IN IRELAND.

‘Mr. Mortimer, you are returned in the most excellent time—for to-morrow is *the first of May*.’

‘And is the arrival of a guest,’ said I, ‘on the *eve* of that day, a favourable omen?’

‘The arrival of such a guest,’ said Glorvina, ‘must be at least ominous of happiness. But the first of May is our great national festival; and you, who love to trace modern customs to ancient origins, will perhaps feel some curiosity and interest to behold some of the rites of our heathen superstition still lingering among our present ceremonies.’

‘What then,’ said I, ‘have you, like the Greeks, the festival of the spring among you?’

‘It is certain,’ said the priest, ‘that the ancient Irish sacrificed on the *first of May* to *Beal*, or the *sun*; and that day, even at this period, is called *Beal*.’

‘By this idolatry to the god of light and song,’ said I, ‘one would almost suppose that Apollo was the tutelar deity of your island.’

‘Why,’ returned he, ‘Hecatæus tells us that the Hyperborean island was dedicated to Apollo, and that the most of its inhabitants were either priests or bards, and I suppose you are not ignorant that we claim the honour

of being these happy Hyperboreans, which were believed by many to be a fabulous nation.

‘ And if the peculiar favour of the god of Poetry and Song may be esteemed a sufficient proof, it is certain that our claims are not weak; for surely no nation under Heaven was ever more enthusiastically attached to poetry and music than the Irish. Formerly every family had its poet or bard, called *filea* and *crotarie*; and indeed the very language itself seems most felicitously adapted to be the vehicle of poetic images; for its energy, strength, expression and luxuriance never leave the bard at a loss for apposite terms to realize the thick-coming fancies of his genius.’

‘ But,’ said Glorvina, ‘ the first of May was not the only festival held sacred by the Irish to their tutelar deity: on the 24th of June, they sacrificed to the sun to propitiate his influence in bringing the fruit to perfection; and to this day those lingering remains of heathen rites are performed with something of their ancient forms. *Midsummer’s night*, as it is called, is with us a night of universal lumination—the whole country blazes; from the summit of every mountain, every hill, ascends the flame of the bonfire, while the unconscious perpetuators of the heathen ceremony dance round the fire in circles, or, holding torches to it made of straw, run with the burning brands wildly through the country with all the gay frenzy of so many bacchantes. But, though I adore our inspiring *Beal* with all my soul, I worship our popular deity *Samhuin* with all my heart—he is the God of the heart’s close-knit socialities, for the domesticating month of November is sacred to him.’

‘ And on its eve,’ said the priest, ‘ the great fire of *Samhuin* was illuminated, all the culinary fires in the kingdom being first extinguished, as it was deemed sacrilege to awaken the winter’s social flame, except by a spark

snatched from this sacred fire*, and so deep rooted are the customs of our forefathers amongst us, that the present Irish have no other name for the month of November than Samhuin.

Lady MORGAN.

OBSTINATE BATTLE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND DUTCH FLEETS,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1665.

At length an easterly wind drove the English to their shores, and the Dutch fleet immediately put to sea. It sailed in seven divisions, comprising one hundred and thirteen ships of war, under the command-in-chief of Opdam, an officer, who, in the late war, had deserved the confidence of his countrymen. It exhibited a gallant and animating spectacle; the bravest and noblest youths of Holland repaired on board to share the dangers of the expedition; and, as the admiral had received a positive order to fight, every heart beat high with the hope or assurance of victory.

Early in the morning of the third of June, the hostile fleets descried each other near Lowestoffe. Seven hours were spent in attempts on each side to gain and keep the advantage of the wind; at length the English, by a skilful manœuvre, tacked in the same direction with the enemy, and accompanied them in a parallel line, till the signal was made for each ship to bear down and engage its opponent. The sea was calm; not a cloud could be seen in the sky; and a gentle breeze blew from the south-west. The two nations fought with their characteristic obstinacy,

* To this day the inferior Irish look upon bonfires as sacred; they say their prayers, walking round them; the young dream upon their ashes, and the old steal away the fire to light up their domestic hearths with it.

and, during four hours, the issue hung in suspense. On one occasion, the Duke* was in the most imminent peril. All the ships of the red squadron, with the exception of two, had dropped out of the line to refit; and the weight of the enemy was directed against his flag-ship, the *Royal-Charles*. The Earl of Falmouth, the Lord Muskerry, and Boyle, son to the Earl of Burlington, who stood by his side, were slain by the same shot; and James himself was covered with the blood of his slaughtered friends. Gradually, however, the disabled ships resumed their stations; the English obtained the superiority; and the fire of the enemy was observed to slacken. A short pause allowed the smoke to clear away; and the confusion which the Duke observed on board his opponent, the *Eendratch*, bearing Opdam's flag, induced him to order all his guns to be discharged into her in succession, and with deliberate aim. At the third shot from the lower tier she blew up, and the admiral, with five hundred men, perished in the explosion. Alarmed at the loss of their commander, the Dutch fled; James led the chase; the four sternmost sail of the enemy ran foul of each other, and were consumed by a fireship; and three others shortly afterwards experienced the same fate. *Van Tromp* endeavoured to keep the fugitives together; the darkness of the night retarded the pursuit of the conquerors; and in the morning the Dutch fleet was moored in safety within the shallows. In this action, the most glorious hitherto fought by the navy of England, the enemy lost four admirals, seven thousand men slain, or made prisoners, and eighteen sail either burnt or taken. The loss of the victors was small in proportion. One ship of fifty guns had been taken in the beginning of the action; and the killed and wounded amounted to six hundred men.

LINGARD.

* The duke of York, afterwards James II.

THE HERMIT.

was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, consented with reluctance: my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity 'wrung from him his slow leave.' I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense: but being banished so early in life, we were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their manners or police. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

We were now returning home from a six years' absence, anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows:—

'Alas, my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will

probably be conclusive. The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their inquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awaken their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power.

'My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart, but friendship lingers long, and it is with tears I say farewell.'

My concern was truly so great, that upon my arrival in my native country it was not at all increased by the consideration, that the nobleman on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him, and he appeared sensibly grieved, that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail. He recommended me, however, to a friend of his, that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of our court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quickly succeeding one another, as superficial, and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me, when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished, indeed, that I had retreated sooner;

but to retire at last unrecompensed, and when a few months' attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed to open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendour which was grown familiar to me, and for servility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated, however, for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged, I thought to content myself with common necessities, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But, alas! to my great surprise the person who supplied my expenses had so far embroiled my little affairs, that when my debts, etc., were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life; cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there is a very clear one. I am now a useless individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to the extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease

is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

Yet will I not permit you to depart from a hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniencies attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my lifetime been solicitous to procure.

SHENSTONE.

VENICE IN THE DAYS OF HER PROSPERITY;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC, THE GRAND-DUCAL PROCESSION AND THE REGATTA OR GONDOLÉ-RACE.

A brighter day than that which succeeded the night last mentioned, never dawned upon the massive domes, the gorgeous palaces, and the glittering canals of Venice. The sun had not been long above the level of the Lido, before the strains of horns and trumpets arose from the square of St. Mark. They were answered, in full echoes, from the distant arsenal. A thousand gondolas glided from the canals, stealing in every direction across the port, the Guidecca, and the various outer channels of the place, while the well-known routes, from Fusina and the neighbouring isles, were dotted with endless lines of boats, urging their way towards the capital.

The citizens began to assemble early, in their holiday attire, while thousands of contadini landed at the different bridges, clad in the gay costumes of the main. Before the day had far advanced, all the avenues of the great square were again thronged, and by the time the bells of the venerable cathedral had finished a peal of high rejoicing, St. Mark's again teemed with its gay multitude. Few appeared in masks, but pleasure seemed to lighten every eye, while the frank and unconcealed countenance

willingly courted the observation and sympathy of its neighbours. In short, Venice and her people were seen, in all the gaiety and carelessness of a favourite Italian festa. The banners of the conquered nations flapped heavily on the triumphal masts, each church-tower hung out its image of the winged lion, and every palace was rich in its hangings of tapestry and silk, floating from balcony and window.

In the meantime, gondolas rich in carvings and gildings, and containing females renowned for grace and beauty, began to cluster, in hundreds, around the port. A general movement had already taken place among the shipping, and a wide and clear channel was opened from the quay, at the foot of the Piazzetta, to the distant bank, which shut out the waves of the Adriatic. Near this watery path, boats of all sizes and descriptions, filled with the curious and observant, were fast collecting.

The crowd thickened as the day drew on, all the vast plains of the Padovano appearing to have given up their people to swell the numbers of those that rejoiced. A few timid and irresolute masks now began to appear in the throng, stealing a momentary pleasure under the favour of that privileged disguise, from out of the seclusion and monotony of their cloisters. Next came the rich marine equipages of the accredited agents of foreign states, and then, amid the sound of clarions and the cries of the populace, the Bucentaur rowed out of the channel of the arsenal, and came sweeping to her station, at the quay of St. Mark.

When the ducal party had taken their places, and an admiral of reputation was in possession of the helm, the vast and gorgeous bark, with its gilded galleries thronged with attendants, swept away from the quay, with a grand and stately movement. Its departure was the signal for a new burst of trumpets and clarions, and for fresh ac.

clamations from the people. The latter rushed to the edge of the water, and by the time the Bucentaur had reached the middle of the port, the stream was black with the gondolas that followed in her train. In this manner did the gay and shouting cortege sweep on, some darting a-head of the principal bark, and some clinging, like smaller fish swimming around the leviathan, as near to her sides, as the fall of the ponderous oars would allow. As each effort of the crew sent the galley farther from the land, the living train seemed to extend itself, by some secret principle of expansion; nor was the chain of its apparent connexion entirely broken, until the Bucentaur had passed the island, long famous for its convent of religious Armenians. Here the movement became slower, in order to permit the thousand gondolas to approach, and then, the whole moved forward, in nearly one solid phalanx, to the landing of the Lido.

When the Bucentaur became stationary, a space around her stern was cleared, and the doge appeared in a rich gallery, so constructed as to exhibit the action to all in sight. He held a ring, glittering with precious stones, on high, and, pronouncing the words of betrothal, he dropped it upon the bosom of his fancied spouse. Shouts arose, trumpets blew their blasts, and each lady waved her handkerchief, in felicitation of the happy union.

The Bucentaur did not return directly to the quay, to disburden itself of its grave and dignified load. The gaudy galley anchored in the centre of the port, and opposite to the wide mouth of the great canal. Officers had been busy, throughout the morning, in causing all the shipping and heavy boats, of which hundreds lay in that principal artery of the city, to remove from the centre of the passage, and heralds now summoned the citizens to witness the regatta, with which the public ceremonies of the day were to terminate.

It has already been mentioned in these pages, that the city of Venice is divided into two nearly equal parts, by a channel much broader than that of the ordinary passages of the town. This dividing artery, from its superior size and depth, and its greater importance, is called the grand canal. Its course is not unlike that of an undulating line, which greatly increases its length. As it is much used by the larger boats of the bay—being, in fact, a sort of secondary port—and its width is so considerable, it has throughout the whole distance but one bridge—the celebrated Rialto. The regatta was to be held on this canal, which offered the requisites of length and space, and which, as it was lined with most of the palaces of the principal senators, afforded all the facilities necessary for viewing the struggle.

At length every formality had been duly observed, and the competitors assumed their places. The gondolas were much larger than those commonly used, and each was manned by three watermen, in the centre, directed by a fourth, who, standing on the little deck in the stern, steered, while he aided to impel the boat. There were light, low staffs in the bows, with flags, that bore the distinguishing colours of several noble families of the republic, or which had such other simple devices as had been suggested by the fancies of those to whom they belonged. A few flourishes of the oars, resembling the preparatory movements which the master of fence makes ere he begins to push and parry, were given; a whirling of the boats, like the prancing of curbed racers, succeeded; and then, at the report of a gun, the whole darted away as if the gondolas were impelled by volition. The start was followed by a shout, which passed swiftly along the canal, and an eager agitation of heads, that went from balcony to balcony, till the sympathetic movement was communicated to the grave load under which the Bucentaur laboured.

For a few minutes the difference in force and skill was not very obvious. Each gondola glided along the element apparently with that ease with which a light-winged swallow skims the lake, and with no visible advantage to either of the ten. Then, as more art in him who steered, or greater powers of endurance in those who rowed, or some of the latent properties of the boat itself, came into service, the cluster of little barks, which had come off like a closely-united flock of birds taking flight together in alarm, began to open, till they formed a long and vacillating line, in the centre of the passage. The whole train shot beneath the bridge, so near each other, as to render it still doubtful which was to conquer, and the exciting strife came more in view of the principal personages of the city.

But here those radical qualities, which ensure success in efforts of this nature, manifested themselves. The weaker began to yield, the train to lengthen, and hopes and fear to increase, until those in the front presented the exhilarating spectacle of success, while those behind offered the still more noble sight of men struggling without hope. Gradually the distances between the boats increased, while that between them and the goal grew rapidly less, until three of those in advance came in like glancing arrows, beneath the stern of the Bucen-taur, with scarce a length between them. The prize was won, the conquerors were rewarded, and the artillery gave forth the usual signals of rejoicing. Music answered to the roar of cannon and the peals of bells, while sympathy with success, that predominant and so often dangerous principle of our nature, drew shouts even from the disappointed.

FENIMORE COOPER.

NORTH CAPE.

Proceeding on our voyage, we left on our right the strait formed by Mageron, or Bare Island, and the continent. The vast expanse of the frozen ocean opened to our left, and we arrived at last at the extremest point of Europe, known by the name of the North Cape, exactly at midnight.

Sistimus hic tandem, nobis ubi defuit orbis.

The North Cape is an enormous rock, which, projecting far into the ocean, and being exposed to all the fury of the waves and the outrage of tempests, crumbles every year more and more into ruins. Here every thing is solitary, every thing is sterile, every thing sad and despondent. The shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the mountain; the singing of the birds, which enlivened even the woods of Lapland, is no longer heard in this scene of desolation; the ruggedness of the dark gray rock is not covered by a single shrub; the only music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves, ever and anon renewing their assaults on the huge masses that oppose them. The northern sun, creeping at midnight at the distance of five diameters along the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean, in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented to the astonished spectator. The incessant cares and pursuits of anxious mortals are recollected as a dream; the various forms and energies of animated nature are forgotten; the earth is contemplated only in its elements, and as constituting a part of the solar system.

ACERBI.

LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

The most extraordinary fresh-water lake in the British islands is the LAKE OF KILLARNEY, in the county of KERRY, Ireland. It possesses singular beauties, and is divided into three parts. The northern, or lower lake, is six miles in length, and from three to four in breadth. On the side of one of the mountains is O'Sullivan's cascade, which falls into the lake with a roaring noise that strikes the timid spectator with awe. The view of this sheet of water is uncommonly fine, appearing as if it were descending from an arch of wood, which overhangs it above seventy feet in height from the point of view. The islands are not so numerous in this part as in the Upper Lake; but there is one of uncommon beauty, called Innisfallen, nearly opposite to the cascade. It contains eighteen acres; and the coast is formed into a variety of bays and promontories, skirted and crowned with arbutus, holly, and other shrubs and trees. The promontory of Mucruss, which divides the Upper from the Lower Lake, is a perfect land of enchantment; and a road is carried through the centre of this promontory, which unfolds all the interior beauties of the place. Among the distant mountains, the one named Turk, presents itself as an object of magnificence; and the summit of Mangerton, more lofty, though less interesting, soars above the whole.

The passage to the upper lake is round the extremity of Mucruss, which confines it on one side, and the approaching mountains on the other. Here is a celebrated rock, called the Eagle's nest, which produces wonderful echoes: the report of a single cannon is answered by a succession of peals resembling the loudest thunder, which seems to travel along the surrounding scenery, and die away amid the distant mountains. The upper lake is four miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. It is almost sur-

rounded by mountains, from which descend a number of beautiful cascades. The islands in this lake are numerous, and afford an amazing variety of picturesque views.

The centre lake, which communicates with the upper, is small in comparison with the other two, and cannot boast of equal variety; but its shores are, in many places, indented with beautiful bays, surrounded by dark groves of trees. The eastern boundary is formed by the base of Mangerton, down the steep side of which descends a cascade, visible for four hundred and fifty feet. This fall of water is supplied by a circular lake near the summit of the mountain, called the DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, which on account of its immense depth, and the continual overflow of water, is considered as one of the greatest curiosities in Killarney.

CLARKE'S *Hundred Wonders of the World*.

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA, IN CANADA, NORTH AMERICA.

This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all north America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred

yards over. Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like a horse-shoe ; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues; and the fury of the waters at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds, and which forms a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It will readily be supposed, that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream ; and yet some Indians, in their canoes, as it is said, have ventured down it with safety.

GOLDSMITH.

DESCRIPTION OF A VALLEY IN ABYSSINIA.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had been long disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood ; and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and

formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees; the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks; and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks; the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees; and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded. Dr. JOHNSON.

AN ATROCIOUS CHARACTER.

During the awful prevalence of the plague in the north-east of Spain, in the autumn of 1821, a foreigner, who was variously said to be a Jew, a Turk, an American, and renegado, but whose acknowledged vocation was that of a merchant, in which capacity he had amassed a large property, visited the devoted city of Barcelona. This man, who, from his long white beard, might have been taken for a patriarch, had been an eye-witness of the plagues that had desolated, of late years, the Turkish empire. As soon as he heard that a pestilence had broken out in any

city, he immediately hastened to it. He used to account for these extraordinary journeys by the advantage which he found in such desolated countries in purchasing his goods at a lower rate than usual ; but it still seemed inexplicable how lust of gold could so far overcome the love of life, and how the old man, who was already so rich, should continually expose himself to almost inevitable death. Questions put to the strange traveller were never answered clearly.—When he arrived at such a theatre of death, he wrapped himself from head to foot in tarred linen, covered his hands with black leather, his face with a glass mask ; and thus guarded against infection, and provided with a stick which had an iron hook at the end, he entered the infected houses. There he possessed himself of whatever he found, seized on hidden treasures and the most valuable utensils, and tore the jewels from the bodies of the dead. More than once he was said to have hastened the effects of the pestilence, and to have given the death-blow to those whose cries would have interrupted him perpetrating his robberies. If chance led him into a house which was still free from the contagion, he announced himself as a physician, and woe to those who confided in his skill ! He always returned to Venice loaded with treasures, where, admired by every body on account of the success of his enterprise, he waited the signal for fresh booty, like a carrion vulture. The news of the distress of Barcelona was glad tidings for this wretch ; and he had already carried on this horrid trade for a fortnight, when he was detected in the very act of stabbing a patient who was quite delirious. This patient was a young French merchant who was greatly beloved at Barcelona on account of his integrity. He had just lost his wife and two sons, and was himself seized with the distemper, which had hitherto spared this courageous young man, who most tenderly devoted himself to his family. He was murdered

almost in the arms of his countryman, Captain R., who was near his friend in an adjoining room. Hearing the door opened, he hastens back to the patient, sees the villain stab his friend to the heart, rushes on him, and throws him on the ground after a hard struggle, in which the old wretch showed much more strength than could have been expected.—‘Sir,’ cried the wretch, finding himself overpowered, ‘surely you will not kill me?’—‘Villain! what hast thou done?’—‘But he was so ill!’—‘And those things which you had already stolen?’—‘I thought every body was dead: give me life; I will make you a rich man.’—‘You dare to offer me your blood-stained gold?’—‘Sir, be without fear: I possess several remedies against the plague. I will give you as many sequins as you can carry.’—‘And were you to offer me two arrobas.’—‘You shall have ten,’ said the murderer; and received the captain’s sword through his heart.—The magistrates seized the body of the pretended Israelite, and had it hung at the corner of Regominstreet. His effects were sold for the benefit of the poor.

ANONYMOUS.

GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON*.

In the daytime, officers were always on the watch to withdraw from public view the bodies of those who expired in the streets; during the night the tinkling of a bell, accompanied with the glare of links, announced the approach of the pest-cart, making its round to receive the victims of the last twenty-four hours. No coffins were prepared; no funeral service was read; no mourners were permitted to follow the remains of their relations or friends. The

* More than one hundred thousand lives are said to have perished in the space of about five months by this plague, the most calamitous visitation ever experienced by any nation.

cart proceeded to the nearest cemetery, and shot its burden into the common grave.

The sufferings of the patient often threw them into paroxysms of frenzy. They burst the bands by which they were confined to their beds; they precipitated themselves from the windows; they ran naked into the streets, and plunged into the river. Men of the strongest minds were lost in amazement, when they contemplated this scene of woe and desolation; the weak and the credulous became the dupes of their own fears and imaginations. Tales the most improbable, and predictions the most terrific, were circulated; numbers assembled at different cemeteries to behold the ghosts of the dead walk round the pits in which their bodies had been deposited; and crowds believed that they saw in the heavens a sword of flame, stretching from Westminster to the Tower. To add to their terrors, came the fanatics, who felt themselves inspired to act the part of prophets. One of these in a state of nudity, walked through the city, bearing on his head a pan of burning coals, and denouncing the judgments of God on its sinful inhabitants; another, assuming the character of Jonah, proclaimed aloud, as he passed, 'Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed;' and a third might be met, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, advancing with a hurried step, and exclaiming with a deep sepulchral voice, 'Oh, the great and dreadful God!'

London presented a wide and heart-rending scene of misery and desolation. Rows of houses stood tenantless, and open to the winds; others, in almost equal numbers, exhibited the red cross flaming on the doors*. The chief thoroughfares, so lately trodden by the feet of thousands, were overgrown with grass. The few individuals who ventured

* Wherever the disease penetrated, its existence was made known to the public by a red cross painted on the door.

abroad, walked in the middle; and, when they met, declined on opposite sides, to avoid the contact of each other. But, if the solitude and stillness of the streets impressed the mind with awe, there was something yet more appalling in the sounds which occasionally burst on the ear. At one moment were heard the ravings of delirium, or the wail of woe, from the infected dwelling: at another, the merry song, or the loud and careless laugh, issuing from the wassailers at the tavern. — Men became so familiarized with the forms, that they steeled their feelings against the terrors of death. They waited each for his turn with the resignation of the Christian, or the indifference of the Stoic. Some devoted themselves to exercises of piety; others sought relief in the riot of dissipation, and the recklessness of despair. LINGARD.

DESCRIPTION OF SAND-FLOODS IN ARABIA.

At one o'clock we alighted among some acacia trees at Waadi el Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight, surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert from west to north-west of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness: at intervals we thought they were coming in a few minutes to overwhelm us; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon-shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the

wind being very strong at north. Eleven of them ranged along-side of us, about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me at that distance as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse or fastest sailing ship could be of no use to carry us out of this danger : and the full persuasion of this rivetted me as if to the spot where I stood, and let the camels gain on me so much in my state of lameness, that it was with some difficulty I could overtake them.

On another day the same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi el Halboub; only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun : his rays shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate : the Greek shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment. Ismael pronounced it to be hell, and the Tucorories, that the world was on fire. I asked Idris, if ever he had before seen such a sight? He said he had often seen them as terrible, though never worse; but what he feared most was that extreme redness in the air, which was a sure presage of the coming of the simoom.

BRUCE.

THE SIMOOM OR HOT WIND.

At eleven o'clock, while we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris our guide cried out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, for here is the simoom.' I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly, for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground with my face to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor or purple haze which I saw was indeed past, but the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast that I had imbibed part of it; nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the baths of Poretta, near two years afterwards.

BRUCE.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF ANCIENT MANNERS.

But the age of Chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone! It is gone! that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired

courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness...

Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a state may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and, at the same time, poor and sordid barbarians, destitute of religion, honour, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter?

BURKE.

ORIGIN AND APPLICATION OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

The word *Tory* is Irish, and was first made use of there in the time of Queen Elizabeth's wars in Ireland. It signified a kind of robber, who, being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon the country, without distinction of English or Spaniard.

These were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, the dearest friends and nearest relations; these were called *Tories*. In England, about the year 1680, a party of men appeared setting up a Popish prince, on pretence of hereditary right, and tyranny, on pretence of passive obedience. These men, for their criminal preying upon their country, and their cruel, bloody disposition, began to show themselves so like the thieves and murderers aforesaid, that they quickly got the name of *Tories*.

The word *Tory* became popular, and it stuck so close to the party in all their bloody proceedings, that they had no way to get it off; so at last they owned it.

As to the word *Whig*, it is Scotch. The use of it began there when the western men, called Cameronians, took arms frequently for their religion. Whig was a word used in those parts for a kind of liquor the Western Highland-men used to drink, and so became common to the people who drank it. It afterwards became a denomination of the poor harassed people of that part of the country, who, being unmercifully persecuted by the government, against all law and justice, thought they had a civil right to their religious liberties, and therefore frequently resisted the arbitrary power of their princes. These men, tired with innumerable oppressions, ravishings, murders, and plunderings, took up arms about 1681, being the famous insurrection at Bothwell-bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favour here, was sent against them by King Charles, and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for the good service, he found himself ill-treated for using them too mercifully; and Duke Lauderdale told King Charles with an oath, that the Duke had been so civil to Whigs, because he was a Whig himself in his heart. This made it a court-word; and in a little time, all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called Whigs; and they, as the other party did by the word Tory, took it freely enough to themselves. DEFOE.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE TWO PARTIES OF WHIG AND TORY.

Like the opposite term of *Whig*, *Tory* was at first used as an epithet of scorn and ridicule, and both were at length adopted as party distinctions, coming in place of those which had been used during the civil War, the word *Tory* superseding the term of *Cavalier*, and *Whig* being applied instead of *Roundhead*. The same terms of distinction have descended to our time, as expressing the

outlines of the two political parties who divide the Houses of Parliament, and, viewed politically, the whole mass of the community. A man who considers that, in the general view of the constitution, the monarchical power is in danger of being undermined by the popular branches, and who therefore supports the Crown in ordinary cases of dispute, is a *Tory*; while one who conceives the power of the Crown to be more likely to encroach upon the liberties of the people, throws his weight and influence into the popular scale, and is called a *Whig*.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.

ON THE DEATH OF NELSON.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity : men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end : the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed : new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow

upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner,' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security of strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. SOUTHEY.

FROM WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE.

Away trots my good sire to Redgauntlet Castle with a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's gripe.—Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, with his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle.—The rental-book, with its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him.—Sir Robert gave my good sire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom.—‘Are you come light-handed, you son of an empty whistle?’ said Sir Robert. ‘Zounds! if you are——’

My good sire, with as good a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table with a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—‘Is it all here, Steenie, man?’

‘Your honour will find it right,’ said my good sire.

‘Here, Dougal,’ said the Laird, ‘give Steenie a toss of brandy down stairs, till I count the silver, and write the receipt.’

But they were not well out of the room, when Sir Robert gave a yell that shook the Castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gave the Laird, every one more awful than the other. My good sire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where all was topsy turvy—nobody to say ‘come in’ or ‘go out.’ Terribly the Laird roared for cold water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and, Hell, hell, hell, and its flames! was always the word in his mouth.

My good sire's head was like to turn—he forgot both silver and receipt, and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-

drawn shivering groan, and word went through the Castle that the Laird was dead.

Well, away came my good sire, with his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was, that Dougal had seen the money-bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt.

But when all was over, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my good sire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Well, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his story.

He had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.

‘I wish you joy, Sir, of the head-seat, and the white loaf, and the broad lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; great grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoes—his boots, I should say; for he seldom wore shoes, unless it were slippers when he had the gout.’

‘Ay, Steenie,’ quoth the Laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his eyes, ‘his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country: no time to set his house in order—well prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled skein to wind, Steenie. — Hem! hem! We must go to business, Steenie, much to do, and little time to do it in.’

Here he opened the fatal volume: I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-going tenants.

‘Stephen,’ said Sir John, still in the same soft, smooth tone of voice—‘Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, you are down here for a year’s rent behind the hand—due at last term.’

Stephen. 'Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father.'

Sir John. 'You took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?'

Stephen. 'Indeed I had not time, an' it like your honour; for no sooner had I set down the silver, and just as his honour Sir Robert, that's gone, drew it to him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was taken with the pains that removed him.'

'That was unlucky,' said Sir John, after a pause. 'But you may-be paid it in the presence of some body. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go over strictly to work with no poor man.'

Stephen. 'Troth, Sir John, there was nobody in the room but Dougal Mac Callum, the butler. But, as your honour knows, he has even followed his old master.'

'Very unlucky again, Stephen,' said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. 'The man to whom you paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the silver, which should have been forthcoming, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe all this?'

Stephen. 'I do not know, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that every man there set down will take his great oath for what purpose I borrowed the money.'

Sir John. 'I have little doubt you *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* that I want to have some proof of.'

Stephen. 'The silver must be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was cannot have taken it with him, may-be some of the family may have seen it'.

Sir John. 'We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable.'

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my good sire described. What was worse, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. One girl had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my good sire, 'Now, Steenie, you see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt you know better where to find the silver than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this trouble; for, Stephen, you must pay or quit.'

'The Lord forgive your opinion,' said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—'I am an honest man.'

'So am I, Stephen,' said his honour; 'and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove.' He paused, and then added, more sternly, 'If I understand your trick, Sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding.—Where do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing.'

My good sire saw every thing look so big against him, that he grew nearly desperate—however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

'Speak out, sirrah,' said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular one, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that self-same fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the

middle of his brow : — ‘Speak out, Sir ! I *will* know your thoughts :—do you suppose that I have this money ?’

‘Far be it from me to say so,’ said Stephen.

‘Do you charge any of my people with having taken it ?’

‘I would be loath to charge them that may be innocent,’ said my good sire ; ‘and if there be any one that is guilty, I have no proof.’

‘Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story,’ said Sir John ; ‘I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer ?’

‘In hell ! if you will have my thoughts of it,’ said my good sire, driven to extremity, — ‘in hell ! with your father and his silver whistle.’

Down the stairs he ran (for the parlour was no place for him after such a word), and he heard the Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailiff and the baron-officer.

Away rode my good sire to his chief creditor (him they called Laurie Lapraik), to try if he could make any thing out of him ; but when he told his story, he got but the worst word in his belly—thief, beggar, and mendicant, were the softest terms ; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the old story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God’s saints, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My good sire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and while he and Laurie were at devil take the liars, he was unlucky enough to abuse his doctrine as well as the man, and said things that made folk’s flesh creep that heard them ; — he was not just himself, and he had lived with a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my good sire was to ride home through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is all full of black

firs, as they say.—I know the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely ale-house, that was kept then by a woman, they should have called her Tibbie Faw, and there poor Steenie cried for a pint of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the whole day. Tibbie was earnest with him to take a bite of meat, but he could not think of it, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at two draughts, and named a toast at each :—the first was, The memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the bag of silver, or tell him what came of it; for he saw the whole world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that worse than even the ruin of his house and hold.

On he rode, little caring where. It turned out a dark night, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its own road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and rear, so that my good sire could hardly keep the saddle.—Upon which, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him said, ‘That’s a mettled beast of yours, friend; will you sell him?’—So saying, he touched the horse’s neck with his riding wand, and it fell into its old heigh-ho of a stumbling trot; ‘But his spunk’s soon out of him, I think,’ continued the stranger, ‘and that is like many a man’s courage, that thinks he would do great things till he come to the proof.’

My good sire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with ‘Good evening to you, friend.’

But it’s like the stranger was one that does not lightly yield his points; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was always

beside him at the self-same pace. At last my good sire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry ; and, to say the truth, half afraid.

‘What is it that you want with me, friend?’ he said. ‘If you be a robber, I have no money ; if you be a loyal man, wanting company, I have no heart to mirth or speaking, and if you want to know the road, I scarce know it myself.’

‘If you will tell me your grief,’ said the stranger,—‘I am one that, though I have been sore miscalled in the world, am the only hand for helping my friends.’

So my good sire, to ease his own heart, more than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

‘It’s a hard pinch,’ said the stranger ; but I think I can help you.’

‘If you could lend the money, Sir, and take a long day—I know no other help on earth,’ said my good sire.

‘But there may be some under the earth,’ said the stranger. ‘Come, I’ll be frank with you ; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would may-be scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your old Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and—if you dare venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt.’

My good sire’s hair stood on end at this proposal ; but he thought his companion might be some humoursome fellow that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bold with brandy, and desperate with distress ; and he said, he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.—The stranger laughed.

Well, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house ; and, but that he knew the place was ten

miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer court yard, through the great folding gates and beneath the old portcullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and confusion within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Easter and Christmas and such high seasons. They leaped off, and my good sire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he went to wait on the young Sir John.

God! said my father, if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!

He knocked at the hall door, just as he wont, and his old acquaintance, Dougal Mac Callum, just after his wont, too,—came to open the door, and said, 'Piper Steenie are you there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you.'

My good sire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gone for the time. At last, he just tried to say, 'Ha! Dougal Driveower, are you living? I thought you had been dead.'

'Never trouble yourself with me,' said Dougal, but look to yourself; and see you take nothing from any body here, neither meat, drink, or silver, except just the receipt that is your own.'

So saying, he led the way out—through halls and galleries that were well known to my good sire, and into the old oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane songs, and drinking of red wine, and speaking blasphemy, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table!—My good sire knew many that had long before gone to their place.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of all this fearful riot, cried, with a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper, to

come to the board-head where he was sitting... And when my good sire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghost, or the devil in his likeness, said, 'Well, Piper, have you settled with my son for the year's rent?'

With much ado my father got breath to say, that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

'You shall have that for a tune on the pipes, Steenie,' said the appearance of Sir Robert—'Play us up, *Well danced, my Lady.*'

Now this was a tune my good sire learned from a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my good sire had sometimes played it at the boisterous suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cold at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he had not his pipes with him.

'Mac Callum, you limb of Beelzebub,' said the fearful Sir Robert, 'bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!'

Mac Callum brought a pair of pipes which might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my good sire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind enough to fill the bag.

'Then you must eat and drink, Steenie,' said the figure, 'for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a full and a fasting man.'

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the King's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off Mac Lellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie more and more on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to

eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy ; but simply for his own—to know what was come of the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience sake—(he had no power to say the holy name)—and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his own.

The appearance gnashed its teeth, and laughed : but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. ‘Here is your receipt, you pitiful cur ; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat’s Cradle.’

My good sire uttered many thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, ‘Stop though! I am not done with thee. HERE we do nothing for nothing ; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection.’

My father’s tongue was loosed suddenly, and he said aloud, ‘I refer myself to God’s pleasure, and not to yours.’

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him ; and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How long Steenie lay there, he could not tell ; but when he came to himself, he was lying in the old church-yard of Redgauntlet parish, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the old knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister’s two cows. . .

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MISER.

A Miser dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the Miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenue. Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone? No, says Minos, none of these, we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches.

HUME.

THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

There is a species of correspondents, who, under the pretence of giving advice, are the most abominable, saucy, and impudent fellows in the world; and who modestly give their crude suggestions as infallible axioms, which, if you do not obey, you must lose their *invaluable friendship* and support. Thus, one will tell you 'your paper is insupportably dull, and he can't read it unless it contains an account of all the prize-fights, and other occurrences in the sporting world; another declares, that 'if you pollute your columns with such trash, he will cease to take in your journal.' One correspondent thinks your paper of too literary a cast, and wishes you to give a little more variety, and now and then to pop in a few remarkable and horrid accidents, or a bloody murder; 'those are the things,' says he, 'to make it sell.' A second says, 'that you fill your paper with a collection of stories only fit for

old women—and begs to have a luminous critique on the various works of taste and imagination, as they appear.' Mr. Dismal says, 'the paper is too dull;' whilst Miss Prude thinks 'it has not a sufficiently serious turn.' Miss Languish begs for 'a little more poetry,' and hopes 'you will let it be all about love;' whilst Farmer Giles writes to you 'to leave out all that stuff about poetics, and put in more about the price of corn, and such like.' A sentimental young lady, who signs herself Flirtilla, begs that you will put in all the pretty little love stories you can pick up; whilst her maiden aunt says, 'you ought not to suffer the word *love* to appear in print.' Horace Gadabout wishes 'you to be particular in giving spirited and copious notices of the drama,' whilst Mr. Cantwell desires, 'that his paper may be discontinued, unless you omit all mention of such heinous and abominable proceedings.' Thus, every man wishes his own particular taste to be gratified, without any regard to his neighbours; and the only way in which an editor can act is, to disregard all such partial solicitations; and to keep on the even tenor of his way, without paying any respect to the confined views of his correspondents.

ANONYMOUS.

SHERIDAN.

As Mr. Sheridan was travelling to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked his friend, to whom he meant to give his vote? The other replied, 'to Paull, certainly; for though I think him but a shal by sort of a fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan!' 'Do you know Sheridan?' inquired the stranger. 'Not I, Sir,' was the answer, 'nor should I wish to know him.' The conversation dropped here;

but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman and said, 'Pray who is that very agreeable friend of yours? he is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with; and I should be glad to know his name.' 'His name is T.; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. 'It is,' said he, 'a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state; and it gives vast scope to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T. who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' The gentleman, fired at the charge, said very angrily, 'I am Mr. T., Sir.' 'And I am Mr. Sheridan,' was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

ANONYMOUS.

ROYAL MODESTY.

King Charles II. asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons, before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere. He told the king, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself: with which answer the king was very well contented. 'But pray,' said Stillingfleet, 'will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?' 'Why,

truly, doctor,' says the king, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.'

ANONYMOUS.

A PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI., on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, says to him—'Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles.'—'Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him,' says the ambassador, 'and am determined to set out in two or three days.' The king saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be professor of signs? and being told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would not return nobody could say when: says the ambassador, 'I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.' Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem.—There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him.—He is got—told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death.—

Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador is now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is *gowned, wigged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, all the professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. '*He is a perfect miracle,*' says the ambassador; 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!'—'Well,' say the professors, 'to descend to particulars.'—'Why,' said the ambassador, 'I first held up one finger, denoting that there is but one God; he held up two, signifying that there are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread; showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.' The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. 'Well, Geordy, how have you got on, and what do you think of yon man?' 'The rascal!' says Geordy, 'what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one

eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I clenched my fist and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would have done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here; but forsooth takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a piece of a barley cake, meaning that I did not care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as long as I had this! But by all that's good,' concluded Geordy, 'I'm angry yet that I did not thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!'—So much for signs, or two ways of telling a story.

ANONYMOUS.

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAN'S.

It is not generally known, that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial-place, which, from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within it. I speak of the vaults beneath St. Michan's Church—a scene where those who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face, will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humiliation that are periodically preached above. You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere, to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is, to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances, the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsubdued by

death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together, for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to reappear, half skeleton half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation that can know nothing of your name and character, beyond the prosing tradition of some moralizing sexton.

I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much—the ill-fated brothers, John and Henry Sheares*. I had been told that they were here; and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupy, I quickly recognized them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career—the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side: John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner; one of the ligaments of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of those victims of ill-timed enthusiasm, except from historical report; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of some tears, which, even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to shed in a less

* The Irish insurrection of 1798 was excited by the British ministry to promote a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Among those who fell victims to the severity of the times, Lord EDWARD FITZ-GERALD, young EMMET, and the brothers JOHN and HENRY SHEARES, hold a distinguished place. The Sheares came hand in hand to the scaffold: this was one of the most interesting trials in Ireland.

privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes that he mentioned have been already published; two or three that interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befell him. His doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for freedom, as he understood it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another—I have heard that he assisted, in the uniform of the national guard, at the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the peril, as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit: when he tendered a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland, full of her image, and, I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing; but of this and all his other hopes, you see" (pointing to his remains) "the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it? My friend replied,—
"When I was at Paris during the short peace of Amiens,

I asked the same question, but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living; in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution. John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into the revolutionary cause, from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator.....

"But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example, prevailed.—John's appeal to the court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in conduct, than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran once visited them in prison, to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and, embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry: for himself, he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the Government would consent to spare his brother....."

I had seen the catacombs of Paris; but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself, in the vaults of St. Michan's. In the catacombs, the eye or the heart finds nothing individual to rest upon; your sympathy is dispersed over myriads of anonymous skulls and thigh-bones, and these fantastically arranged into melodramatic combinations, as if the Graces have any business under ground; and after Death has picked us to the bone, our skeletons must be broken up, and shuffled into attitudes conforming to the immutable principles of Parisian taste. I could never heave a sigh while promenading between those neatly trimmed hedge-rows of human bones: I thought of and pitied the workmen more than the materials. But at St. Michan's I felt that I was really in a sepulchre, and

surrounded by the dead. The very absence of neatness in their distribution, and of respectful observance towards them, was a source of instructive reflection, by forewarning me of my cessation of personal importance when I shall cease to breathe.....

To-day, to be active, happy, and ambitious, conscious of being "made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects;" and to-morrow, to be flung as useless lumber into a hole, and, in process of time, to be buffeted by gravediggers, and shovelled up to make way for new comers, without a friendly moralizer to pronounce an "Alas, poor Yorick!" over our chop-fallen crania; the thoughts of all this would gall, as well it might, our vanity to the quick, were it not that Religion, assured of a retribution, can smile at these indignities, and discover, in every rude cuff that may be given to our dishonoured bones, a farther argument for the immortality of the soul.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FROM O'CONNELL'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

SHOWING THAT IT IS TO THEIR CATHOLIC ANCESTORS THEY ARE ALMOST
EXCLUSIVELY INDEBTED FOR THEIR LIBERTY.

Englishmen, history reminds you that you owe all that you have of liberty to your Catholic ancestors. You owe to Catholic hands the frame, form, and vital substance of that constitution of which you are proud, and of which you would have still more reason to boast, if its practical details were more in unison with the free-born spirit of those Catholic times, when parliaments were annual, when the public revenue was under the actual, not the nominal, controul of the real, and not the virtual representatives of the people—of those Catholic times, when no

single justice of the peace could decide on the liberty of an Englishman without the verdict of twelve of his equals—of those Catholic times when there was not one single barrack in all England—and before the name of a standing army had been known to English ears, or tolerated by English usage.

Englishmen—you owe to your Catholic ancestors the institution of your hereditary Monarchy, which gives fixity to private individual property, by taking out of the lottery of faction or intrigue, the greatest prize in human existence—and deprives lawless ambition of the greatest stimulant to insurrectionary exertion.

Englishmen—you owe to your Catholic ancestors, the institution of that legislative and hereditary peerage, which, whilst it is, in its origin and intention, calculated to form the glorious and legitimate incitement to virtuous and patriotic action, stands secure from the impulse of sudden factious movements, or from the controul of hasty popular excitement.

But, above all, and we do say before all, Englishmen. you owe to your Catholic ancestors the invention of practical popular representation. You owe to Catholics the institution of the House of Commons—emphatically the people's House of Parliament—not indeed as it now stands disfigured by rotten boroughs and individual nomination, nor rendered almost permanent by legislative usurpation, but really representing the people, and elected annually or for almost every particular occasion.

Englishmen—you owe to your Catholic ancestors the great charter of your liberties, and the repeated confirmatory charters wrung by a Catholic people from successive sovereigns, actuated as the people were by the genuine love of liberty which delights in controlling the excesses of supreme power.

You equally owe to your Catholic ancestors a defined

and definite high treason law; and the best protection of your lives at this moment, against any attempt by ministerial authority to destroy them, would be found in the statute framed by a Catholic parliament, in the reign of the Catholic Edward the third.

You likewise owe to your Catholic ancestors all that is valuable in your judicial system—your mayors, your sheriffs, your judges.

There remains one part of your judicial system of which the praise has been sounded more loudly and longer than any other, and most justly. “The trial by jury.” To whom do you owe the trial by jury? To your Catholic ancestors. It was Catholics who created the trial by jury. The protection of the oppressed—the check of tyranny—the safeguard of the innocent—the shield of the persecuted in bad times—the consolation and the pride of the virtuous in times of peace and security.—“*The trial by jury.*”

Pause here with us, Englishmen and fellow-Christians, and then answer this question coolly and dispassionately.

Could the religion of the men be hostile to liberty who framed Magna Charta—who defined the treason law—who invented legislative representation—who instituted the trial by jury?

But it is not in England alone that history proves that the Catholics were most favourable to freedom. Almost all the popular republics of the modern world were modelled by Catholics. Italy, before the reformation possessed ten or twelve Catholic republics. The Catholic republic of Venice endured fourteen hundred years, and of these near nine hundred were years of democratic liberty, domestic comfort, and foreign glory.

In more modern times still, the republics of Switzerland were distinguished into aristocratic cantons, and democratic—the aristocratic were Protestant, the democratic, Catholic cantons.

More recently still Catholic South America has instituted, or is engaged in framing more than twenty new republics on the broad basis of popular rights and universal emancipation.

We deem it unnecessary to enter into further details. Ignorance of history may excuse a man for doubting that liberty is a Catholic virtue. But to him who will read the page of history with an unprejudiced eye, the fact is manifest, that it is to Catholics that liberty is principally, nay, almost exclusively, indebted for her formation on the basis of stability.

O'CONNELL.

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

At length the day, "the great, the important day, big with the fate" of three hack steeds, and eighteen goodly personages, burst through my window curtains.....

The breakfast was scarcely over, when we were attracted to the window by a strange outlandish noise, resembling the gambols of sweeps on Mayday, or the more musical clink of 'marrow-bones and cleavers' I had scarcely time to exclaim, "What the deuce is that?" when I beheld three vehicles approaching the house at the instigation of certain animals, which I should, without doubt, have taken for crocodiles, had I not been assured by the Captain that they were very excellent horses. All our souls and bodies were in instant commotion. The ladies donned their bonnets, and seized their parasols; while the gentlemen rushed out to the stowing of the cargo. Hampers, and baskets, and bundles, passed to and fro with a rapidity that was truly fearful, and threatened to flatten some of the handsomest noses of the party.

At last there was a general cry for passengers. The Captain mounted the dicky of the best equipage, and was soon accommodated with five of the lightest insides. His friend, the Cornet, made ready with equal alacrity; and,

to my dismay, I was informed that I, even I, was to be the charioteer of the third. At the same time, I received a confidential communication that it would not be incumbent on me to show any uncommon degree of *Olympic spirit*, as I had been appointed *conducteur* to the married ladies and the crockery-ware. And what to draw them? O ye Gods! my blood curdled at the sight! I could have picked a better horse out of the maws of the ravens. Such a ewe-necked, rawboned, rat-tailed, broken-kneed, mallendered, sullendered, spavined, and string-halted skeleton, never entered the precincts of a dog-kennel. The owner, however, assured me, upon the honour of a gentleman, that it could see very tolerably with one eye, and had the best wind of any horse in the country.

I had applied four or five thwacks with the whip, and had begun to expect that my quadruped would shortly agree to follow his companions, who were now almost out of sight, when the operation was suspended by a shout in the distance, and the appearance of a corpulent gentleman in leather breeches and boots, with a bundle at his back.—“Oh, here’s Mr. D.!” cried the ladies all at once. “I knew he would come,” said one. “How kind!” cried another. “How he runs!” exclaimed a third—and I must in justice declare, that for a gentleman whose legs diverged like a pair of compasses, and who lacked some of the wind for which my horse was so celebrated, he wagged along with very praiseworthy rapidity. “How do you do Mr. D?” cried all at once. Mr. D. wiped his red face and powdered head, and panted sorely—“Servant, Ladies—pooff—oh dear!—pooff—how hot it is—only just got your note—pooff—came off at a moment’s warning—pooff—ran like a lamp-lighter.—Dear me, dear me—brought my share of the pic-nic though—round of beef—fat as I am—all melted, I’m afraid, and—beg pardon, young gentleman—permit me to put it between your legs.

Ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this? The reeking bundle was placed under my nose, and Mr. D. ascended the after-part of the car. The shafts rose, and the belly-band tightened, and I was very near leaping from my situation, under the idea that Mr. D. and the horse intended playing at *see-saw*, or rather that the latter was to be hoisted over my head, and seated in the laps of the ladies. The event, however, not occurring, I resumed the application of the whip, and had the satisfaction of seeing my animal set up his back and grind away beyond my hopes.

Oh, how I wish my limits would permit me to dilate upon the dust and the heat; the stoppages and the walkings up-hill; the jokes of Mr. D. and the applauses of the ladies. For be it known that Mr. D. was something of a wit, and very much of a royster, and altogether a very desirable companion—when there was room for him. One thing I must not omit to state; which is, that no person whatsoever should judge of a horse by appearances, or mistrust his abilities before he has given them a fair trial. We overtook the car which preceded us, and, had it not been for the screams of the married ladies, and the clattering of the dishes, I verily and truly believe we could have beaten them—Mr. D. thought so too, for which I honour him. We now arrived within sight of our destination, and I found my spirits not a little exhilarated at the prospect of being once more upon my legs.—With such a prospect, I leaped to the ground as lightly as if my joints had not once been shaken out of their sockets. The dust flew as if it had proceeded from the jolt of a gigantic pepper-box; but I heeded it not—I gave but one sneeze, and helped the ladies out. The Captain took care of the hacks;—the Cornet saw to the unloading of the baggage; and I did my best to play the agreeable to thirteen petticoats; for Mr. D. was dusting himself amongst the butter cups; and another young gentleman, whom I have not

mentioned, was too much enthralled by an individual enchantress to be worth the notice of the rest...

Of course, eating and drinking (plebeian vices!) were the first amusements which occurred to the earthly minds of our gentles. — We stood upon the summit of a hill, reconnoitring the valley for an appropriate scene of carousal. Huge cliffs on the opposite side extended their delicious shadows over the green bosom of the wood, and the blue streamlet looked cool as the springs of Lapland. “Delightful,” ejaculated Mr. D. who had just risen from the grass with a pair of green buckskins, “let us carry down the provisions without more ado. The two dragoons shall bring the two hampers, the clergyman carry the baskets, and I my own beef.” With that he flourished the saturated bundle, and pushed boldly at the declivity. — Alas, and alas! the hill was steep and the grass was slippery! Poor Mr. D. lost his feet and his bundle at the same instant—The whole party set up a shout, and down he rolled—I never saw a man turn over at such a rate in my life, and I am quite convinced that he would have distanced the best roller at Greenwich Fair. The beef was inspired with a noble emulation, and contended the race most magnanimously. Bets ran high: and the odds varied from two to one on the man, to five to four on the beef. The wager, however, was not doomed to be decided: for Mr. D. in throwing his arms round about for some kind friend to stop his career, unhappily seized upon his competitor, and they both plunged into the river together; which the Captain pronounced to be a *dead heat*. At first there was some alarm for the consequences of this surprising feat; but on Mr. D.’s emerging, like a river god, from the bed of the stream, and waving his hat which had gone toddling after him, our breasts beat more freely, and our youths commenced the removal of the goods—something cautioned in their motions by the fearful example which

had just been exhibited. Mr. D. made the best of his way to a farm-house—I heard him churning the water in his boots at the distance of a hundred yards.

We formed our head-quarters in a small green space which was nearly insulated by the brook : a world of weeping birch and feathering ash trembled over our heads, and beneath our feet smiled the sweetest cowslips that ever welcomed the happy to the scenes of happiness. I never before saw man look so like what he ought to be, or woman so like an angel. While the gentlemen were emancipating whole hecatombs of the barn-door population, with certain quarrelsome bottles of champaign, which had been threatening to break each other's heads almost from the commencement of the journey, I made myself useful in spreading cloaks and coats for our more delicate companions to recline upon. Never was a bank so daintily adorned.—I was aroused by a peal of light laughter, to which the sonorous “ho, ho, ho!” of Mr. D. beat time like the drum in a band of music. He made his appearance in a smock frock, worsted stockings, and hobnails, and challenged to roll down again with any gentleman or lady of the party, and give them half-way. The gauntlet not being taken up (though I am not sure but I saw a pair of little black eyes very much inclined to sparkle with defiance), he wheeled round, and made a dead point at a magnificent venison-pasty, which rose up from the midst of the subordinate building, like the tower of Babel. Turret after turret disappeared, the turkeys were mutilated, the pies evaporated, and the champaign banged like a battery upon the scene of slaughter. “Another slice,” quoth Mr. D. “with a little of the jelly, and some of the under crust—thank’ee ladies, your health—ho, ho, ho, ho! what a roll it was! I’ll be bound I made the turf as smooth as a bowling-green, and flattened every stone in my course. Happy to take a glass with you, Sir—I mean the gentleman in the

blue crava't.—So—so—that beats arquebusade, and opodeldoc too —cured all my bruises in a crack—I never drank any other embrocation than champaign. — Another slice, please, with a little more of the jelly, *sicut antea*, as the doctors say. Hark'ee" continued he, flinging his arm round my neck, and whispering while he was yet masticating two square inches of venison, which made some of the party believe he was devouring my ear, "how do you think I got this doublet and hose? I knew my leathers would only be fit for spindles after this sousing, and so I made a swap with the farmer—

By this time the lovers had stolen away, and the ladies were anxious to embark on their voyages of discovery. Mr. D. reluctantly wiped his mouth, the soldiers finished their stirrup cup, and the party paired off upon their various expeditions.....

It was now time to harness the hacks, and while this operation was in performance, I could plainly distinguish the slayers of men discoursing in terms very derogatory to my skill as a whip. This I instantly set down for envy, for I had almost beaten them with the worst horse and the heaviest load (to say nothing of Mr. D. as supercargo); and I was quite certain, now that the pies were eaten, and the above gentleman exchanged for a young lady, I could win the race home with ease. I started, as before, the last of the three, husbanding the powers of my crocodile with laudable jockeyship. The night became very dark, and we were only aware of our relative distances by the rattle of our wheels, and the merciless cracking of our whips. My opponents were evidently gaining ground upon me, and my passengers were beginning to grow clamorous under the idea that we should lag too far behind, and so be robbed and murdered.—It was incumbent on me to use all proper circumspection, seeing that I had six ladies, and all the dishes, to answer for, besides a seventh

person whom etiquette forbids me to mention. The caution which I had adopted was equally necessary for my competitors; and since they were cursed with too much courage to follow it, the chances were about fifty to one, that one of them would measure his length on the ground. The other must of course pull up to assist his comrade, and in this dilemma I had settled it with my high mettled skeleton, that we should politely wish them good-night. I believe it was about mid-way that my calculations were verified. I first heard a crash, then a general scream, then the word of command to halt, and afterwards the jolly "ho, ho, ho!" of Mr. D. which gave me the satisfactory intelligence that my enemies had come to a downfall, and that none of the party had experienced bodily injury. Now was the time for my triumph; but I must say I bore it like a hero. I was beginning an admonitory harangue with, "I told you how it would be," when the sight of their distress actually deprived me of the powers of speech. The noble steed still lay panting upon the ground, while the Captain cut the harness to pieces for his liberation;—the two shafts had snapped off like sticks of barley-sugar, and the whole machinery appeared to have received a shock little short of a paralysis. "How shall we get home?" cried the distressed ladies, "we cannot sleep under the hedge." "Beg pardon, ladies," replied Mr. D., "it is one of the most comfortable ditches I was ever pitched into—I went right in upon my head, and received no manner of damage, except a tug of the pig-tail which hung in a bramble, and a few thorns, which took advantage of the absence of my buckskins."

My heart melted within me, and I agreed with the opposition carrier, that if he would convey the vanquished champion and the ponderosity of M. D., I would endeavour to persuade my horse to accommodate the five forlorn damsels. The proposal was thankfully agreed to. The

fragments of the wreck were removed to the road-side, the miserable hack turned into the first field that presented itself, and I finished the remainder of the journey with eleven ladies, and not a single accident. Having thus immortalized myself in my debut in gypsying pic-nics, I must inform my reader, in confidence, that I never intend to risk the laurels which were so hardly obtained.

ALBUM.

INFIDELITY AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

It is impossible that a system, which, by vilifying every virtue, and embracing the patronage of almost every vice and crime, wages war with all the order and civilization of the world; which, equal to the establishment of nothing, is armed only with the energies of destruction, can long retain an ascendancy. It is in no shape formed for perpetuity. Sudden in its rise, and impetuous in its progress, it resembles a mountain torrent, which is loud, filthy, and desolating; but being fed by no perennial spring, is soon drained off and disappears. By permitting to a certain extent the prevalence of infidelity, Providence is preparing new triumphs for religion. In asserting its authority, the preachers of the gospel have hitherto found it necessary to weigh the prospects of immortality against the interests of time; to strip the world of its charms, to insist on the deceitfulness of pleasure, the unsatisfying nature of riches, the emptiness of grandeur, and the nothingness of a mere worldly life. Topics of this nature will always have their use; but it is not by such representations alone that the importance of religion is evinced, the prevalence of impiety has armed us with new weapons in its defence.

Religion being primarily intended to make men “wise

unto salvation," the support it ministers to social order, the stability it confers on government and laws, is a *subordinate species* of advantage, which we should have continued to enjoy without reflecting on its cause, but for the developement of deistical principles, and the experiment which has been made of their effects in a neighbouring country. It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity needed but to be tried to produce an immense accession to human happiness; and Christian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of religion but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favourable ear to these pretensions: God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while Atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank, and sex in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre, that the imperishable memorial of these events might teach the last generations of mankind to consider religion as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and secure to every one his rights: to the laborious, the reward of their industry; to the rich, the enjoyment of their wealth; to nobles, the preservation of their honours; and to princes, the stability of their thrones.

If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names*? Where are the infidels of such pure uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and ex-

* Bacon, Newton, Locke: See p. 40 for another extract from this admirable sermon.

tended benevolence, that we should be in danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited; what distant climes have *they* explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to diffuse principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization? Or will they rather choose to wave their pretensions to this extraordinary, and in their eyes eccentric species of benevolence, (for infidels, we know, are sworn enemies to enthusiasm of every sort), and rest their character on their political exploits; on their efforts to reanimate the virtue of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury, and by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries at least will have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from the test.

More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parri-
cidal zeal, to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite
astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an Almighty and
perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent
with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it
is not shameful to avow? Eternal God! on what are thine
enemies intent? what are those enterprises of guilt and
horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require
to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven
must not pierce?—Miserable men! Proud of being the
offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose
happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness
to their designs, and who are at ease only because they
suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless
world.

HALL.

VIEW OF ROME.

From St. Peter's we hastened to the Capitol, and ascending the tower, seated ourselves under the shade of its pinnacle, and fixed our eyes on the view beneath and around us. That view was no other than ancient and modern Rome. Behind us, the modern town lay extended over the Campus Martius, and spreading along the banks of the Tiber formed a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before us, scattered in vast black shapeless masses over the seven hills, and through the intervening valleys, arose the ruins of the ancient city. They stood desolate, amidst solitude and silence, with groves of funeral cypress waving over them; the awful monuments, not of individuals, but of generations, not of men, but of empires.

A distant view of Ægina and Megara, of the Piræus and of Corinth then in ruins, melted the soul of an ancient Roman, for a while suspended his private sorrows, and absorbed his sense of personal affliction, in a more expansive and generous compassion for the fate of cities and of states. What then must be the emotions of the man who beholds extended in disordered heaps before him, the disjointed "carcase of fallen Rome," once the abode of the gods, the grand receptacle of nations, "the common asylum of mankind."

Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum lined with solitary columns, and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount encumbered with the substructions of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo; and farther on, ascended the Celian Mount with the Temple of Faunus on its summit. On the right was the Aventine spotted with heaps of stone swelling amidst its lonely vineyards. To the left, the Esquiline

with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts; and in the same line, the Viminal, and the Quirinal supporting the once magnificent Baths of Diocletian. The Baths of Antoninus, the temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric bearing on its shattered form the traces of destruction, as well as the furrows of age, lay scattered up and down the vast field; while the superb Temples of St. John Lateran, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, and *Santa Croce* arose with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments, amidst the extensive waste of time and of desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, formed a frame of venerable aspect, well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, "*Romani bustum populi*."

Beyond the walls the eye ranged over the storied plain of Latium, now the deserted *Campagna*, and rested on the Alban Mount, which rose before us to the south shelving downwards on the west towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards the Latin vale. Here, it presents Tusculum in white lines on its declivity; there, it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake, once the site of Alba Longa, and towering boldly in the centre with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward we beheld the Tiburtine hills, with Tibur reclining on their side; and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines, which at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles swept round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The Montes Cimini (the Ciminian Mountains) and several lesser hills, diverging from the great parent ridge the Pater Apenninus (Father Apennine), continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea, and forms a perfect theatre.

* The sepulchre of the Roman people.

Mount Soracte, thirty miles to the north, lifts his head, an insulated and striking feature. While the Tiber enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain; and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls like the Po a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer.

The tract now expanded before us was the country of the Etrurians, Veientes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Æqui, and Heirnci, and of course the scene of the wars and the exertions, of the victories and the triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly four hundred years of her history; an interesting period, when she possessed and exercised every generous virtue, and established on the basis of justice, wisdom, and fortitude, the foundations of her future empire. As the traveller looks towards the regions once inhabited by these well-known tribes, many an illustrious name, and many a noble achievement, must rise in his memory, reviving at the same time the recollection of early studies and of boyish amusements, and blending the friendships of youth with the memorials of ancient greatness. EUSTACE.

CELEBRATION OF DIVINE SERVICE BY THE POPE.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter and St. Paul, etc., the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself seated in a chair of state, supported by twenty valets half concealed in the drapery that

falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions his immediate attendants form a circle around him, in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two subdeacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy upon us), and *Gloria in excelsis* (Glory in the highest), when the pontiff lays aside his tiara and after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflexion just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin then in Greek: and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel.

The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frank incense

from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called "the preface," because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and he chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies, etc." are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies, and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's prayer chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the deacons and sub-deacons then receive the communion under both kinds, the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the *Scala Regia* to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St. Peter's. His immediate at-

tendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery; the chaunt of the choir is heard at a distance; the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns; and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees; the cannons of *St. Angelo* give a general discharge, while rising slowly from his throne he lifts his hand to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city, and to all mankind; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

EUSTACE.

PROSPECT FROM THE ALPS.

What a magnificent picture does nature spread before the eye, when the sun, gilding the tops of the Alps, scatters the sea of vapours which undulates below! Through the receding veil the theatre of the whole world rises to the view! Rocks, valleys, lakes, mountains, and forests, fill the immeasurable space, and are lost in the wide horizon. We take in at a single glance the confines of divers states, nations of various characters, languages, and manners, till the eyes, overcome by such extent of vision, drop their weary lids, and we ask of the enchanted fancy a continuance of the scene.

When the first emotion of astonishment has subsided, how delightful is it to observe each several part which makes up this sublime whole! That mass of hills which presents its graceful declivity covered with flocks of sheep, whose bleatings resound through the meadows; that large

clear lake, which reflects from its level surface sunbeams gently curved ; and those valleys, rich in verdure.—Here rises a bare steep mountain, laden with the accumulated snow of ages ; its icy head resting among the clouds : there a chain of cultivated hills spreads before the delighted eye ; their golden corn waves in the wind—Behold the foaming torrent rushing from a perpendicular height. Its rapid waves dash among the rocks —fall into the deep abyss—at length scattered into humid atoms, it shines with the tints of the rainbow.—The traveller beholds, with astonishment, rivers flowing towards the sky, and, issuing from one cloud, hide themselves in the grey veil of another.

BARON HALLER.

THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS COMPARATIVELY CONSIDERED.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold : it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations ; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances, it entirely disappears.

That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star (as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world, which with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies and shine only by reflection ; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own ; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life ; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are depen-

dent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immoveable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles; a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, 'How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!' let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all his attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense

and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies! What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens that part of the creation, was extinguished and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk, of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

SPECTATOR.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF,

AND

CRITICAL REMARKS ON,

THE MOST CELEBRATED ANCIENT AND MODERN BRITISH
PROSE WRITERS.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

born at Penhurst in 1554, died in 1586.

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bays.

THOMSON.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, son of the eminent statesman Henry Sidney, lord deputy of Ireland, was governor of Flushing, and general of the horse under his uncle the earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of his age: but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received a mortal wound at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him. At the same time, a poor soldier was carried along desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which he instantly delivered it to him, with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'

This accomplished gentleman seems to have been the delight and admiration of the age of Elizabeth, rather for the variety than the greatness of his genius. He that was the ornament of the university, was also the ornament of the court; and appeared with equal advantage in a field of battle, or at a tournament; in a private conversation among his friends, or in a public character as an ambassador. His talents were equally adapted to prose or verse, to original composition, or translation. His 'Arcadia' was not only admired for its novelty, but continued to be read

longer than such compositions usually are, and has passed through fourteen editions : he also wrote an Apology for poetry ; sonnets ; ' Ourania,' a poem ; and several other pieces.

BEAUMONT,

born in Leicestershire about 1586, died in 1615.

Join'd with BEAUMONT'S friendly name

FLETCHER gain'd dramatic art :

One for brighter wit renown'd,

One for judgment more profound.

L. MANNERS.

The names of Beaumont and Fletcher are generally connected by biographers, as they were jointly concerned in their dramatic compositions. Dryden gives the following character of them in his Essays : Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death ; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartee, no poet can ever paint as they have done. There is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour.

Beaumont was so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots.

SHAKSPEARE,

born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564, died in 1616.

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,

To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time ; —

Nature herself was proud of his designs,

And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit. BEN JONSON.

What needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honour'd bones,

The labour of an age in piled stones?

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,

Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

MILTON.

Thus, whilst I wond'ring pause o'er SHAKSPEARE'S page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage,

High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled and its glories past,)
Majestic mid the solitude of time.

WOLCOT.

SHAKSPEARE flourished and wrote in the last half of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the first half of that of James the first. His father, who was in the woollen trade, had successively filled in Stratford, the offices of grand bailiff and alderman, until the time in which loss of fortune, and perhaps the reproach of catholicism, deprived him of public employment. Our poet, the eldest of ten children, did not receive an academical education, as he married when hardly eighteen, probably in consequence of family arrangements. It was two years after this marriage that, chasing one night, in company with some poachers, the deer of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Sir Thomas Lucy, he was seized by the keepers; and, avenging himself of this first disgrace by a satirical ballad, he fled to London to avoid the pursuit of the doubly offended knight. He there resorted to the situation of player, which he considered at first as a degradation, principally because he was seduced by the example of his comrades to participate in their wild and irregular manner of life. At a very early age he endeavoured to distinguish himself as a poet in other walks than those of the stage, as is proved by his juvenile poems of *Adonis* and *Lucrece*. He afterwards obtained the situation of joint proprietor and manager of the theatre for which he laboured. The poetical fame which he acquired in the progress of his career, gained him admittance to the society of persons of distinction. Besides many others, he found in the Earl of Southampton, the friend of the unfortunate Essex, a most liberal and kind patron. His pieces were not merely the delight of the million, but in great favour at court: the two monarchs under whose reigns he wrote, were, according to the testimony of a contemporary, altogether taken with him. Elizabeth admired his talents, and particularly enjoyed the humorous character of Falstaff in his *Henry IV.* James the first listened with pleasure to the flattering predictions for the Stuarts which the poet had contrived to introduce into the very midst of his terrible tragedy of *Macbeth*. The revered bard, scarcely fifty years old, quitted London, and retired to his native town, to the bosom of domestic

peace and to the enjoyment of unsullied fame. He was interred in the great church of Stratford, where there is a handsome monument erected to his memory. Shakspeare left two daughters but his family became extinct in the third generation. Some collateral descendants still, or did lately, remain at Stratford. His mulberry tree and chair were long the objects of veneration and were visited by his admirers as the most precious relics; but even these have now disappeared: and his tomb alone remains, where admirers can pay the homage of a tear.

Amongst English *comic* writers, Shakspeare must occupy not only the first, but the highest place. His dramas, after a lapse of two centuries, are still gazed at with unabated ardour by the populace, are still read with admiration by the scholar. They interest the old and the young, the gallery and the pit, the people and the critic. At their representation appetite is never palled, expectation never disappointed. The changes of fashion have not cast him into shade, the variations of language have not rendered him obsolete. His plots are lively, and command attention; his characters are still new and striking; and his wit is fertile even to exuberance. Perhaps there never was a drama which so happily combined tender sentiment with *comic* force as *As You Like it*; there is scarcely a character in it which fails to interest. Adam and Jacques are truly original, and even the buffoonery of the clown is of a superior cast. In the *Merchant of Venice* the unity of action is somewhat violated by a double plot, but perhaps two plots were never so happily combined as in this play; and the one rises so naturally out of the other, that not the smallest confusion is produced. The comic scenes pleasantly relieve the mind from the effect produced by the serious. The conclusion is unexpected, and the effect of the whole is truly happy. Gratiano appears to me a character which Shakspeare only could have penned; though, from the little interest which he has in the plot, he is less noticed than he would have been for his sportive wit, had he been of more importance to the main action. Perhaps the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is one of the most regular of Shakspeare's comedies; and I scarcely know a play that comes more completely under that description. The principal character, Falstaff, is, however, scarcely so well depicted as in *Henry the Fourth*. In the scenes with the prince, when debauchery and cheating are the themes, the old knight seems more in his proper element. *Much Ado about Nothing*,

though the subject in some measure justifies the title, is yet abundant in wit and pleasantry; and *Measure for Measure* and the *Twelfth Night* are truly interesting. The *Winter's Tale* is the most irregular of our author's comedies; there the unity of time is indeed violated beyond all bounds; yet it contains some exquisite strokes of nature and poetry, and many pleasant playful scenes. Of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* it is difficult to judge by any of the rules of criticism; it is in every point of view a most extraordinary piece. The scenes between Bottom, Quince, and their company of players, are exquisitely humorous.

The merits of his plays will be found fully discussed in Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare, p. 153-160; and in the observations on the British Theatre in the Introductory Essay to Vol. II. The Biographical Sketch in the same vol. is reserved for the insertion of three beautiful and miniature portraits from the pens of DRYDEN, GOETHE, and Sir WALTER SCOTT.

See Vol. II. Book III. for the critical and analytical notices prefixed to the different plays from which extracts are given. These notices are chiefly selected from the writings of DRYDEN, WARTON, MACKENSIE, CUMBERLAND, BEATTIE, Mrs. MONTAGUE, GODWIN, DRAKE, LAMB, COLERIDGE, CAMPBELL, and Sir WALTER SCOTT, from the two SCHLEGELS, LESSING, GOETHE, Madame DE STAEL, HOLSTEIN, Mrs. JAMIESON; and lastly, from VILLEMMAIN, whose eloquent and admirable essay on the bard, as given in the *Bibliothèque Anglo-Française**, contains the latest and most interesting *exposé* of the estimation in which Shakspeare is at present held in the land of Corneille and Voltaire.

* The *Bibliothèque Anglo-Française* contains a magnificent collection of the English poets, with French translations, by the first literary writers of the day, with critical and historical notices by the director, Mr. O'Sullivan, who has composed expressly for this work a *Complete History of English Literature*, from its origin to the present time, and *An Essay on Irish Literature*, during the eight first ages of the Christian era.

WORKS ALREADY PUBLISHED: *Milton's Paradise lost*, with an admirable translation by Mr. DE PONGERVILLE of the French Academy.

The select plays of Shakspeare, including: *Richard III.*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, and the *Tempest*, with French translations by MM. Jay, Philarète Chasles, Mennechet, Nisard, Le Bas, Fouinet, madame L. Colet: these translations are accompanied by poetical imitations in French from the pens of MM. Lemercier, C. Delavigne, É. Deschamps, de Wailly, Lacroix, L. Halevy; mesdames A. Tastu et L. Colet; with critical and historical notices of all the other plays, by Mr. O'SULLIVAN;

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

born in Devonshire in 1552, was beheaded in 1618.

RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.....

Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,

And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world. THOMSON.

This immortal ornament of his country was descended from an ancient and respectable family in Devonshire—though he occupies such an ample and honourable space in the British Annals, yet no incidents of his early days have been transmitted to an admiring posterity.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH served in the wars in the Low-Countries, and in Ireland; and was afterwards employed in discoveries in the West-Indies, and in the improvement of navigation, to which his genius was strongly inclined. In 1584 he discovered Virginia, to which he made no less than five voyages. The chief produce of this province being tobacco, Raleigh was studious to introduce it as a luxury; to him too we are indebted for the potatoe, the most valuable root which Providence has bestowed on man. He was one of the most distinguished officers on board the fleet which engaged the Armada. On the accession of King James I. he was unaccountably accused of high treason, tried and condemned to die. Being reprieved, however, he was committed prisoner to the tower of London, where he lay twelve years. On his return from an unsuccessful voyage to Guiana in search of pretended mines, he was apprehended in consequence of the complaint of the Spanish ambassador, and in a most unprecedented manner, beheaded, on his former sentence, in Palace-Yard, Westminster.

On the scaffold he behaved like a hero and Christian. He to which are added translations and imitations in verse and prose from the pens of MM. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, GUIZOT, JAY, DE JOUY, NÉPOMUCÈNE LEMERCIER, DE PONGERVILLE, VILLEMMAIN, of the French academy; LE BAS, PAULIN PARIS, of the Institut, ARTAUD, CASIMIR BONJOUR, CHARPENTIER, PHILARÈTE CHASLES, CHARLES COQUEREL, CRETTE, E. DESCHAMPS, PAUL DUPORT, J. FONTENELLE, GERUSEZ, LEROUX, DE LINCY, H. LUCAS, MÉZIÈRES, DE MONTIGNY, NISARD, AMÉDÉE PICHOT, POUJOULAT, VIGUIER, DE WAILLY, etc.; mesdames LOUISE SW. BELLOC, comtesse de BRADI, princesse de CRAON, LOUISE COLET, DESBORDES-VALMORE, GEORGES SAND, AMABLE TASTU, etc., and all the contributors to the *Galerie des Femmes de Shakspeare*; a splendid gallery of Shakspeare's female characters: with the above-mentioned Essay by M. VILLEMMAIN.

vindicated his conduct in a most pathetic and eloquent speech; and then, feeling the edge of the fatal instrument of death, observed with a smile, "It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all woes." Being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he replied, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." Raleigh was not only learned himself, but the patron of learning: to him we are indebted for the inimitable Spenser, the poet of fancy; whom he introduced from Ireland, and whose fame will be eternal like his own; though both availed themselves of the spoliation which forcibly put the Irish Catholics out of possession of their lands and houses, as may be seen from the following circumstances. "On the twelfth of August 1580, Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland accompanied by Edmund Spenser, as his secretary, arrived in Dublin. The year following Queen Elizabeth granted the poet the manor and castle of Kilcolman, with 3028 acres of land in the county of Cork, besides other forfeitures. Here, on the banks of the Abweg, the poet's "gentle Mulla," was written the *Fairy Queen*. But Spenser was not so devoted to the muses, as to neglect his newly acquired possessions; on the contrary he stands charged with having unjustly attempted to add to them. His encroachments on the Mac Carthy's are well known, but he did not confine himself to them alone.

"Fitzgerald Earl of Desmond was the most powerful nobleman of the great family of his name. His territories were richer and almost as extensive as those of O'Neil of Ulster, comprising very large portions of the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Waterford. He was sacrificed to the implacable hatred of his mortal enemy the earl of Ormond. He was decoyed into imprisonment, and afterwards assassinated in a hut, in his county palatine of Kerry. The war against Desmond was followed up with a barbarity disgraceful to human nature—there are two names dear to humanity implicated in the horrible transactions of the times—Spenser and Raleigh. They were adventurers and speculators in Irish forfeitures; the one was deeply engaged, the other even attempts a defence of the crimes perpetrated in the Desmond persecution". In short, with this last exception, in whatever situation Raleigh appeared, his character was illustrious and great; and he seems to live for his country rather than for himself.

Sir Walter Raleigh was author of 'The History of the World;' the design of which was equal to the greatness of his mind, and

the execution, to the strength of his parts and the variety of his learning. 'Raleigh,' remarks Hume, 'is the best model of that ancient style, which some writers would affect to revive at present.' The observation is well founded; the diction of Raleigh is more pure and perspicuous, than that of any other writer of the age of Elizabeth or James the first.

BACON,

born at London in 1561, died in 1626.

Thine is a BACON; him for studious shade
 Kind nature form'd deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd. THOMSON.

Of this immortal honour to literature and to his country, it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm in contemplating his genius, or without pity in viewing his weaknesses. Pope characterises him, as

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

And a late writer, with as much elegance as propriety, calls him "the prophet of those arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal."

FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN'S, an illustrious philosopher and eminent statesman, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal. When a child, he gave such early indications of future eminence, that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her *young chancellor*. His father called him from Cambridge, at an early age, to attend Sir Amias Pawlet, ambassador to the court of France. At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed one of the queen's counsellors; but by his attachment to the earl of Essex, who was at enmity with Cecil, Bacon lost those advantages at court which he might otherwise have expected. It is painful to be obliged to record his baseness and ingratitude to his benefactor. When Essex fell, sooner than resign his title he blackened the memory of his early patron by the most illiberal and unjust accusations. And during the rest of Elizabeth's reign he was justly treated with contempt for his prostituted services. On the accession of James I., he obtained the honour of knighthood, and in 1604 was appointed one of the king's counsel, with a pension. The next year he was made solicitor-general. In 1611 he was appointed judge of the marshalsea court, and obtained the place of register of the star-chamber, the reversion of which had been

granted to him twenty years before. He was afterwards made attorney-general, and sworn of the privy council. At this time he contracted a close intimacy with the favourite George Villiers, to whom he wrote an admirable letter of advice. In 1617, he was made lord keeper of the great seal, and two years after constituted high chancellor of Great Britain, at which time he was advanced to the peerage by the title of baron of Verulam, and the year following was created viscount St. Alban's. In 1621, the next year, Bacon was accused of bribery, fined forty thousand pounds, and confined in the Tower; but he was soon restored to liberty and summoned to the first parliament of Charles. It is but justice however to observe, that he fell the martyr rather to his want of prudence than his want of integrity; the bribery and corruption for which he was condemned, though he was extremely culpable in conniving at it, tended only to the advantage of his dependants, by whom he had been grossly defrauded, owing to his total want of economy in the management of his domestic concerns.—His landed property did not exceed 600 pounds a year; and he was so far from having amassed money, that he was deeply involved in debt. He was undoubtedly impressed with a sense of his own illustrious attainments when he wrote this singular passage in his last will: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and to the next ages." And well might he make this appeal; for, in general, his faults compared to his excellencies, were only like spots on the surface of the sun.

The account of this extraordinary genius cannot be better concluded than with a brief enumeration of his learned labours. His earliest philosophic production was the *First Part of Essays*; in which he lays down the useful principles of knowledge and prudence—Next appeared the introduction to his most capital performance, on the *Proficiency and Advancement of Learning divine and human*. After his seclusion from public business this was very much enlarged and turned into Latin; and properly constitutes the *first part* of his *Grand Instauration of the Sciences*. In 1607 he published a treatise called *Cogitata et Visa*: which contains the plan of his *Novum Organum*, or *second part* of the Instauration of the Sciences—Three years after was published his exquisite little work, *De Sapientia Veterum*—Lastly in 1620, when in the zenith of his glory, he produced his most important philosophical work, under the appellation of the

Novum Organum Scientiarum, which is properly a second part of his grand instauration of the sciences, showing a perfect method of exercising the faculty of reason. His writings are an inestimable treasure of sound wisdom. Bacon has justly been called *the father of experimental philosophy*.

STRAFFORD,

born at London in 1593, beheaded in 1641.

It is one unhappy consequence of factious and perturbed times, that the characters of the principal performers in the drama are seen through a false medium. By their partizans they are exhibited as immaculate; by their enemies as devoid of every virtue. So variously have the qualities of the Earl of Strafford been estimated that they must be inferred from impartially reviewing the tenor of his conduct, not from the colours in which they have been dressed by either his favourers or opponents.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD, was descended of a family distinguished for its antiquity and opulence. This nobleman, in the beginning of his parliamentary career, took his station amongst the most decided patriots; but having suffered himself to be detached from the party he had hitherto supported, he seized every opportunity of extending the claims of the prerogative. The talents and courage with which he supported the various arbitrary and oppressive measures to which he had recourse, obtained for him a great though odious reputation throughout the kingdom. Great honours were conferred on him on his return from Ireland, where he resided seven years as lord deputy. In this situation he distinguished himself by his arbitrary measures and his fondness for pomp, and treated some of the most illustrious peers of that kingdom with an arrogance which admits of no excuse. — He imprisoned the Earl of Kildare for opposing his propositions to parliament; and on a private misunderstanding, provoked by his own insolence, brought Lord Mountmorres to trial by a court martial, which condemned him to die. Such notorious defects in his administration entirely alienated the affections of the Irish people and disgusted the nation. Charles, who felt the urgent necessity of his co-operation in the momentous struggle which was impending, summoned him to attend in his place in the long parliament, and thus brought him within the reach of his implacable enemies.

The moment the Commons were informed that he had taken his seat, articles of impeachment were moved against him, which Pym, one of the most powerful of the republican leaders, presented at the bar of the House of Lords. The Irish no sooner discovered that a man whose insolent conduct had been so obnoxious to them was under trial than they sent a deputation to both houses to represent their own grounds of complaint; but whatever may have been his errors or his crimes during his tyrannical government in Ireland, from the moment his implacable enemy Pym, and the other ferocious republicans, singled out Strafford as the victim of their vengeance, the dignified manner in which he conducted himself during his trial and on the scaffold, rendered him respectable in the eyes of every person, who can honour true magnanimity and patient resignation. The history of his trial and execution is one of the most disgraceful in the annals of England. To compass his death by the forms of law, the popular leaders did not scruple to tread down all the barriers, which law was believed to have erected to secure the life and liberty of the subject. By the unjust means employed to effect his destruction they turned the eyes of mankind from his offences to their own. To the end of his unhappy life, Charles reproached himself with the weakness which had sacrificed his ablest and most faithful minister. After the Restoration the bill of attainder was reversed, as a stain on the justice of the nation.

CLARENDON,

born in Wiltshire in 1608, died in exile in 1674.

CLARENDON arose, and in the hour

When civil discord wak'd each mental power,

With brave desire to reach his distant goal,

Strain'd all the vigour of his manly soul.

His pomp of phrase, his period of a mile,

And all the maze of his bewilder'd style,

Illum'd by warmth of heart, no more offend.

HAYLEY

To preserve integrity of conduct, and consistency of principles amidst public convulsions, when force generally sets right at defiance; to adhere to what is just and honourable, regardless of what is expedient or profitable, is the character of a great and good man. How far and in what respects Lord Chancellor Cla-

Clarendon deserves this praise will be seen from a brief survey of his life.

EDWARD HYDE EARL OF CLARENDON, after completing his education at Oxford, was entered at the Middle Temple to study the law under the care of his uncle, Sir Nicholas Hyde. In 1640 he was chosen member of parliament; in the following parliament he attracted notice by his eloquence and the resolution and zeal with which he defended his country's rights. He declaimed against the usurpations of the crown and the violation of the constitution, particularly in the article of ship money.

But Hyde was not one of those factious statesmen who, having detected errors in the exercise of government, overlook all its beauties. He was as vigilant to prevent innovations in the constitution as encroachments on the liberty of the subject. During the civil war he attached himself warmly to Charles the first, who created him chancellor of the exchequer and a member of the privy council. Having joined the young prince on the continent, he rendered him eminent services in his diplomatic missions and in negotiating the restoration; immediately after that event the king rewarded his fidelity and long services by raising him to the dignity of lord high chancellor and confiding to him the whole direction of public affairs. Clarendon was raised to the peerage, after his daughter's marriage with the Duke of York was acknowledged by the king, and received a grant of 20,000 pounds to support his title. The presence of a minister of Clarendon's high character was a perpetual reproach to the conduct of the court. Buckingham and other profligate favourites employed every artifice to wean the king's confidence from one to whom he owed such deep obligations. The failure of the war in Holland, and the murmurs of the people afforded the king a favourable opportunity of removing so severe a monitor. The people seldom think for themselves, and are more frequently guided by the counsels of the intriguing than of the wise. Clarendon saw that his credit was lost, and his doom fixed. He was stripped of all his places, accused of high treason by his enemies, and to avoid being thrown into prison set sail for France, in 1667: Clarendon survived his exile six years. During his residence at Montpellier, he resumed his literary labours and completed a very valuable continuation of his 'History of the rebellion.'—For the merits of this work see Introductory Essay.

ALGERNON SIDNEY,

born at London about 1617, died on the scaffold in 1683.

Of high determined spirit roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlightened love
Of ancient freedom warm'd.

THOMSON.

At the names of Hampden, Russel, Sidney, the youthful bosom beats high with the throb of patriotism, and expands with the glow of emulation. Their memory has long been consecrated by freedom and their country; they have been embalmed equally in the poet's lay and the patriot's harangue. Thomson, after paying a handsome compliment to this illustrious triumvirate, concludes with the above character of the distinguished person now under consideration.

SIDNEY was the son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and distinguished himself at the beginning of the civil wars by his opposition to Charles I. He became a colonel in the Parliament army, and avowed himself a republican. When Cromwell assumed the sovereignty, under the title of Protector, Sidney retired to private life. Sidney continued in exile for seventeen years. During a hunting party, Lewis XIV., having taken a particular fancy to the horse which Sidney rode, gave orders, in case of Sidney's refusal to sell the animal, to bring it away by force—Sooner than comply, the stern republican instantly took a pistol and shot his horse—Having rendered himself extremely obnoxious to the court after his return, a resolution was taken to ruin so formidable an enemy. Accordingly, in 1683, he was apprehended and charged, on the most incompetent evidence, of being concerned in the Rye-house plot. His friend, the virtuous Lord William Russel, who had made himself equally obnoxious by his manly defence of civil liberty, had been first condemned on a similar accusation, not only without evidence, but against it; and Sidney was singled out as the next victim of political vengeance. He was brought to trial, before the sanguinary judge Jefferies, and sentenced to death, which was executed on Tower hill the same year. Sidney wrote 'Discourses on Government,' in which he places the origin and right of power in the people, and lays down very bold maxims deducible from that position. Algernon Sidney commands our respect rather than our love; he was too inflexible for a politician who really wished to serve his co-

try. This celebrated English patriot set up Marcus Brutus for his pattern, and like him died in the cause of liberty.

BUCKINGHAM,

born at London in 1627, died in 1688.

Great VILLIERS lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay.
. At council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king;
No wit to flatter left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more:
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame—this Lord of useless thousands ends. POPE.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, a distinguished statesman, poet, and dramatic writer, lived a profligate and died a beggar. As a writer, however, he stands in a quite different point of view; there we see the wit, and forget the libertine; but what will immortalize his memory, is his celebrated comedy of 'The Rehearsal,' in which Dryden is turned into ridicule under the name of Bayes.

TILLOTSON,

born in Yorkshire in 1630, died in 1694.

JOHN TILLOTSON, Archbishop of Canterbury, an eminent prelate, was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, and received his education at Cambridge, where he was chosen Fellow and took his degree of D.D. His virtuous and illustrious friend, Lord William Russell, being deeply implicated in the Rye-house plot, and brought to the block, he attended on that nobleman with the most affectionate assiduity. In 1685 the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove thousands of the French Protestants to England. Tillotson was peculiarly active in promoting their success; and many of them settled at Canterbury, where their posterity still continue. After the revolution he became the confidential friend of William and Mary, who bestowed on him the archbishopric of Canterbury. His sermons, published after his death, are distinguished by their elegance, perspicuity, and closeness of reasoning. For his literary character, see Introductory Essay.

TEMPLE,

born at London in 1629, died in 1700.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, the son of sir John Temple, master of the rolls in Ireland, was educated at Cambridge. At the restoration he became a member of the Irish parliament. He rendered his country important services, as ambassador to the United States; particularly in effecting the league between England, Holland, and Sweden in 1668, and in bringing about the marriage of the prince of Orange with Mary, daughter of the duke of York. In 1680 he retired from public affairs, and divided his time between his books and his gardens. His works consist of Memoirs of what passed in his public employments; Letters; Miscellanies; and Observations on the United Provinces of the Netherlands. — See Introductory Essay for his general character as a writer.

DRYDEN *

born in Northamptonshire in 1631, died in 1701.

See great DRYDEN, whose tuneful Muse affords

The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.

Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,

She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.

If satire or heroic strains she writes,

Her hero pleases, or her satire bites.

From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall;

She wears all dresses, and she charms in all. ADDISON.

* He was equally excellent in verse and prose. His prose had all the clearness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry. I have heard him frequently own with pleasure, that if he had any talent for English prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great archbishop Tillotson. What he has done in any one species or distinct kind of writing, would have been sufficient to have acquired for him a great name. If he had written nothing but his prefaces, or nothing but his songs

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

or his prologues, each of them would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in his kind.' — See the Biographical Sketch on Pope, p. 695, for the beautiful parallel between him and Dryden, by Johnson.

LOCKE.

born in Somersetshire in 1632, died in 1704.

. . . . And why (need I name) thy LOCKE

Who made the whole internal world his own. THOMSON.

This celebrated philosopher was educated at Westminster school and at Oxford. He wrote some able political tracts, and by the patronage of lord Shaftesbury he held a respectable situation under government. That nobleman, to avoid a prosecution for high treason, withdrew to Holland, accompanied by his friend Locke, whom the English envoy demanded of the states of Holland, on an ill founded suspicion of his being concerned in Monmouth's rebellion. In 1689 he returned to England in the fleet which conveyed the princess of Orange, and was in some time after made commissioner of appeals, and afterwards one of the commissioners of trade and plantations. The latter years of his life were devoted to religious retirement and to the writing of works on theology. His principal productions are : an Essay on the Human Understanding ; Letters on Toleration ; a Treatise on Civil Government ; and Thoughts concerning Education. These works have ranked him among the first English philosophers, and will convey his name to the latest posterity. Locke has rendered himself truly illustrious by his wisdom and his virtue, by the disinterestedness and uprightness of his conduct, by his love of truth, and by his ardent attachment to the great interests of mankind. [He analysed the human mind, explained its operations, and illuminated the intellectual world by the sagacity of his researches. He examined into the foundation of civil government, traced it to its true source, and illustrated and enforced its genuine principles. He maintained the justice, the reasonableness, and the necessity of religious toleration with a clearness, a precision, and a force of argument, that had not been equalled by any preceding writer. He laboured to elucidate the Sacred Scriptures, to advance the interest of revelation and of virtue, to loosen the bonds of ty-

ranny, and to promote the cause of liberty, of justice, and of humanity. His sentiments are founded upon reason, truth, and justice : and his name will continue to be revered wherever learning, liberty, and virtue, shall be held in estimation.

FARQUHAR,

born in Ireland in 1678, died in 1707.

FARQUHAR was educated at Dublin University. The earl of Orrery, who was a patron, as well as master of letters, conferred on him a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment then in Ireland, which Farquhar held several years. His best productions are the popular play of 'The Recruiting Officer,' and 'The Beaux Stratagem.' Inferior to Congreve in real wit, he was perhaps his equal in the composition of acting plays. Farquhar's comedies are lively, natural, and full of business, but they are also extremely licentious.

SHAFTESBURY,

born at London in 1671, died at Naples in 1713.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, was grandson of the celebrated lord chancellor Shaftesbury. It was under the superintendence of that nobleman, aided by his friend Locke, that our author received the early part of his education, which was completed by travelling, and by a constant application to literary pursuits. He was elected a member of the House of Commons, about 1694, and, on the death of his father, five years afterwards, succeeded to the title and a seat in the House of Lords; but he seldom attended either house in consequence of bad health and an utter dislike to public employment, which induced him to refuse the most flattering offers of a place in the councils of William the third. While in Holland, Shaftesbury became acquainted with Bayle, to whose society and writings may be attributed in a great measure that antichristian spirit which pervades almost all his works. A collection of his writings under the title of Characteristics of men, manners, etc., was published in 1711. — His lordship possessed a rich and ardent imagination; and when describing the beautiful and sublime in nature, his language is uncommonly elegant and appropriate. His chief defects are stiffness, affectation, and an indiscriminate

love of ornament. — See the Introductory Essay, for his literary character.

ADDISON *.

born in Wiltshire in 1672, died in 1719.

With graceful steps see ADDISON advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance. WARTON.

No whiter page than ADDISON'S remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. POPE.

ADDISON was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of the 'Tatler;' but he was not long concealed: by inserting a remark on Virgil, which Addison had given him, he discovered himself. Steele's first Tatler was published April 22. 1709; and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. — To the 'Tatler,' in about two months, succeeded the 'Spectator,' a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. While 'Cato' was upon the stage, another daily paper, called the 'Guardian,' was published by Steele; to which Addison gave great assistance. The papers of Addison are marked in the Spectator by one of the letters in the name of Clio, and in the Guardian by a hand. He wrote, as different exigencies required, 'The present State of the War,' etc., 'The Whig Examiner,' and the 'Trial of Count Tariff.' He published a paper called 'The Freeholder,' twice a week from Dec. 23. 1715 to the middle of the next year, in defence of the government. He terminated his life in a manner suitable to his character in affectionately pressing the hand of lord Warwick and saying, 'See in what peace a *Christian* can die.' He gave directions to Tickel respecting the publication of his works, which he himself dedicated on his death-bed to Crággs. — The following is extracted from the elegant character drawn of him by Dr. Johnson. 'As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

and daily occurrences. He never 'outsteps the modesty of nature,' nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination. — What he attempted, he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

CONGREVE *.

born in Ireland in 1672, died in 1729.

CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels early won,

Sits smiling at the goal while others run.

YOUNG.

CONGREVE, a dramatic writer and poet of celebrity, though bred to the law, found no charms in the profession, but turned his mind to polite literature, particularly to dramatic composition. He wrote four comedies, a tragedy, an oratorio, and a masque; and enjoyed some lucrative employments under government. The gay comedy of 'The Old Bachelor,' written at a very early age, is the work of very powerful and fertile faculties; the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it o'er-informs its tenement. In 1695 his prolific pen produced 'Love for Love,' a comedy of nearer alliance to life, and exhibiting more real manners than the former. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist in gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured, he seldom failed of performing. His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion; his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; the contest of smartness is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations. His comedies have therefore, in some de-

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

gree, the operation of tragedies; they surprise rather than divert, and raise admiration oftener than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination. While comedy or while tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read.

STEELE,

born at Dublin about 1675, died in 1729.

STEELE received his education at the Charter-house in London, after which he obtained an ensigncy in the guards, and afterwards a captain's commission in the fusileers. In 1702 he commenced dramatic writer, in his comedy of 'The Funeral' or 'Grief à-la-Mode,' which had great success. This play was followed by 'The Tender Husband,' and 'The Lying Lovers;' but his best performance in this line was 'The Conscious Lovers.' In 1709 he began 'The Tatler,' a periodical paper, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and in which he had the able assistance of Addison, as he also had in 'The Spectator' and 'Guardian.' He was chosen member for Stockbridge, but was expelled the house soon after for writing a paper called 'The Englishman,' and the 'Crisis.' On the accession of George I. he received the honour of knighthood. 'The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele is a most pleasing and interesting collection of the genuine, unpremeditated, unaffected effusions of one of the best-hearted men and most elegant writers of any age or country.'

DEFOE,

born at London in 1660, died in 1731.

DEFOE's prose works, though not elegant, possessed the most impressive simplicity. Notwithstanding the amazing number of tracts he wrote, he is no better known now than as the author of the 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' a production which shows him to be a man of undoubted genius.

ATTERBURY,*born in Buckinghamshire in 1662, died in 1732.*

How pleasing ATTERBURY'S softer hour!

How shin'd the soul unconquer'd in the Tow'r! POPE.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, the friend of Pope and a preacher of great eloquence and popularity, stood in great esteem in the reign of William and Mary. In 1722, on a suspicion of his being concerned in a plot in favour of the pretender, he was apprehended, deprived of all his offices, and condemned to perpetual exile. His sermons are written, for the period in which he composed, with uncommon purity and correctness of style.

FELTON,*born died in 1739.*

FELTON, an English divine, was principal of Edmund hall, Oxford. He dedicated to his pupil the duke of Rutland an ingenious little volume entitled 'A Dissertation on reading the Classics and forming a just style;' he was also the author of a volume of sermons.

SWIFT **born at Dublin in 1667, died in 1744.*

Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,

Her trade supported, and supplied her laws:

And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd:

'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'

Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,

Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,

Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,

And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn! POPE.

The dean was both fond of conversing with the Irish common people and of amusing himself with their credulity. One day he observed a great rabble assembled before the deanery door, and was told they had met to see an eclipse. He sent for the

* Se Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

beadle of the town, and told him what to do. Away ran Davy for his bell; and, after ringing it some time, bawled out, "O Yes! O Yes*! all manner of persons concerned, take notice that it is the dean's pleasure to put off the eclipse till this hour to-morrow. So God save the king and the dean!" The mob, except a few, immediately dispersed; but those few swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

Voltaire related to Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

Swift having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner :

Thanks for this miracle, it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef!
Chimneys have smok'd, that never smok'd before:
And we have din'd, where we shall dine no more.

He said that a man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a packsaddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

'SWIFT's reputation as a poet has been in a manner obscured by the greater splendour, by the natural force and inventive genius of his prose-writings. 'The Tale of a Tub' is one of the most masterly compositions in the language, whether for thought, wit, or style. The great merit of Gulliver's Travels is in the invention. The object was to strip empty pride and grandeur of the imposing air which external circumstances throw around them; and for this purpose he has cheated the imagination of the illusions which the prejudices of sense and of the world put upon it, by reducing every thing to the abstract predicament of size. He has taken a new view of human nature, such as a being of a higher sphere might take of it.—Swift, Rabelais, and Voltaire have been accounted the three greatest wits in modern times; but their wit was of a peculiar kind in each. Swift's wit (particularly in his chief prose works) was serious, saturnine, and

* A corruption of the old French word *Oyez*, *hear*.

practical; Rabelais' was fantastical and joyous; Voltaire's was light, sportive, and verbal. Swift's wit was the wit of sense; Rabelais', the wit of nonsense; Voltaire's, of indifference to both. The ludicrous in Swift arises out of his keen sense of impropriety, his soreness and impatience of the least absurdity. He separates, with a severe caustic air, truth from falsehood, folly from wisdom, 'shows vice her own image, scorn her own feature;' he sets a mark of reprobation on that which offends good sense and good manners, which cannot be mistaken, and which holds it up to our ridicule and contempt ever after. His better genius was his spleen. It was the bitter acrimony of his temper that sharpened his other faculties. The truth of his perceptions produced the pointed coruscations of his wit; his playful irony was the result of inward bitterness of thought; his imagination was the product of the literal, dry, incorrigible tenaciousness of his understanding. He endeavoured to escape from the persecution of realities into the regions of fancy, and invented his Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians, Yahoos and Houynhims, as a diversion to the more painful knowledge of the world around him: they only made him laugh, while men and women made him angry.'

POPE,

born at London in 1688, died in 1744.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age,
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pœans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind. POPE.

POPE's letters and prose writings neither take away from, nor add to, his poetical reputation*. There is occasionally an unnecessary degree of caution. He appears anxious to say a good thing in every word, as well as every sentence. They, however, give a very favourable idea of his moral character in all respects; and his letters to Atterbury in his disgrace and

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II. and introductory Essay to the same volume.

exile, do equal honour to both. The 'Memoirs of Scriblerus,' published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the 'Scriblerus Club.'

The following extract is taken from the beautiful parallel between Dryden and Pope, by Johnson. 'In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind had a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope. Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

'Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton, must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his senti-

ments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

WATTS,

born at Southampton in 1674, died in 1748.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, a learned and eminent dissenting minister, devoted his whole life to the good of mankind. His writings are too numerous to be inserted in this sketch; they were collected and published in 1754 in 6 vols. 4to. His treatise on Logic has been long used in the most distinguished seminaries. Dr. Johnson speaks of him in the following terms: 'Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than Watts' 'Improvement of the Mind,' a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing; and whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficiency in his duty, if this book be not recommended.'

BOLINGBROKE,

born in Surrey in 1672, died in 1751.

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? POPE.

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, an eminent orator and statesman, was educated at Oxford. In 1704 he was appointed secretary of war, and afterwards became secretary of state. In 1712 he was created baron St. John, viscount Bolingbroke; but these honours not answering his expectations, he formed the design of taking the lead in public affairs from his friend Harley, earl of Orford, which in the end was unfortunate to both. On the accession of George I. the seals were taken from the secretary and the papers in his office secured; he then withdrew to France, where the Pretender invited him into his service, which he declined at first, but afterwards accepted. In

the mean time he was impeached of high treason in England; but upon receiving a full pardon, he returned home and recovered his family inheritance. During his residence abroad, he married a niece of Madame de Maintenon with whom he had a large fortune. His ambitious turn led him to join the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, whose administration he attacked in 'The Craftsman' and several pamphlets. The best of his works appears to be his 'Letters on the Study and Use of History.' His genius was fine and vigorous, and his style flowing and neat: but his prejudices against christianity were inveterate. Lord Bolingbroke was the friend of Swift and Pope, the latter of whom has immortalized his name in his 'Essay on Man.'

See p. 397, for his character.

BERKELEY,

born in Ireland in 1684, died in 1753.

TO BERKELEY ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

POPE.

The celebrated bishop of Cloyne possessed a most comprehensive and acute mind, which received all the aids of education. His first essays as a writer were published in the Spectator and Guardian; which entertaining works he adorned with many pieces in favour of virtue and religion. He published several very ingenious treatises on philosophical subjects; the most celebrated of which, is his 'Minute Philosopher.'

He conceived a noble and benevolent plan for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. But the design, after several years' labour to accomplish it, was frustrated by the ignorance or misconduct of those on whom he depended for support. He was buried in Christ church, Oxford, where there is a monument erected to his memory.

His morality, religion, manners, and disposition, were equal to his extraordinary abilities.

FIELDING,

born in Somersetshire in 1707, died in 1754.

. Need I name the wit
Whom nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on fancy for each well wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand, before ye. GARRICK.

FIELDING, the first of British novelists, was educated at Eton, and Leyden. After his return to England he employed himself in writing for the theatre, but none of his comedies and farces are now known or read, excepting the mock tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, the translated play of the *Miser*, and the farces of the *Mock Doctor*, and *Intriguing Chambermaid*. At the age of thirty-two he entered the Temple, and studied the law with considerable ardour, still exercising his pen for immediate support. One of his publications was the history of *Jonathan Wild*, a picture of complete vice, unrelieved by any thing of human feeling, and never, by any accident, even deviating into virtue. There are few passages, however, in Fielding's more celebrated works, more marked by his peculiar genius than the scene betwixt his hero and the ordinary at Newgate. His *Joseph Andrews* continues to be read, for the admirable pictures of manners which it presents; and, above all, for the inimitable character of Mr. Abraham Adams, which alone is sufficient to stamp the superiority of Fielding over all writers of his class. He also published some patriotic pieces for which he was made a Middlesex justice. *Tom Jones*, or the History of a Foundling, is truth and human nature itself, and there lies the inestimable advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind; it was received with unanimous acclamation by the public and carried Fielding's fame to its height. His *Amelia*, which may be termed a continuation of *Tom Jones*, is more correct in its sentiments, but deficient in humour and variety. Fielding, the father of the English novel, in his powers of strong and national humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, remains unapproached as yet, even by his successful followers.

* See Introductory Essay, paragraph FICTITIOUS HISTORY, for the beautiful character drawn of him by Sir Walter Scott, from whom the greater part of the above sketch is also taken. See also in the same the paragraph "Standard Novels and Romances."

BLACKWALL,

born at Aberdeen in 1701, died in 1757.

BLACKWALL was educated at the Marischal-college, where he took his degree of M. A. and was appointed Greek professor. The 'Proofs of the Enquiry into Homer's Life and Writings,' is the best of his performances; his 'Letters concerning Mythology' were printed without his name. He was made principal of the Marischal-college, and in 1752 came out the first volume of his 'Memoirs of the Court of Augustus;' the second volume appeared three years after; but the last was not published till after his death.—The following character is taken from Dr. Blair's Lectures: 'Blackwall is a writer of considerable ingenuity, and learning also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial style and of that parade of language which distinguishes the *Shaftesburean* manner.'

HERVEY,

born in Northamptonshire in 1714, died in 1758.

HERVEY, a pious divine, received his education at Oxford, where he was distinguished for his classical attainments. His 'Meditations among the Tombs,' and 'Reflexions on a Flower Garden,' being well received, he added another volume. The sublime sentiments in these pieces are conveyed in a flowing and elegant style. The language has, however, been deemed too flowery and rather too elevated. He also published his 'Theron and Aspasio,' or 'Dialogues and Letters on Important Subjects.' This work has had many admirers, and some opposers. The dialogues are generally introduced with descriptions of some of the most beautiful scenes of the creation. The profits of his works, which were considerable, he gave away in charitable purposes.

SHERLOCK,

born at London in 1678, died in 1761.

SHERLOCK was educated at Cambridge, of which he was chosen fellow, and afterwards became master, and also doctor in divinity. He answered Collins in his six excellent discourses

on the use and intent of prophecy, and wrote with equal strength a defence of the miracle of Christ's resurrection, against Woolston, in a work entitled, 'The Trial of the Witnesses.' Sherlock was successively dean of Chichester and bishop of Bangor, Salisbury, and London. His Sermons, in four volumes, rank among the first in the English language.

RICHARDSON,

born at Derbyshire in 1689, died in 1761.

If, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
A useful Lesson to the Young and Gay;
To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
With Cards and Dress, the converse of the Fair;
If with the boasted Bards of Classic age,
Th' attention of the Learned to engage,
And in the bosom of the Rake to raise
A tender social Feeling—merit praise;
The Gay, the Fair, the Learn'd, ev'n Rakes agree
To give that praise to Nature, Truth, and Thee. ANON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, an eminent English printer and novelist, besides his three great works 'Pamela,' 'Clarissa,' and 'Grandison,' published a collection of familiar letters, which has been praised by Mrs. Barbauld. He wrote many other things on different subjects, which met with public approbation. Dr. Johnson styles him 'an author from whom the age has received great favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.'

'It will be to his immortal praise, that he was perhaps the first author in this line of composition who, in fictitious narrative, threw aside the trappings of romance, with all its extravagance, and appealed to the awakened passions of the human heart. But a modern reader may be permitted to wish that Clarissa had been a good deal abridged at the beginning, and sir Charles Grandison at the end; that the last two volumes of Pamela had been absolutely cancelled, and the second much compressed. The power of Richardson's painting in his deeper scenes of tragedy, never has been, and probably never will be excelled. Those of depressed innocence, as in the history of Clarissa and Clementina, rend the very heart; in others, where the same heroines, and particularly Clarissa, display a noble

elevation of soul, rising above earthly considerations and earthly oppression, the reader is perhaps as much elevated towards a pure sympathy with virtue and religion as uninspired composition can raise him. His scenes of unmixed horror, as the deaths of Belton and of the infamous Sinclair, are as dreadful as the former are elevating. The genius of Richardson must be ever acknowledged to have done honour to the language in which he wrote, and his manly and virtuous application of his talents to the service of morality, and to human nature in general.'

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

born in Nottinghamshire about 1690, died in 1762.

In beauty, and wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd. POPE.

LADY MONTAGUE received a liberal education and was taught the elements of the Greek and Latin languages. Her husband being appointed ambassador to the court of Constantinople, she accompanied him thither. During this embassy she wrote an elegant and interesting description of that city in letters to her friends. While at Constantinople lady M. obtained information of a practice among the villagers of inoculating for the small-pox. This operation she had performed on her son, and by that means was the instrument of introducing inoculation into this part of Europe. At the end of 1718, lady Mary returned to England, and settled at Twickenham, where she formed an intimacy with Pope; but the friendship was afterwards broken off.

DODSLEY,

born in Nottinghamshire in 1703, died in 1764.

ROBERT DODSLEY, whilst in the service of a lady as footman, published a volume of poems, entitled, 'The Muse in Livery.' His next piece was a dramatic trifle called 'The Toyshop,' which had the approbation of Pope, and was so successful on the stage that he was enabled to carry on the business of bookseller. His little book for youth, entitled 'The Economy of Human Life,' is much esteemed.

STERNE,*born in Ireland in 1713, died in 1768.*

STERNE, the quick tear, that checks our wond'ring smile,
 In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
 Owns thy true mast'ry; and *Le Fevre's* woes,
Maria's wand'rings and the Pris'ner's throes,
 Fix thee conspicuous on the shrine of Glory.

FERRIAR.

STERNE took his degrees at Cambridge and entered into Orders. He is known as the author of a strange kind of romance called *Tristram Shandy*; a *Sentimental Journey in France*; Sermons under the name of *Yorick*; and *Letters*. *Yorick*, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless parson, is the well-known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself, drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. *Uncle Toby* with his faithful squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary speculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay, authorize him to leave the court of criticism, not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness, of benevolence blended with courage, gallantry and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by, whenever it is recalled to memory.

THORNTON,*born at London in 1724, died in 1768.*

THORNTON was educated at Westminster school, and Oxford where he engaged with Colman and some others, in a periodical work entitled '*The Student*;' and afterwards in another called '*The Connoisseur*.' He published a translation of *Plautus*, and a burlesque Ode on *St. Cecilia's Day*. Thornton was an elegant scholar, an amiable man, and a companion singularly pleasant and entertaining.

SMOLLETT,

born in Scotland in 1721, died in 1771.

This eminent writer took his degree of doctor of physic, but, not meeting with encouragement, he became a writer by profession. His first performance was the novel of '*Roderick Random*' which soon ran through several editions. This was followed by the novel of '*Peregrine Pickle*,' in which were inserted lady Vane's apology under the title of a lady of quality. He afterwards published the adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom, and instituted the Critical Review. His '*History of England*' gained him great profit and reputation. He began a periodical paper, called '*The Briton*,' in defence of lord Bute's administration, and published an account of his travels. His novel of *Humphry Clinker* possesses merit, though it is not equal to his former performances in that kind. Dr. Smollet wrote some poems, and theatrical pieces, — he compiled a *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, and translated *Gil Blas*, and *Don Quixote* into English. — Though we may justly prefer *Tom Jones* as the most masterly example of an artful and well-told novel to any individual work of Smollet, yet *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, do each of them far excel *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia*; and to descend still lower, *Jonathan Wild* or the *Journey to the Next World* cannot be put into momentary comparison with *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, or *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

Smollett's sea characters have been deservedly considered as inimitable; and the power with which he has diversified them, in so many instances, distinguishing the individual features of each honest tar, while each possesses a full proportion of professional manners and habits of thinking, is a most absolute proof of the richness of fancy with which this author was gifted.

CHESTERFIELD,

born at London in 1694, died in 1773.

How can I Pult'ney, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?

POPE.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, having finished his education at Cambridge, entered upon his travels

through the continent. On his return, he commenced his political career as a member of the house of commons. Succeeding, however, on the death of his father in 1726, to his title and estates, he soon insinuated himself into the particular favour of George the second, by whom he was made high steward of the household and a knight of the garter. He was advanced to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1745, an office which he held for about three years.

‘ In public stations,’ remarks a periodical critic, ‘ Lord Chesterfield’s conduct ever met with deserved plaudits; in private life, his brilliant wit, his exquisite humour, and his invariable politeness, rendered him the constant delight of his friends; — and in the tender domestic relations, he was not only irreproachable but exemplary. In fine, a more amiable man scarce ever graced a court, or adorned the peaceful scenes of retirement.’

The works of Lord Chesterfield may be classed as *Poems*, *Letters*, *Political Papers*, and *Periodical Essays*. Of these, the first are merely temporary effusions, the trifles of elegant leisure; the *Letters* form the bulk of our author’s works, and are addressed to his natural son, and to his numerous friends; they exhibit much literary merit, and many acute observations on human life and manners; but, singular as it may appear, the tendency of those written to his son, is, but too evidently, to inculcate a system of duplicity and vice!

LITTELTON *.

born in Worcestershire in 1709, died in 1773.

See candid LITTELTON at length unfold

The deeds of liberty in days of old!

Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,

He winds the lengthen’d tale thro’ many a page;

But there the beams of Patriot Virtue shine;

There Truth and Freedom sanctify the line. HAYLEY.

GEORGE LORD LITTELTON, a nobleman of literary eminence, was educated at Eton and Oxford. On his return from his travels, he obtained a seat in parliament, and afterwards filled, with great reputation, several high offices in the state. His

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

speeches in parliament exhibit sound judgment, powerful eloquence and inflexible integrity.

In 1742, he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq., whom he has immortalized in the celebrated monody on her death. In 1760 he published his 'Dialogues of the Dead,' in which the morality of Fenelon, and the spirit of Fontenelle, are happily united. His last literary production was the 'History of Henry the Second,' a labour of twenty years. This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity. The style is perspicuous and unaffected, generally correct, and often elegant and masterly.

HAWKESWORTH,

born in Kent in 1715, died in 1773.

HAWKESWORTH was brought up to a mechanical profession; but possessing a refined taste and a lively imagination, he chose to devote himself to literature. As an author, his 'Adventurer' is his capital work; he was employed to compile an account of the discoveries made in the south seas, for which he received the sum of six thousand pounds. Hawkesworth afterwards became an East India Director. None of his works are more valued than the few Eastern tales and domestic stories he has left behind him. Next to Almorán and Hamet, the history of Amurath is one of his most reputed tales. Hawkesworth holds a high rank among our classic essayists; his diction is pure, elegant and unaffected.

GREGORY,

born at Aberdeen in 1724, died in 1773.

DR. JOHN GREGORY, after receiving the early part of his education at Aberdeen, pursued the study of medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden. On his return from the continent he was chosen professor of philosophy at Aberdeen. He was also appointed professor of medicine at that university, and subsequently at Edinburgh university. His most esteemed work, 'A Father's Legacy to his Daughters,' displays great knowledge of the world and of human character, and has always been very popular.

GOLDSMITH *.

born at Elphin in Ireland in 1729, died in 1774.

For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it:

This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,

Tho' a mixture so odd he shall merit great fame,

And, among brother mortals, be GOLDSMITH his name.

GARRICK.

'Few names stand higher or fairer in the annals of modern literature than Goldsmith's. One should have his own pen to describe him as he ought to be described.—Amiable, various, and bland, with careless inimitable grace touching on every kind of excellence—with manners unstudied, but a gentle heart performing miracles of skill from pure happiness of nature, and whose greatest fault was ignorance of his worth. As a novelist, his *Vicar of Wakefield* has charmed all Europe. What reader is there in the civilized world, who is not the better for the story of the washes which the worthy Dr. Primrose demolished so deliberately with the poker—for the knowledge of the guinea which the misses Primrose kept unchanged in their pockets—the adventure of the picture of the vicar's family which could not be got into the house—and that of the Flamborough family, all painted with oranges in their hands—or for the story of the case of shagreen spectacles and the cosmogony?

'As a comic writer, Tony Lumpkin** draws forth new powers from Mr. Liston's face. That alone is praise enough for it. His moral essays in 'the Citizen of the World,' are as agreeable chit-chat as can be conveyed in the form of didactic discourses.'

HUME,

born at Edinburgh in 1711, died in 1776.

HUME shone the idol of Historic taste.

HAYLEY.

HUME, having a strong propensity to literature, went to France, where he wrote his treatise of Human Nature. This metaphysical work, however, met with an indifferent reception; nor were his Moral Essays more successful. As secretary to general Sinclair, he attended him to Vienna and Turin. While he was

* See Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

** A personage in the comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

abroad his 'Enquiry concerning the Human Understanding' was published at London. In 1752 appeared his 'Political Discourses,' and his 'Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' the latter of which he accounted the best of his writings. His 'Natural Religion' was smartly answered by Dr. Warburton. In 1754 he published the first volume of the History of England, which was terminated in 1761. The work had now acquired considerable celebrity, and the writer gained largely by its popularity, for besides the profits it brought him he obtained a pension through lord Bute. He accompanied the earl of Hertford on his embassy to Paris, where in 1765 he remained as *chargé d'affaires*. The year following he returned home and became under-secretary of state to Conway. After his death appeared a work of his, entitled, Dialogues concerning Natural Religion. 'Hume was master of a good style of composition, and had the art of stating common objections in a new manner. His positions on religious points, however, are fallacious and frivolous. As a metaphysician, he is sophistical and obscure; and as a moralist, lax and deceitful.'—See Introductory Essay, for his character as an historian.

CHATHAM,

born in Cornwall in 1708, died in 1778.

—CHATHAM, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread.
In his hand the historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age;
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes;
While the wing'd hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

ANON.

"I did not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear Lord Chatham; but I am called upon to deliver my opinion, and even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him; recorded honours shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it.—I am not conversant with the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me; but they

will wear well as they have been dearly earned." Such was the elegant eulogy paid by the celebrated JUNIUS to the Earl of Chatham, before the curtain had been dropped on the statesman's labours, and his part in the drama was completed.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, one of the most illustrious statesmen and orators that have ever appeared in the world, received his education at Eton and Oxford. His talents as an orator were soon displayed in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, and had so great an effect that the duchess of Marlborough bequeathed to Pitt, by her will, a legacy of 10,000*l.* On the change of administration he was made joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, and pay-master-general of the army; the year following he was made secretary of state for the south department. In a few months afterwards he was again out of office; but an efficient administration being wanted in 1757, he returned to his situation as secretary of state. The war in which the nation was then engaged, assumed a new aspect; activity prevailed in every department of the government: the English forces conquered by land and sea, the most brilliant achievements were attained on the continent and in different parts of the world; England added to her colonial possessions several valuable places in the East Indies and America. Such was the state of affairs on the death of George II., soon after which, on finding his influence decline, Pitt resigned. The peace of 1763 followed, but it was not popular; and a new administration was formed of which Pitt had a share as Lord privy seal, and at this time he was created Earl of Chatham. From the beginning of the differences between England and the American colonies his lordship was a vigorous, an eloquent, but an ineffectual opposer of coercive measures; and his popularity, which had for some years been on the wane, revived with splendour. As he was speaking with his accustomed energy on the subject of the American independence in the house of lords, April 8, 1778, he was overpowered, and fell down in a convulsive fit. He died on the 11th of the following month, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster abbey at the national expense. Lord Granville published a small volume of Letters written by Earl Chatham to his relation Thomas Pitt.—See p. 411, for his character by Grattan.

HARRIS,

born at Salisbury in 1709, died in 1780.

HARRIS was educated at Salisbury grammar school, and Oxford. He sat in parliament for Christ Church, Hampshire, and was appointed commissioner of the admiralty, but afterwards was removed to the treasury board. In 1774 Harris was made secretary and controller to the queen. He wrote three treatises concerning Art; Music, Painting and Poetry; Happiness; —Hermes, or a Philosophical Enquiry concerning Universal Grammar; Philosophical Arrangements, and Philological Enquiries. The celebrated bishop Lowth calls Hermes the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis, that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

born at Lichfield in 1709, died in 1784.

Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
You wake to finer feelings every heart;
In each bright page some truth important give,
And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live. MURPHY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who has been styled the brightest ornament of the 18th century, was obliged to leave Oxford before he had completed the usual studies, from the scantiness of his finances. Having married in 1735 a widow of Birmingham who possessed 800 pounds, he was enabled to open an academy. This plan failed for want of encouragement: he obtained only three scholars, one of whom was the celebrated David Garrick. In 1737 he settled in London, where, for several years, he derived his principal employment and support by writing for the Gentleman's Magazine.

In 1744, appeared his 'Life of Savage.' The narrative is remarkably smooth and well disposed, the observations are just, and the reflections disclose the inmost recesses of the human heart. — 'The Rambler' came out in 1750. In this work, Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen: his essays form a body of ethics: the observations on life and manners are acute and instructive: and the papers, professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. Every page shews a mind teeming with classical allusion, and poetical

imagery.—In 1755 he published his grand work the ‘Dictionary of the English Language.’ In the compilation of his dictionary, Johnson manifested a great defect of research, by means of which he often fell into mistakes, and no errors are so dangerous as those of great men. The principal faults in Johnson’s Dictionary are: the want of nearly fifty thousand authorized words belonging to the language, such as words of common use; terms of frequent occurrence in historical works; legal terms; terms in the arts and sciences, etc., etc.—The mistakes in orthography and etymology are numerous. The great number of passages cited from authors, to exemplify his definitions, serve only to swell the size of the dictionary without any adequate advantage. Many of the passages are taken from authors now little read, or not at all; whose style is now antiquated, and by no means furnishing proper models for students of the present age. Since the time of Johnson, a complete revolution has taken place in almost every branch of physical science: new departments have been created, new principles developed, new modes of classification and description adopted. It is not surprising, therefore, that a great part of his definitions of terms in the arts and sciences are, at the present day, erroneous or defective. Johnson’s definitions and errors stand without correction in the last edition of his dictionary by Todd. Johnson’s Dictionary has been entirely superseded by Webster’s admirable *American Dictionary of the English Language*. For further information on the faults or merits of these, of Richardson’s New Dictionary, and of all other dictionaries, the reader is referred to the Introductory Essay to my *Universal French and English and English and French Dictionary* now in the press. Johnson ‘Lives of the English Poets’ were completed in 1781, of which the following character has been drawn by a critic of true taste and acknowledged ability: “If a vigorous understanding, a comprehensive knowledge, and a capacity of sound judgment, were sufficient qualifications for a work of genuine criticism, no man was ever better furnished than he for such an undertaking; but a certain inelegance of taste, a frigid churlishness of temper, unsubdued and unqualified by that melting sensibility, that divine enthusiasm of soul, which are essential to a hearty relish of poetical composition; and, above all, an invidious depravity of mind, warped by the most unmanly prejudices, and operating

in an unrelenting antipathy to contemporary merit, too often counteracted and corrupted the other virtues of his intellect. To these defalcations were superadded an unreasonable antipathy to blank verse, and a bigoted, though well-meant, adhesion to some very extravagant political and religious tenets. His biographical details have suffered much from these peculiarities of temper and of taste; and a Milton, an Akenside, a Collins, a Dyer and a Gray, might upbraid the literary dictator for his bitter and illiberal invective, his churlish and parsimonious praise, his great and various misrepresentations. Notwithstanding some very exceptional passages, infinitely disgraceful both to his understanding and his heart, I esteem his *Lives of the English Poets* to be the noblest specimen of entertaining and solid criticism that modern times have produced*.”—He wrote also ‘The Idler,’ ‘Rasselas,’ ‘The vision of Theodore,’ ‘A Journey to the western Islands of Scotland,’ and many other works, which our limits will not allow us to characterize, or even to enumerate.—The editor of ‘Biographia Dramatica,’ after bestowing many just encomiums on the genius of Dr. J., says, ‘It would be the highest injustice, were I not to observe, that nothing can possibly exceed the extent of his erudition; and together with the ablest head, he seems to have been possessed of the very best heart. Every line, every sentiment, that issues from his pen, tends to the great centre of all his views, the promotion of virtue, religion, and humanity.’

FRANKLIN,

born in North America in 1706, died in 1790.

And stoic FRANKLIN's energetic shade,

Rob'd in the lightnings which his hand allay'd. BYRON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a philosopher and statesman of great celebrity, became apprentice at an early age to an elder brother

* The poets included in Johnson's *Lives* amount to fifty-two, of whom eighteen at least ought to be omitted in any edition pretending to the merits of utility and taste; namely, *Rochester, Otway, Pomfret, Dorset, Stepney, Walsh, Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Halifax, Hughes, Sheffield, Congreve, Granville, Yalden, and Broome*. Otway, Smith, and Congreve, are great dramatic poets, but their miscellanies are alike worthless and insignificant.

who was a printer. After removing to Philadelphia, he contracted an acquaintance with several young men fond of reading; in whose societies he spent his evenings, and improved his taste. About 1744 he commenced his electrical experiments and made several discoveries in this branch of philosophy, the principal of which was the identity of the electric fire and lightning. This American patriot was elected a representative of the general assembly, and ten years after was sent to England as agent for Pennsylvania. At this time he was chosen fellow of the Royal Society, and honoured with the degree of doctor of laws by the universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Oxford. In 1762 he returned to America, but two years afterwards again visited England, where he was examined at the bar of the house of commons concerning the stamp act. In 1755 he returned home, and was elected a delegate to Congress. Franklin was very active in the contest between England and the colonies; and was sent to France, where he signed a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, which produced a war between this country and England. In 1783 he signed the definitive treaty of peace, and returned to America, where he was chosen president of the supreme council. Besides his political, miscellaneous, and philosophical pieces, he wrote several papers in the 'American Transactions,' and two volumes of Essays, with his life, written by himself, prefixed. — See his character p. 409.

PRICE,

born in Wales in 1723, died in 1791.

PRICE, a dissenting minister, became a member of the Royal Society about 1764, and obtained the degree of doctor in divinity from a Scotch University. At the commencement of the American war he distinguished himself by his zeal in behalf of republicanism, and published his 'Observations on Liberty and Civil Government,' for which he had the thanks of the city of London. His chief works are four Dissertations on Providence and Prayer; on the importance of Christianity; a Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals; Discussion of the doctrines of Materialism and Necessity.

MANSFIELD,*born in Scotland in 1705, died in 1793.*

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
 So known, so honour'd at the house of Lords.

How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast! POPE.

WILLIAM MURRAY, EARL OF MANSFIELD, was bred to the law; and after filling several distinguished stations, was in 1756 made chief justice to the King's Bench, which he held for upwards of thirty years with a splendour and reputation unrivalled. His merits as a lawyer, and his attachment to the common law of England, have been variously appreciated. From the earliest period of his parliamentary career, even down to its close, he was the marked object of attack to the popular orators in both houses of parliament. This circumstance must have contributed to fix in the mind of Lord Mansfield those sentiments of opposition to popular principles which he expressed upon various occasions. It must not be forgotten that he was the first judge who openly discountenanced prosecutions founded on the harsh and cruel law against the Catholics. The judicial character of Lord Mansfield has been the subject of repeated panegyrics. The very long period during which he presided over the court of King's Bench, his commanding talents, his high personal character and his eloquence, all contributed to the great reputation which he enjoyed.

ROBERTSON,*born in Scotland in 1721, died in 1793.*

DR. ROBERTSON was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of doctor in divinity. He was appointed one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary, royal historiographer for Scotland, and elected principal of the University of Edinburgh. In 1759, he published his 'History of Scotland,' a work not altogether void of partiality. In 1769, appeared his 'History of Charles the Fifth,' and in 1777, the 'History of America.' It would be difficult to speak of these works in higher terms of praise than they deserve. With respect to selection of materials, impartiality, arrangement, language, and interesting re-

presentation, they scarcely have any equal in historical composition.

In 1789, he produced 'An Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India.' This work, which he performed in twelve months, exhibits, in every part, a diligence in research, a soundness of judgment, and a perspicuity of method, little, if at all, inferior to those which distinguish his other performances.

GIBBON,

born at Putney in 1737, died in 1794.

His book well describes

How corruption and bribes

Overthrew the great empire of Rome;

And his writings declare

A degeneracy there,

Which his conduct exhibits at home.

C. J. Fox.

EDWARD GIBBON, the first of English historians, was educated at Westminster school and Oxford. Being dissuaded at Lausanne from entering into the marriage state with a lady who afterwards became the wife of the famous Necker, he lived single the remainder of his life. He returned to England and published in French a small volume, entitled, *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*. At the peace of 1763 he visited Paris on his way to Lausanne, and next travelled into Italy. — Gibbon was returned to parliament, where he sat eight years. He published in English a pamphlet, entitled *Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Eneid*. On the merit of his great work, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' no remark need be made. It must not however be passed over, that in several parts of this truly splendid history the author opened a masked battery against Christianity. The English cabinet employed him to write a memoir in justification of England's going to war with France for the part taken by that court in the American contest. For this he obtained a seat at the board of trade. In 1783 he retired to Switzerland, where he employed himself in completing his history: but when the French Revolution began to disturb the neighbouring states, Gibbon returned to England. His posthumous works, with his memoirs, written by himself, and finished by his friend, lord Sheffield, have been published. — See Introductory Essay, for his literary character.

BURKE,

born at Dublin in 1730, died in 1797.

Here lies our good EDMUND, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

GOLDSMITH.

O thou! — lamented sage! — whose prescient scan
Pierc'd through foul anarchy's gigantic plan.

CANNING.

EDMUND BURKE, an illustrious orator, writer, and statesman, having completed his education at Trinity college, Dublin, entered as a student of the Middle Temple, where he applied more to general literature than to the law, and supported himself by writing for the booksellers. He published a pamphlet entitled, 'A Vindication of Natural Society,' which for a time imposed upon the friends of Bolingbroke as his Lordship's real production. His 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' written in a fine and elegant style, procured him great reputation and the esteem of the first literary characters of the age. On his return from Ireland he was made private secretary to the marquis of Rockingham, first lord of the treasury, and, on this nobleman's going out of office, Burke became an active member of the opposition as a senator, and also as a writer. In the struggle between Great Britain and the colonies, Burke bore a distinguished part as an opponent of the ministry. His speeches were vehement and had so powerful an influence on the people, that the citizens of Bristol invited him to be one of their representatives; but at the next election he was rejected by them in consequence of having supported the Irish petition for a free trade, and the bill for relieving the Roman Catholics.

The whole annals of judicial oratory contain nothing finer than the conclusion of Burke's speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings.—

'*I impeach Warren Hastings,*' said he, '*in the name of the commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.*

'*I impeach him in the name of the commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.*

'*I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties he has subverted; whose*

properties he has destroyed; whose country he laid waste and desolate.

'I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has so cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed.'

'And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade in both sexes, every age, condition, rank, and situation in the world.'

The agitation produced by this speech was such, that the whole audience appeared to have felt one convulsive emotion; and when it was over, it was some time before Fox could obtain a hearing.

The leading particulars of his political life, after this, were his vigorous opposition to Pitt's design of forming a limited regency on the king's illness; and above all, his ardour against the actors and defenders of the French Revolution, in consequence of which he separated himself from Fox and many others of his old associates. His famous '*Reflections on the Revolution of France*' produced a surprising effect on the public mind. This was answered in so able a manner by Thomas Paine in a pamphlet entitled '*The Rights of Man*' as to excite for a time no small alarm to the friends of government. He afterwards published a variety of pamphlets in support of his opinions and withdrew from parliament. — Burke was very amiable in private life; faithful in his attachments; charitable to the poor; and an honour not only to his country, but to human nature. His speeches will be preserved as long as our language. — See page 427, for his sketch by Grattan.

COLMAN,

born at Florence about 1733, died in 1794.

GEORGE COLMAN was educated at Westminster school and Oxford. It was during his residence at this university that, in concert with Thornton, he commenced the *Connoisseur*, which, though published in London, was printed at Oxford. He was afterwards called to the bar, but soon deserted the law for the more alluring pursuit of literary fame. The '*Jealous Wife*' and '*Clandestine Marriage*' fixed his reputation, as a dramatic au-

thor. In 1777, he published, in four volumes, the best of his dramatic works. The year 1765 produced his translation of the comedies of Terence into familiar blank verse, a work of acknowledged excellence. To his celebrity as classical scholar, he added greatly in 1783 by a poetical version of Horace's Art of Poetry, which both with regard to style and fidelity is superior to any hitherto published. Colman was succeeded in the management of the Haymarket theatre by his son George Colman junior, an excellent comic writer who, with many much esteemed pieces, has written 'John Bull,' a comedy which reminds Englishmen of the rights they enjoy in opposition to arbitrary power.

BRUCE,

born in died in 1794.

JAMES BRUCE, a celebrated traveller into Abyssinia who encountered innumerable perils in search of the source of the Nile, was killed by a fall down a staircase at his seat at Kinnaird. The account of his travels, which occupied a space of near six years, was published in 1790. Geography has been much improved by his discoveries, and Buffon attests the valuable information that natural history has acquired from them.

KEATE,

born about 1730, died in 1797.

GEORGE KEATE, member of the royal antiquarian society, was descended from a respectable family. On his tour through Europe, he became familiarly acquainted with Voltaire at Geneva. Having studied the law, he appeared at the bar, but met with no success; his fortune however permitted him to apply himself to literary pursuits, his favourite occupation. Keate wrote on several subjects in verse and prose; his prose compositions are distinguished by an elegant style, and by their agreeable description of life.

ENFIELD,

born at Sudbury in 1741, died in 1797.

ENFIELD, an eminent dissenting minister, and an elegant writer, was ordained minister of a congregation at Liverpool in 1763, where he soon obtained notice as a pleasing preacher, and an amiable man in society. In 1770, he accepted an invitation to officiate as resident tutor, and lecturer in the belles-lettres, in the academy at Warrington; and he fulfilled these offices for several years, with great diligence and reputation. In 1785, he took the charge of the principal congregation at Norwich, where he continued usefully and honourably occupied, till his death.

His publications are various: the chief of them are, an 'Abridgment of Brucker's History of philosophy,' a work in which the tenets of the different sects of philosophers are displayed with much elegance and perspicuity; 'Biographical Sermons on the principal characters in the Old and New Testaments;' 'Institutes of Natural Philosophy, theoretical and experimental;' and a compilation called 'The Speaker,' a very popular school-book.

BLAIR,

born at Edinburgh in 1718, died in 1800.

BLAIR, after the usual grammatical course at school, entered the Humanity Class in the University of Edinburgh, and spent eleven years at that celebrated seminary, assiduously employed in literary and scientific studies. He was ordained as a minister in 1742, and commenced his public life with highly favourable prospects. Besides the testimony given to his talents and virtues, by successive ecclesiastic promotions, the university of St. Andrews, in 1757, conferred on him the degree of D. D. a literary honour which, at that time, was very rare in Scotland. In 1762, the king erected and endowed a Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh; and appointed Dr. Blair, 'in consideration of his approved qualifications,' Regius Professor, with a suitable salary. His lectures were well attended, and received with great applause. In 1783, when he retired from the labours of the office, he published his 'Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres;' and the general voice of the

public has pronounced them to be a most judicious, elegant, and comprehensive system of rules, for forming the style and cultivating the taste of youth.

It was long before he could be induced to favour the world with the publication of his discourses from the pulpit. These elegant compositions experienced a degree of success, of which few publications can boast. They are universally admitted to be models in their kind; and they will long remain durable monuments of the piety, the genius, and sound judgment of their author. They circulated rapidly and widely, wherever the English tongue extends; and they were soon translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The king thought them worthy of a public reward; and conferred on their author a pension of 200 pounds a year, which continued unaltered till his death.

In 1745 he married an excellent woman possessed of great sense and merit. He was long happy in his domestic relations, and, though doomed at last to feel, through their loss in succession, the heaviest strokes of affliction; yet his mind, fortified by religious habits, and buoyed up by his native tendency to contentment, sustained itself on Divine Providence, and enabled him to persevere to the end, in the active and cheerful discharge of the duties of his station; preparing for the world the blessings of elegant instruction; tendering to the mourner the lessons of divine consolation; guiding the youth by his counsels; aiding the meritorious with his influence, and supporting, by his voice and his conduct, the best interests of his country.

BEATTIE,

born in Scotland in 1735, died in 1803.

DR. BEATTIE was educated at the University of Aberdeen. His greatest performance is an Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to the Scepticism of Hume. This author brought out the beautiful poem of the Minstrel, and was shortly after elected professor of moral philosophy and logic in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, which situation he filled with credit till his death. About this time he was created L. L. D. and visited London. He also published Dissertations Moral and Critical, and subsequently two small volumes on the Evidences of the Christian Religion; with the Elements of Moral

Science, being a summary of his lectures. Dr. Beattie possessed a vigorous understanding and a most benevolent heart. His talents were improved to a high degree, by almost every species of science and literature.

PALEY,

born in Northamptonshire in 1743, died in 1806.

This learned divine was educated at Cambridge, of which University he was afterwards elected fellow. His celebrated works are: Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy; Horæ Paulinæ or Observations on the Epistles of St. Paul; a View of the Evidences of Christianity, which he dedicated to the bishop of Ely, and the Elements of Natural Theology. This last work has become extremely popular on account of the perspicuity and simplicity with which the subject is discussed.

FOX,

born . . . in 1749, died in 1806.

Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep,
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own.

Fox shall, in Britain's future annals, shine,

Nor e'en to Pitt the patriot's palm resign. BYRON.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, an eminent statesman and orator, was the second son of lord Holland. Having received a liberal education at Westminster school, Eton, and Oxford, he made the tour of Europe, and was elected member of parliament even before he was of age. During the American war he was a regular antagonist of the ministry, and on the removal of lord North he was made secretary of state for foreign affairs. The death of lord Buckingham dissolved the new ministry, and Fox soon returned to power by his well known coalition with lord North. The French revolution was an event which Fox hailed as the harbinger of freedom, happiness, and prosperity, not only to France, but to neighbouring nations. Deserted by some of his associates, who regarded his systematical opposition as disloyal, he entirely withdrew from his attendance in parliament, except on constitutional occasions. In 1803 he returned to his

parliamentary duty, and on the death of his rival Pitt in the beginning of 1806, he was placed as secretary of state for foreign affairs : he fell a prey to a dropsy a few months after, and his remains were publicly buried in Westminster Abbey. Of this extraordinary character it must be acknowledged that he was one of the greatest men this country ever produced. As an orator his powers were gigantic, his eloquence irresistible, vehement and sublime. If he was less copious and less elegant than Pitt; if he was deficient in the dazzling and flowery profusion, in the lively sallies of imagination of his great master Burke, he possessed the pathos, the forcible argument, the convincing language, the imposing earnestness, which captivated and enchained every hearer. — See his character, p. 414.

PITT,

born at Hayes in 1759, died in 1806.

To thee, great orator, whose early mind
Broke forth with splendour, that amaz'd mankind;
To thee, the wonder of Britannia's isle,
A grateful senate rears this marble pile;
Tho' vast the range of thine expansive soul,
Thy God and country occupied the whole.

CUMBERLAND.

PITT sunk, an Atlas, bending 'neath the weight
Of cares overwhelming our conflicted state.

BYRON.

WILLIAM PITT, an illustrious statesman, was the second son of the earl of Chatham. The principal part of his education was conducted by the earl himself. On leaving Cambridge he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in three years was called to the bar. As a senator he soon displayed his great talents against lord North and the American war. He brought forward a motion for an enquiry into the state of the representation in parliament. On Shelburn's obtaining the office of first lord of the treasury, Pitt was appointed chancellor of the exchequer. This Administration gave way to what was called the coalition ministry, formed between lord North and Fox, and their respective friends. But Fox's India Bill which was carried in the Commons, occasioned another change, on which the important offices of first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, were conferred on Pitt. His new bill for the better government of India having been rejected, the parliament was

dissolved, and the premier, who was returned for the University of Cambridge, again brought forward his bill for the regulation of India, and carried it triumphantly in both houses. Soon after this a commercial treaty with France was entered into. About this time also he adopted another beneficial plan, relative to the finances, for reducing the national debt by a sinking fund. It is impossible to go over all the great points of his administration, as it embraces so much of the history of England and of the world. During the king's illness Pitt gained great popularity by taking constitutional ground in strenuously denying the *right* of the prince of Wales to the regency. The execution of Louis XVI. occasioned the ministry to dismiss the French ambassador; and this was followed by a war which lasted eight years. In 1800 Pitt effected the union of Ireland with Britain, and soon afterwards he retired from office. The peace of Amiens, effected under the Addington administration, was of short duration, and a new war ensued. In 1804, Pitt returned to his former station, but he was surrounded with difficulties, as many of his former colleagues had joined the ranks of the opposition. He effected against France another coalition with Russia and Austria, which from the bad management of the latter failed of success. In the mean time a gouty habit and unremitted mental exertions had completely undermined the constitution of this wonderful man. His character must be left to posterity, fully and justly to appreciate. All that his greatest enemies pretend to charge him with, is ambition; while they are compelled to allow him the merit of vigorous application, uncommon eloquence, profound financial wisdom, and, above all, perfect desinterestedness. Though he had been so many years in power he died in debt, which the parliament resolved to discharge. His remains were interred at the public expense in the same vault with his father in Westminster Abbey. — See characters of Pitt and Fox, page 414.

CUMBERLAND,

born at Cambridge in 1732, died in 1811.

CUMBERLAND was educated at Westminster and Cambridge. His patron, lord Halifax, having been appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, took Cumberland with him. In 1780 he was sent to

Madrid and Lisbon in order to form a private treaty with the peninsular courts, but some troubles, breaking out at London frustrated the success of his mission; on which he was recalled.

Cumberland edited the *Connoisseur*, a periodical paper, with considerable success; the modern characters introduced in it were his own. Of his three novels *Arundel*, *Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*, the two first were deservedly well received by the public. Though he has been the author of novels, poems, and works on theology, his reputation is particularly founded on his dramatic writings.

'The Brothers,' the 'West Indian,' and the 'Wheel of Fortune,' stand high in the list of acting plays. 'First Love' is an excellent comedy, and maintains possession of the stage. The drama must have been Cumberland's favourite style of composition, for he went on shooting shaft after shaft at the mark, which he did not always hit, and often effacing by failures the memory of triumphant successes. His plays at least amounted to upwards of fifty. In the 'West Indian' the plot is regularly conducted, and happily extricated; the character of major O'Flaherty, which is one of the most efficient in the British drama, may have had the additional merit of suggesting that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; but the latter is a companion, not a copy, of Cumberland's portrait.

This author distinguished in the 18th century, survived till the present was considerably advanced, interesting to the public, as well as to private society, not only on account of his own claims to distinction, but as the last of that constellation of genius which the predominating spirit of Johnson had assembled about him, and in which he presided a stern Aristarchus. Cumberland's character and writings are associated with those of Goldsmith, of Burke, of Percy, of Reynolds, names which sound in our ears as those of English Classics.—He wrote as much as any, and few wrote better; and his works will be held in the highest estimation, so long as the English language is understood.

MRS. BARBAULD,

born about the year 1734.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD was early instructed in the Latin and Greek languages under the superintendence of her father,

the Rev. John Aikin, who kept a respectable boarding school. About 1765, she appeared before the world as authoress, and published her 'Corsica' and 'Tribute to Paoli.' Soon after, she married the Rev. R. Barbauld, son of a French protestant, and they established a school at Diss, in Norfolk, where they resided many years, and accumulated a handsome fortune. During this period, she wrote her Lessons, and some other works for children, which have acquired great celebrity. Mrs. B. edited the posthumous works of Richardson, the British Novelists, a selection from the Spectator, and assisted her brother Dr. Aikin and niece in various literary undertakings. As a writer of prose, she has surpassed every female of her time, and is equalled for elegance of diction, and soundness of sense, by few of the other sex.

AIKIN.

DR. JOHN AIKIN has written a variety of works, which in general are in much estimation; some of these in conjunction with his sister, Mrs. Barbauld. His writings are so numerous, that in this sketch, we cannot even give a list of them; they are both humorous and edifying, and distinguished by the simplicity of their style, as well as for their elegance and correctness. It is not a little remarkable, that not only Dr. Aikin, but his whole family, both male and female, are deeply imbued with a taste for literary and scientific pursuits.

SHERIDAN,

born at Dublin in 1751, died in 1816.

The worthy rival of the wondrous three *

Whose words were sparks of immortality.

BYRON.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, a celebrated orator and the first of English comic writers, was the third son of THOMAS SHERIDAN, an actor, and a teacher of elocution. Literature seems to have been a sort of *heir-loom* in his family—his grandfather was the celebrated friend of Swift, his mother was the author of several successful plays and amusing romances, and his sister evinced, by various publications, no inconsiderable degree of the hereditary talent. After having enrolled himself in the

* Pitt, Fox, Burke.

books of the Middle Temple, he married at the age of twenty, and was compelled, by his necessities, to relinquish the prospective advantages of the law for those pursuits which afforded a more immediate remuneration. To the drama he turned his attention; and 'the Rivals,' 'the School for Scandal,' 'the Critic,' and 'the Duenna,' crowned him in the theatre with a wreath from the garland even of Congreve. This uncommon success naturally introduced him to the great political characters of the day, and his election for the borough of Stafford raised him to a participation in the labours of their higher and more extended theatre. Equally the master of the thunderbolt and lyre, the opposition found in him an invaluable auxiliary, and Fox, a friend whom no prosperity could tempt or no adversity terrify. Being appointed one of the committee of managers on the trial of Warren Hastings, he delivered on that occasion one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in the house *. The trial of Hastings at the bar of the lords is thus magnificently and picturesquely described by Erskine : — "There the most august and striking spectacle was daily exhibited that the world ever witnessed. A vast stage of justice was erected, awful from its high authority, splendid from its illustrious dignity, venerable for the learning and wisdom of its judges, captivating and affecting from the mighty concourse of all ranks and conditions which daily flocked into it as into a theatre of pleasure; there, when the whole public mind was at once awed and softened to the impression of every human affection, there appeared, day after day, one after another, men of the most powerful and exalted talents, eclipsing by their accusing eloquence the most boasted harangues of antiquity : — rousing the pride of national resentment, by the boldest invectives against broken faith and violated treaties and shaking the bosom with alternate pity and horror, by the most glowing pictures of insulted nature and humanity : ever animated and energetic from the love of fame, which is the inherent passion of genius ; firm and indefatigable from a strong prepossession of the justice of their cause." Sheridan's talents were again displayed on the regency question and other remarkable political events. On the death of Pitt, Sheridan was appointed treasurer of the navy, which place he lost soon after on the ministry being changed. During his public life he made no provision for the future, and con-

* See page 243.

sequently on his retirement he was persecuted by his creditors till the hour of his death. Sheridan left behind him in this world the indisputable character of a wit, a poet, a patriot, and an orator. In this last department, however, his characteristic carelessness has left less upon record than could have been expected, and his readers must be content to fancy the giant merely from his fragments.

CURRAN,

born in Ireland about 1747, died in 1817.

—CURRAN, Grattan, Sheridan, all those

Who bound the Bar or Senate in their spell.

BYRON.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, an accomplished orator and sincere friend of liberty, raised himself by his talents and perseverance, from an obscure condition to a station of high trust. His father and mother were of humble origin and humble means, and it was partly by toil, partly by talent, and partly by accident, that he was enabled to achieve an education in the University of Dublin, which he entered as a sizer and left without distinction. By self-exertion, he contrived to complete his terms at the Middle Temple, and in the year 1775, was called to the Irish Bar, of which for thirty years he was the brightest ornament. His admirable speeches in defence of Hamilton Rowan, and Finnerty, rank among the most eloquent in the language (see page 255—264 and 307). This eminent lawyer and orator always exhibited the sudden burst of strong and passionate feelings, which seemed to rise in proportion as the grand conceptions of his mind became more and more illuminated by the coruscations of his wit, or by the lightning flashes of his vigorous and highly poetical imagination. His uncommon eloquence procured for him a seat in the parliament of his country, and there, to his immortal fame be it recorded, he never raised his voice or gave his vote against the cause of civil or religious liberty. The oppressed found in him an intrepid advocate—the bar a brilliant orator—the senate an incorruptible patriot—and the Bench, to which, as Master of the Rolls, he was ultimately elevated, an upright judge.—See page 423 for his character.

GRATTAN,

born at Dublin about 1751, died in 1820.

—Not a heart that ever knew him but mourns,
Deep, deep, over the grave where such glory is shrin'd—
O'er a monument fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind. T. MOORE.

HENRY GRATTAN'S family though not opulent were respectable, and he was fated not only to give them wealth but immortality. After receiving the most liberal education which his country could afford, he was called to the Irish Bar; to the routine of which, however, his talents or his inclination were little suited. Through the influence of the late Earl of Charlemont, he was soon elevated to a higher station and gained a voice in the councils of his country. Here it was that his abilities were first developed—at once distinguishing himself, dignifying his patron, and adding to his own fame the full emancipation of his native land. It is impossible to conceive a state more abject than that of Ireland when Grattan first entered parliament. Night and day he toiled for her deliverance, nor did his efforts cease or relax till he raised her to a complete participation in all the benefits of the British constitution. A vote of that House*, which he at once liberated and delighted, by putting him in possession of an ample independence, discharged some small portion of the debt which Ireland owed a man who had, for her sake, uniformly disregarded every personal consideration. Never was there a patriot more splendid and persevering—never was there success more perfect—and never, while Ireland has a head to think, or a heart to feel, can his constellated life be held but in veneration. Grattan was the active and vigilant leader of the opposition till the union, which measure he resisted with all his power. In the British parliament he chiefly exerted his talents in advocating the Catholic claims; to which cause he fell a martyr by leaving Ireland, in an exhausted state of health, to carry to England the petition with which he was entrusted. He died soon after his arrival and was buried in Westminster Abbey. See his character, p. 420.

* The Irish House of Commons voted Grattan a grant of fifty thousand pounds.

ERSKINE,

born in Scotland in 1750, died in 1823.

THE HONOURABLE THOMAS LORD ERSKINE, HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, was son of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan. After having served for some time in the navy and army, he commenced the study of the law at Cambridge, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn. His debut at the bar was so successful as to gain him a silk gown. The cause of Lord George Gordon again afforded him an opportunity of displaying his great talents; and his success gave him a full superiority over his rivals. The accusing eloquence of Burke and of Sheridan, was hardly superior to the oratory of Erskine, in suggesting, in his speech on the trial of Stockdale, the only defence of which Warren Hastings could possibly avail himself. He was equally successful in many other important cases, and particularly so in the defence of Hardy, the dean of St. Asaph, and Thomas Paine. His speech on the prosecution of the 'Age of Reason,' from which the extract p. 236-243 is taken, is a masterpiece. Erskine's speeches in the House of commons afford a striking example of the inferiority of his parliamentary eloquence compared with those splendid orations. After the peace of Amiens he came to Paris with his friend Fox, and was presented to Bonaparte. He was appointed member of the privy council, created a baron, and invested with the dignity of lord Chancellor of Great Britain. The only works acknowledged by lord Erskine as his, are 'Considerations on the Causes and Consequences of the present War with France,' and a publication on the Greeks. In the first he inveighs against the intervention of the English in the affairs of France, and declares himself an advocate of the principles advanced by the French patriots at the beginning of the first revolution. In his writings on Greece he pleads with energy the cause of that unfortunate and brave people. His friends have published his principal speeches in five volumes. He has composed several fugitive poems which are not without merit.

The eloquence of lord Erskine was of a very high order. Though never deficient in any of those qualities, it was not indebted for its excellence either to beauty of diction, or to richness of ornament, or to felicity of illustration.—It was from its unrivalled strength and vigour that it derived its superior

character. The intentness, the earnestness, the vehemence, the energy of the advocate, were ever present throughout his speeches, impressing his arguments upon the minds of the hearers with a force which seemed to compel conviction.

KIRWAN,

born at Galway about 1754, died in 1805.

WILLIAM KIRWAN, Dean of Killala, who was originally a Roman Catholic priest, became a zealous adherent of the Protestant Church. He was certainly one of the most popular orators that ever appeared in the pulpit, and no man ever made a more powerful impression on his audience. His charity sermons are unparalleled. See p. 426 for his character by Grattan.

RAMSAY,

born in South Carolina, North America, died in 1815.

DAVID RAMSAY, an American physician and author, is known only from his works. He was member of Congress from 1782 to 1785. When, on a visit to the Lunatic Hospital, he was assassinated by one of the patients. His life of George Washington is generally well written and seems to have been composed with impartiality and from good materials.

WATSON,

born in Westmoreland, died in 1816.

RICHARD WATSON, an eminent prelate, was educated at Cambridge. His Apology for Christianity, addressed to Gibbon, and an answer to Paine's Age of Reason, called 'An Apology for the Bible,' are the most esteemed works of this able and voluminous writer.

FLOOD,

the celebrated Irish Patriot and Orator.

HENRY FLOOD was universally considered by his contemporaries as one of the most eminent men that Ireland ever produced. "The best, the most able, the most indefatigable, the

most sincere man, (said Montgomery, speaking of him in the Irish House of Commons,) that had ever sacrificed private interest to the advantage of his country." I regret much, that with all my anxiety, I am not able to give any thing like a just idea of his eloquence. But the fact is, no single effort can do it.—He was the speaker of *every night*—bringing to every debate, energy, learning, promptitude and eloquence, which appeared quite inexhaustible. It is therefore unfair to think of him as of one who on *such an occasion* made an eloquent speech, but as of one who on all occasions, and he avoided none, brought to the debate talents equally powerful. He was transferred late in life to the British House, but he seldom spoke, and then but feebly, in comparison of his great fame, owing, as his friends have told me, to a complication of maladies which began to prey on him and afterwards proved fatal. The speeches, from one of which the following extract is taken, exhibit wonderful powers of reasoning, and certainly could never have been the production of an ordinary intellect, but still they convey a very inadequate idea of their great author. They were known at the time, by the name of his *renunciation speeches*, and it may not be amiss here to give a hasty sketch of the circumstances in which they originated. The English parliament had long assumed and exercised the power of making laws binding on Ireland. About the time of the Revolution of 1688, the right to exercise this power was controverted by Molyneux, the friend of Locke, in a small tract which the English parliament ordered to be burnt. The Irish continued to obey the English laws thus made. In the 6th year of the reign of George III., the British parliament passed an act declaring that it had the power of making laws binding on Ireland. This right was publicly denied in the Irish House of Commons by Grattan in the year 1782, and he was supported in this opinion by Flood, and by most of the principal speakers of that time. Their opinion spread through the island. No jury would take the English acts into their consideration. The judges declined even adverting to them in their charges. The Duke of Portland was made lord-lieutenant, and ordered to recommend the Irish parliament to take into their consideration the discontents which prevailed among the people, in order to have such final adjustment as might give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms. Grattan then moved an address to the king, stating that they had seen with concern certain claims advanced

by the parliament of Great Britain in an act passed in the 6th year of George III., entitled, "An act for the better securing the dependency of Ireland," which act, and the claims it advances, were the principal cause of the discontents. The British parliament, in consequence, repealed this act. *Flood* insisted in the following speeches that the *mere repeal* of this act was not sufficient, it being only declaratory of what the law was supposed to be before its enactment, and that therefore the repeal should be accompanied by a renunciation of the alleged right. Such is a simple elucidation of the subject of these celebrated speeches, which Flood has certainly treated in a masterly manner. They combine the logic of a lawyer, the eloquence of an orator, and the sagacity of a statesman. It is by no means improbable that in this very discussion the British minister became first impressed with the necessity of annihilating, *quo-cunque modo*, the assembly in which it originated. *Flood* did not live, happily for himself, to see the political degradation of his country.

Peroration to Flood's speech.

"The people wanted constitutional privilege; till the fabric of usurpation, founded on the law of Poynings, had been shaken to its foundation, little could be done; the parliament wanted conscious dignity; till the people were armed, every thing could not be done; the nation wanted military power. These were necessary antecedents. The public mind wanted much cultivation. The seed, too, was necessary to be sown, and if I have not been wanting to the preparations of the soil, may I not be permitted to watch over the harvest? To that harvest too, as well as to every other, a prosperous season was necessary, and that season presented itself in the American war. — When, therefore, the honourable member, in the sunshine of that season, and of his own abilities, brought forward a declaration of rights in lord Buckingham's government, after that administration had amended his proposition for the purpose of defeating it, I stepped forward, in office as I was! and at the hazard of that office, and rescued the principle from the disgrace of a postponement, or from the ruin of rejection. In this session, too, I hope that my humble efforts have not been peculiarly wanting. — Were the voice with which I utter this, the last effort of an expiring nature; were the accent which

conveys it to you, the breath that was to waft me to that grave to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on; I would make my exit by a loud demand of your rights; and I call upon the God of truth and liberty who has often favoured you, and who has of late looked down upon you with such a peculiar grace and glory of protection, to continue to you his inspiring—to crown you with the spirit of his completion, and to assist you against the errors of those that are honest, as well as against the machinations of all that are not so.”

MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE, (MISS WARD,)

born at London in 1764, died in 1823.

Two years after her marriage with W. Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, and afterwards editor and proprietor of the English Chronicle, Mrs. Radcliffe published the *Castle of Athlin* and *Dumbaigne*, which was followed by the *Sicilian*. The *Forest* or the *Abbey of Saint-Clair* and the *Mysteries of Udolpho* appeared shortly after, and on being translated into almost all the European languages had soon rendered her name illustrious. The Italian, her next work, met with wonderful success.

“Mrs. Radcliffe places her characters, and transports her readers, amid scenes which are calculated strongly to excite the mind and predispose it for spectral illusion: gothic castles, abbeys, subterraneous passages, the haunts of banditti, the sobbing of the wind, and the howling of the storm, are all employed for this purpose; and in order that these may have their full effects, the principal character in her romances is always a lovely and unprotected female, encompassed with snares and surrounded by villains. But that, in which the works of Mrs. Radcliffe chiefly differ from those by which they were preceded, is, that in the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Old English Baron*, the machinery is in fact supernatural, whereas the means and agents employed by Mrs. Radcliffe are in reality human.—There is one great defect which attends this mode of composition. As it is the intention of the author, that the mysteries should be afterwards cleared up, they are all mountains in labour, and we feel disappointed that we should have been so agitated by

trifles." (*Cunningham.*) — The following extract is borrowed from sir Walter Scott's estimation of her literary character.

"Mrs. Radcliffe, as an author, has the most decided claim to take her place among the favoured few, who have been distinguished as the founders of a class, or school. She led the way in a peculiar style of composition affecting powerfully the mind of the reader, which has since been attempted by many, but in which no one has attained or approached the excellencies of the original inventor, unless, perhaps, the author of the *Family of Montorio**. Mrs. Radcliffe's powers both of language and description, have been justly estimated very highly. They bear, at the same time, considerable marks of that warm and somewhat exuberant imagination which dictated her works. The landscapes of Mrs. Radcliffe are far from being equal in accuracy and truth to those of her contemporary, Mrs. Charlotte Smith. It may be also true that Mrs. Radcliffe rather walks in fairy land than in the region of realities, and that she has neither displayed the command of the human passions, nor the insight into the human heart, nor the observation of life and manners, which recommend other authors in the same line. But she has taken the lead in a line of composition, appealing to those powerful and general sources of interest, a latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious: and if she has been ever nearly approached in this walk, which we should hesitate to affirm, it is at least certain, that she has never been excelled or even equalled".

THE REV. ROBERT HALL,

born in Leicestershire, in 1766.

THIS Baptist minister enjoys the reputation, not only of being the most eloquent dissenting minister of his time, but also one of the ablest polemical writers. While at Cambridge, he wrote and published his famous 'Apology for the Liberty of the Press,' a work which will be read and admired as long as language and liberty are known and respected.

He has also published some Sermons, all of them distinguished by the same energy of thought and eloquence of language. His elocution in the pulpit is extemporaneous, yet his flow of lan-

* *Maturin.*

guage is distinguished for unequalled correctness and splendour.

MACKENZIE,

was born at Edinburgh in 1745.

AFTER having been educated at Edinburgh university, he published 'The Man of Feeling,' which was followed by 'The Man of the World,' forming a second part to his first work; with 'Julia de Roubigné,' a series of letters; and a poem entitled 'The Pursuits of Happiness.' 'The Mirror,' a well-known periodical publication, was edited by Mackenzie; to the Mirror succeeded the 'Lounger;' to both works he was also the principal contributor. He wrote two tragedies, and a comedy, but without much success; and also 'an Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of 1784.'

His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution of a well-constructed fable; or, as in Smollett's novels, by broad and strong humour, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties: nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. All these powerful talents, any single one of which might have sufficed to bring men of more bounded powers into notice, have been by Mackenzie carefully subjected to the principal object which he proposed to himself — the delineation of the human heart.

CANNING,

born . . . in 1770, died in 1827.

—Farewell great statesman whose elastic mind
Clung round thy country, yet embraced mankind;
Who, in the most appalling storms whose power
Shook the wide world, wast equal to the hour.
Champion of measur'd liberty, whence springs

The mutual strength of people and of kings,
'Twas thine, like CHATHAM'S patriot task, to wield
The people's force, yet be the monarch's shield. CROKER.

CANNING, one of the most illustrious British statesmen, was descended from an Irish family, and was educated at Eton, and Oxford, where he contracted with lord Liverpool (then Mr. Jenkinson) a friendship which lasted through all their political career. Canning distinguished himself at Eton by contributing to the *Microcosm*, a weekly paper; and became very popular at Oxford by his admirable orations, and his beautiful Latin productions. He entered the inner temple for the purpose of studying the law, and was very intimate with Sheridan and Burke. Canning was introduced by his friend lord Liverpool to Pitt, through whose influence he was returned to parliament. He made a very eloquent speech, in 1797, against the slave trade, and was appointed the same year under-secretary for foreign affairs. About this period he had the good fortune to be united in marriage to Miss Scott, sister of the duchess of Portland, with whom he received a large fortune. From this time till 1802 he zealously supported the Pitt administration. On his being elected representative of the borough of Tralee in the south of Ireland, he joined the opposition and declaimed with all his mighty eloquence against the treaty of Amiens, and Addington's administration. In 1803, when his friends returned to office, he was made treasurer of the navy, and in 1807 succeeded earl Grey as secretary for foreign affairs. In consequence of lord Castlereagh's charging him with want of honour, a duel ensued in which Canning was wounded. The solidity and clearness of this great man's mind never appeared to greater lustre than in his diplomatic negotiations with foreign courts, and in particular his answer to the emperors of Russia and France, who applied to England to put an end to the horrors of war. He was elected member for Liverpool, in 1812, and in 1818, became president of the board of control. To avoid taking part in the proceedings against the queen, Canning retired to the continent. On the death of lord Castlereagh he again became secretary of foreign affairs, after having resigned the nomination to the place of governor-general of India, to which he had been just appointed. The new states of South America were officially recognised by him, in 1823, in opposition to all Europe, and in December 1826 was delivered his memorable speech on affording

aid to Portugal*. The following year, in consequence of lord Liverpool's being obliged to retire from business through illness, he was named chancellor of the exchequer, and first lord of the treasury, which office he did not fill more than three months, having died the August following of a disease in the liver.

"Canning was the last, as he was the youngest, of those extraordinary men who played a leading part in that great drama of British politics, which formed one of the loftiest episodes of the fearful tragedy of the French revolution. This circumstance threw around his political character a species of authority which no comparatively modern man could have obtained. He came into early life at the age of twenty-two, he passed through the fever and turmoil of the days of jacobinism, the most accomplished skirmisher of Pitt's intellectual forces. Whilst his master essayed the graver and loftier style of oratory, Canning had to wield

'The light artillery of the lower sky.'

He brought his literature to the aid of his politics, and accomplished as much by his pen as by his eloquence. Again he was for the most part assisting in those counsels of resistance to republican and imperial France, which began in years of sorrow and ended in the most complete triumph. Lastly, when he saw that no rational amelioration of the destinies of mankind was to be accomplished after the horrors of twenty years of revolutions, because despotic power would not be taught by the past, he threw his talents into the scale of liberal opinions, and he has fought for them and conquered; thus, connecting extreme times, and extreme parties, he became the foremost man of his day; and thus no living statesman can adequately fill up the void which his death has created." (Canning's character from the Sphinx.) — See Contrast between Canning and Brougham in 1823, page 437.

HUSKISSON.

"Huskinson's first essay as a politician appears to have been in Paris, at the time of the French Revolution where he took an active part; but soon after his return to England he was admitted, to the confidence of Pitt, and his friend Dundas. By the interest of these gentlemen he was brought into parliament,

* See p. 293—301.

and has therein, with little intermission, continued to the day of his death. He filled many of the secondary offices of state, having been under-secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, first Commissioner of woods and forests, and a member of the Privy Council. Huskisson is supposed not only to have enjoyed the confidence of Pitt, but to have drawn from that celebrated minister's suggestions or avowed intentions the principles which Huskisson many years afterwards developed in his measures for establishing what is called the 'free trade system.' In 1823, Huskisson was appointed president of the board of trade, and treasurer of the navy, and in 1827 left that situation to become secretary of state for the Colonies, which he resigned in 1828, and quitted the ministry. On Canning's resigning his seat for Liverpool, Huskisson was elected for that place, and continued to represent it up to the hour of his death.' (*Courier.*)

'His good fortune it was to have almost lived down, within the short period of four or five years, the loud, confident, overbearing, and dexterous,—though in some cases ignorant, in other factious—clamours with which the country resounded from end to end, against the introduction of that new system of navigation laws, and of importation duties.' (*Times.*)

'Never, we believe, in the Annals of this town, has any occurrence so powerfully excited the sorrow of its inhabitants as that afflicting event the particulars of which it is our painful duty this day to record. Every man seems to feel that the death of Huskisson is a national calamity, and that the town has sustained a loss which cannot be easily supplied. As a public man his great talents commanded the respect even of his adversaries; he possessed the most varied and extensive knowledge of all our resources, and an accurate and minute acquaintance with every important interest in the country, and with this he united a perfect appreciation of the force of public opinion, and what is, unhappily, rare among statesmen, a respect and reverence for it. As a private individual, his frankness, his kindness, his manly but courteous deportment, and his unaffected goodness, gained for him the regard and esteem of all who knew him. Over the remains of such a man eulogy would be misplaced; history will do justice to his character; and when the motives by which he was actuated can be truly known, then will his worth be adequately appreciated by his countrymen.' (*Liverpool Chronicle.*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT *,

was born at Edinburgh in 1771.

SIR WALTER SCOTT is a writer reconciling all the diversities of human nature to the reader; he does not enter into the distinctions of hostile sects or parties, but treats of the strength or infirmities of the human breast, as they are to be found blended in the whole race of mankind. It must have been amusing to the author of *Waverley* to hear his readers and admirers (and are not these the same thing ?) quarrelling which of his novels is the best, opposing character to character, quoting passage against passage, striving to surpass each other in the extravagance of their encomiums, and yet unable to settle the precedence, or to do the author's writings justice—so various, so transcendent are their merits! The grand secret of this author's success in these latter productions, is that he has completely got rid of the trammels of authorship, and torn off at one rent (as lord Peter got rid of so many yards of lace in the *Tale of a Tub*) all the ornaments of fine writing and worn-out sentimentality. All is fresh, as from the hand of nature : by going a century or two back and laying the scene in a remote and uncultivated district, all becomes new and startling in the present advanced period.—Highland manners, characters, scenery, superstitions, Northern dialect and costume, the wars, the religion, and politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, give a charming and wholesome relief to the fastidious refinement of modern readers.—It is impossible to say how fine his writings are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon, lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting, the illusion is complete.—We will merely recall a few of the subjects of his pencil to the reader's recollection ; for nothing we could add, by way of note or commendation, could make the impression more vivid.

'There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kindhearted, whimsical, pedantic; and Flora Mac Ivor (whom even *we* forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu constant in death, and Davie Gellatly roasting his eggs or turn-

* See Introductory Essay, and Biographical Sketches, vol. II.

ing his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese : — then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the 'Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon-hill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before), and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death : in the same volume of *Old Mortality* is that lone figure, in scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain, to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted, and the fanatics Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to 'give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea.' And in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* we have Effie Deans (that sweet, faded flower), and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St. Leonard's Crag, and Butler and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr. Cartoline Saddletree and his prudent helpmate, and Porteus swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother. — Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with 'her head to the east,' and Dirk Hatterick (equal to Shakspeare's Master Barnardine), and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandy Dinmont, with his terrier-pack and his pony Duple, and the fiery Colonel Manering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson, and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyry), and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in the *Antiquary*, the ingenious and abstruse Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspeith, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, had it not been fed by remorse and 'thick-coming' recollections, and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot (the cheerful hunter), and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morn-

ing; and the *Children of the Mist*, and the baying of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance (the hollow echoes are in our ears now), and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas—and the immoveable Balafre, and Master Oliver the Barber in *Quentin Durward*—and the quaint humour of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the comic spirit of *Peveril of the Peak*—and the fine old English romance of *Ivanhoe*. What a list of names! What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion!... How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! how many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude!—His works (taken together) are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!’ (*Hazlitt*.)

JOHN GALT,

was born in 1779.

It were difficult to characterize, in a general manner, the style of a writer whose pen, like that of Galt, has been employed in describing the manners of Greece as it lately was, and in composing tragedies on the model of its ancient authors—in transcribing state-papers of Wolsey’s time, and in writing dramas for the modern stage—in portraying the fatal ravages of pestilence under Edward III. as well as in commemorating George IV.’s visit to the metropolis of Scotland. His first acknowledged production, ‘*Voyages and Travels, containing observations on Sicily and Turkey*,’ appeared in 1812. ‘*The Life and Administration of cardinal Wolsey*,’ and a volume entitled, ‘*Reflexions on Political and Commercial Subjects*,’ were succeeded, before the close of the same year, by ‘*Four Tragedies*’ after the manner of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, possessed of merits that might have softened the asperity with which he has invariably been treated in the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*. In 1813, he published ‘*Letters from the Levant, containing Views of the state of society in Greece*.’ A ‘*Life of President West*,’ and ‘*the Majola, a Tale*,’ were given to the world in 1816; soon after which he brought forward ‘*The Witness*,’ a dramatic poem whose power and passion were such as induced

many to attribute it to Coleridge. In 1820, he became a frequent contributor to a celebrated periodical; and, about the same time, published 'The Earthquake,' which, if ever known, is now totally neglected. That delightful effusion of *bonhomie*, his 'Annals of the Parish,' appeared in 1821; but as the titles of his later performances must be familiar to all, it were needless to introduce them here, farther than by remarking of our present humble vocation, that, like the profession of Puff in the Critic, 'it was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule,' before the appearance of '*The Bachelor's Wife*.'

Besides that arising from diversity of subject, there is another circumstance which renders it difficult to speak *briefly* of Galt's general manner; namely, the rapidity with which he passes.

—from grave to gay,
From lively to severe.—

Galt is equally successful in describing the regal splendour of the *Field of the Cloth of gold*, as in bringing before us the domestic economy of a Scottish parsonage;—in painting the raging of a troubled ocean, as in soothing us by the prospect of an unruffled lake. He surrounds us with the savage jollity of Glenfruin's hall, and we are more familiar with its inmates than they who have quaffed his 'horns of horn:' he transports us to a tea-party in the kirkgate of Irvine, and we are as much at home as any of the invited. The peculiarities of Georges III. are happily recorded. The humours of a London smack are as suitably commemorated as the formalities of his Majesty's visit to Edinburgh: while the communings of ancient barons are represented with a fidelity equalled only by that which reveals to us the doings of a modern town council. In his 'Annals' and 'Provost,' the only two of his works which seem to have been written for posterity, simplicity is a predominating feature. The dates of his successive publications may, indeed, explain, but cannot apologize, for their numerous imperfections both in style and management. There is not a chapter which fails to disappoint, by dispelling the high anticipation formed of what has been ambitiously commenced; and the visible straining after *effect* prevents that pleasing illusion which constitutes the highest charm in works of imagination.

MISS EDGEWORTH,

was born at Edgeworthstown in Ireland:

MISS EDGEWORTH is the daughter of R. Lovel Edgeworth, the author of many valuable practical papers on the arts of social life. She is diminutive in stature, quick of eye, and fluent and agreeable in conversation. Miss Edgeworth has visited France, and the writers of this nation compliment her on her having acquired a better knowledge of the manners and literature of France than most of her countrymen. Her principal productions are : Practical Education, undoubtedly one of the best on that subject; the Parent's Assistant; Letters for Literary Ladies; Belinda, a moral tale; Early Lessons; Castle Rackrent; Moral Tales; the Modern Griselda; Leonora; Tales of Fashionable Life; Patronage; Harrington and Ormond; the Conversations and Voyages of Henry and Lucy; Helen, etc., some of which have been translated and others imitated in a very superior manner by Madame Belloc. Miss Edgeworth's works have been for the most part translated into French and the other principal languages of Europe.

The inimitable humour, truth, and beauty of her traits of national character, displaying not only a thorough knowledge, but an affectionate love of Ireland, and a concern for her happiness, which cannot be for ever unfruitful — her intimate acquaintance and generous sympathy with the feelings and habits of the lower and middling classes of the people — her clear, indulgent, and rational views of the diversity of human character, and its causes — and the rapidity, accuracy, and brevity of her sketches of all its variations; these are among the most prominent of her merits, and would be alone sufficient to place her among the most meritorious writers of the age she was destined to improve.

WASHINGTON IRVING,

was born at New-York, about 1782.

WASHINGTON IRVING, a celebrated American historian and novelist, was educated at the college of Columbia; he travelled through France, Italy, Germany and England, and made himself familiar with the literature of these countries. On his

return he studied the law and published his *Salmigundi*. The biography of Campbell for an American edition of that poet's works, was written by him; and afterwards appeared his comic history of the United States under the title of *Dietrich Knickerbocker's Humorous Account of New-York*. His *Sketch book* containing descriptions taken from nature, manners, history, both of his own country and England, has been very favourably received by the public. His other most esteemed works are, *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*; *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*; *Tales of a Traveller*; and *Bracebridge Hall*. In this last production the author intended to give a picture of old English feelings and manners, and he has been very successful in this attempt. No one better describes the old popular customs of England, the May-day sports, and the Christmas revelries; his characters are uniformly well drawn, and display excellent feeling, and very considerable humour. One of our periodical writers has justly denominated him 'the Goldsmith of the age,' and we know not any author that he so much resembles; for, although Irving is no imitator, his style and language forcibly remind us of that easy flow so peculiar to the 'Citizen of the World:' his works are interesting and heart-appealing.

LADY MORGAN,

was born near Dublin about 1789.

MISS OWENSON, now lady MORGAN, displayed very early a taste for music, painting and literature. Her first novel 'Saint-Clair' has not exhibited that degree of originality to be met with in those which succeeded it. 'The Novice of St. Dominick' was much more successful, but the 'Wild Irish Girl,' a work known in France by the title of *Glorvina*, has established her reputation, and has rendered her name celebrated in Great Britain, and shortly after on the Continent. 'Ida' or 'The Athenian,' and also 'The Missionary' describe the respective countries of Greece and India in much more glowing colours than can be borne out by facts at the present period at least. In 1811 miss Owenson, while residing at the Marquis of Abercorn's in the North of Ireland, became acquainted with sir Charles Morgan, member of the London college of physicians, and an author of some works of merit on radical subjects. In 1816 she

travelled with her husband in France, and in the year following published an account of that country. Three years after appeared her 'Italy.' Her other chief productions are, O'Donnel or Ireland, Florence Maccarthy, a Memoir on the life and age of Salvator Rosa, Absenteism, the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, a volume of poems written at the age of fourteen. Her last work on France, and the Book of the Boudoir, have met with a very flattering reception. The political opinions of Lady Morgan have occasioned her to experience several illiberal attacks from a certain class of critics, but she has replied in a manner which prevents the aggressors from having any reason to triumph in the result of their hostility.

Lady Morgan's novels breathe of all the peculiar tastes and feelings of her country, softened by the gentleness of her sex. They give us a view of Irish nature, as seen by female eyes. Their style, manner, sentiment, and passion, are characteristic of the land of her birth and affection.

The novels of Lady Morgan are not her best works. She is a painter of manners, not imaginary but real. In these historical delineations she is perhaps without an equal. In all she writes there is genius, and that of very varied kind.

FENIMORE COOPER,

was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789.

The ancestors of this justly esteemed American novelist came to America in 1679. His mother was Elizabeth Fenimore, of Burlington County, New Jersey. The family, immediately after the war of the Revolution, became established at Cooperstown, Ostego County, New York. Mr. Cooper's father, who died in 1809, was the proprietor of extensive estates, first magistrate of the county and in Congress. Being sent at an early age to Yale college, he quitted it in his sixteenth year, and went to sea. After passing two years before the mast in a merchant ship, and visiting several foreign countries in that character, he was put on board a vessel of war. Mr. Cooper has married a miss De Lancey, who is descended from a Huguenot family which took refuge in America, soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and which had risen to great importance in the American provinces before the Revolution. Mr. Cooper is the youngest of six sons; all his seniors are dead. After his marriage, he quitted the navy

and resided alternately on his own property near Cooperstown and on that of Mrs. Cooper in West-Chester. He came to Europe as a traveller and with his family in 1826, and was named consul at Lyons, but as is supposed for convenience, as he has never visited that city. Mr. Cooper has resided in London, Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Dresden, Berne, etc. for purposes of curiosity and study. Mr. Cooper has written the *Precaution*, *Spy*, *Pioneers*, *Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Prairie*, *Red Rover*, *Wish-ton-wish*, *Water Witch*, *Bravo*, the *Monikins*, *Excursions in Switzerland*, *Homeward Bound*, etc. As he has never published with his name, several books have been wrongfully ascribed to him, though it is believed he has written others which have never been avowed. During his service in the navy he was sent to Lake Ontario, where he enjoyed good opportunities of renewing his acquaintance with frontier life. Cooperstown was a frontier for the first years of his boyhood. Templeton in the *Pioneers* is thought to contain close pictures of scenery and manners of that country at the time. The scene of his first American tale was in West Chester; of the second, in Ostego; of the third, the sea; by this it will be seen that he began by taking familiar subjects for his study. — ‘So long as Mr. Cooper keeps to the sea or the forest he is unrivalled for the force, felicity and truth, with which he always describes nature, whether animate or inanimate. — His sea scenes are unique. He does not give you ‘a painted ship upon a painted ocean.’ All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant; you hear in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails — and in the thoughts and language of the native Indian, holding communion with ‘the Great Spirit’ in the wild and desolate fastnesses of the desert, he is alike masterly and unapproachable.’

JEFFREY,

Lord High Advocate for Scotland, was born in 1773.

JEFFREY conducted the *Edinburgh Review* during the brightest period of its existence; and is understood to have con-

tributed nearly a fourth part of the articles from its commencement. He is thoroughly acquainted with the progress and pretensions of modern literature and philosophy; and to this he adds the natural acuteness and discrimination of the logician with the habitual caution and coolness of his profession. His strength consists in great range of knowledge, an equal familiarity with the principles and the details of a subject, and in a glancing brilliancy and rapidity of style. Indeed, we doubt whether the brilliancy of his manner does not resolve itself into the rapidity, the variety and aptness of his illustrations. His pen is never at a loss; never stands still; and would dazzle for this reason alone, like an eye that is ever in motion. Jeffrey is far from a flowery or affected writer; he has few tropes or figures, still less any odd startling thoughts or quaint innovations in expression,—but he has a constant supply of ingenious solutions and pertinent examples; he never prosés, never grows dull, never wears an argument to tatters; and by the number, the liveliness and facility of his transitions, keeps up that appearance of vivacity, of novel and sparkling effect, for which others are too often indebted to singularity of combination or tinsel ornaments. His style of eloquence, indeed, is remarkable for neatness, for correctness, and epigrammatic point; and he has applied this as a standard to his written compositions, where the very same degree of correctness and precision produces, from the contrast between writing and speaking, an agreeable diffuseness, freedom, and animation. Whenever the Scotch advocate has appeared at the bar of the English House of Lords, he has been admired by those who were in the habit of attending to speeches there, as having the greatest influence of language and the greatest subtlety of distinction of any one of the profession.

“ Jeffrey’s insulting reviews of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Montgomery all exhibit the original deficiency of the critic, *imagination*. His criticisms did great injury to the cause of literature. Poets dreaded the judge Jeffrey of our day, as much as political offenders dreaded the judge Jeffreys of James the Second. By criticisms such as his, true genius is defrauded of its fame for a time, and elegant and polished mediocrity prospers and flourishes. Where are many of the writers he has praised? Gone to oblivion with all their glitter. Where are some of the writers he has traduced and abused? Sitting on the highest pinnacles of fame.” (Cunningham.)

COBBETT,

born in 1763 at Farnham in Surrey, died in 1835.

COBBETT quitted his father's farm at the age of seventeen to come to London, but being displeased with his stay in that city enlisted at Chatham. After spending eight years in his regiment, he came to France, and afterwards went to the United States. He began his literary career by publishing at Philadelphia a paper entitled *Peter Porcupine*, in which he attacked the friends of the French republic. After his return to England, Cobbett began the publication of another weekly paper (the *Political Register*) which met with a very favourable reception. He was condemned in 1810 to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 pounds, but it was paid by public subscription. After leaving prison, Cobbett became leader of the radicals, and, by reducing the price of his paper to two pence, sold nearly a hundred thousand copies weekly. Being then obliged to take refuge in America, he devoted his time to the cultivation of a farm, and published the *English Gardener*, a book of the greatest utility. Cobbett's preface to his admirable '*History of the Protestant Reformation*' deserves to be studied by every lover of truth and antiquity. The limits of this sketch do not admit of giving even a list of his numerous works. He is not only unquestionably the most powerful political writer of the present day, but one of the best writers in the language.

PHILLIPS,

was born at Sligo in Ireland in 1788.

CHARLES PHILLIPS, who has attained considerable reputation as a barrister, is a relative of the famous Dr. Goldsmith. He was educated at the university of Dublin and afterwards became a member of the middle temple. After having practised for some time at the Irish courts, he removed to London. Here his eloquent pleading in the suit of Guthrie against Sterne excited much public attention. His principal pleadings are published in one volume; and his '*Recollections of Curran*' and '*Specimens of Irish Eloquence*' have met with the most flattering reception. His poems of '*the Garland*,' a monody on the death of Sheridan; the '*Consolations of Erin*;' and particularly his '*Emerald Isle*,' now in the 5th edition, have distinguished him as possessing great talents for poetical composition.

The eloquence of Mr. Phillips is brilliant, polished, pointed; but is also loaded with ostentatious ornament. He errs, however, on the right side; for much may be hoped from redundant fertility, but for the curse of barrenness there is no remedy.

MACKINTOSH,

was born in Inverness-shire in 1765.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was educated at King's college Aberdeen. He published a reply to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution, and animadverted in the Monthly Review, in a severe but graceful manner, on the *Regicide Peace*, another work published by Burke. That distinguished statesman invited him on a visit, and an intimacy being thus commenced, Sir James embraced the opinion of his rival. His dissertation on the study of the law of nature and of nations, which serves as an introduction to his lectures given on the same subject, was published and gained the approbation both of Pitt and Fox. The effect produced by these lectures was electrical and instantaneous, and this elicited a proud display of intellectual riches as well as an animated and imposing mode of delivery. His defence of the French emigrant Peltier, accused of provoking in a libellous attack the assassination of Bonaparte, then first consul, was a masterpiece of eloquence*. In 1803, he was appointed judge assessor of Bombay, where he founded a literary society. Being elected member of the House of Commons in 1816, he joined his old friends and vigorously opposed the system which the government then pursued. On the discussion of the Alien bill he supported the restrictions in favour of foreigners established in England previous to that year. In 1822 he was appointed, by a large majority, Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow for which Sir Walter Scott was a competitor. The title of French Citizen was conferred on him in 1791 by a special decree of the legislative assembly of France.

'Sir James Mackintosh is one of the ablest and most accomplished men of the age, both as a writer, a speaker, and a converser. He is distinguished more as a man of wonderful and variable talent than as a man of commanding intellect. On any question of general policy or legislative improvement, the member for Knaresborough is heard with advantage, and his speeches

* See p. 276—284.

are attended with effect. Sir James Mackintosh is understood to be a writer in the Edinburgh Review; and the articles attributed to him there are full of matter, of great pith and moment. But they want the trim, pointed expressions, the ambitious ornament of his early productions.' He wrote the splendid retrospects of English literature which sustained the fading glory of the Edinburgh Review.

SOUTHEY,

was born at Bristol, in the year 1774, died in 1844.

'SOUTHEY'S prose style can scarcely be too much praised. It is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of archaisms in its ornaments and occasional phraseology. The manner is perhaps superior to the matter, that is, in his Essays and Reviews. Southey may not always convince his opponents; but he seldom fails to stagger, never to gall them. He also excels as a biographer, an historian and prose-translator. His histories abound in information, and exhibit proofs of the most indefatigable patience and industry. By no uncommon process of the mind, Southey seems willing to steady the extreme levity of his opinions and feelings by an appeal to facts. His translations of the Spanish and French romances are also executed *con amore* and with the literal fidelity and care of a mere linguist. That of the Cid, in particular, is a master-piece*.'

MATURIN,

was born in Ireland in 1782.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, the subject of this sketch, was a clergyman of the Irish Protestant Church, and held the cure of St. Peter's Dublin. 'Montorio,' or 'the Fatal Revenge,' was his first attempt in romance-writing, and though composed at an early age, evinces great strength of fancy and feeling. Not only are the incidents and situations striking and romantic, but they are supported and executed with a force and talent equal to their conception. *The Milesian Chief* and *the Wild Irish Boy* succeeded Montorio—the former a romance, laid in Ireland, of powerful interest, and from which, we conjecture, the hint of

* See Biographical Sketches, Vol. II.

the 'Bride of Lammermoor' has been taken — the latter rather a novel than romance, displaying considerable knowledge of fashionable life both in Dublin and London. Then followed his tragedy of Bertram, which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816, through the interest of Lord Byron. Its success was almost unprecedented, and its author was immediately lifted into fame. His other chief productions are 'Women, or, Pour et Contre,' and 'Melmoth the Wanderer,' a work in which, though finely written, horrors are too much accumulated. Maturin undoubtedly possessed a splendid genius; both in verse and prose, he had in some particulars, but few rivals. It is to be regretted, that his merit was tardily appreciated, and that he was cut off just as he was gaining that notoriety and distinction which was so deservedly his due.

HOBHOUSE.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, one of the most distinguished members of the British parliament, was educated at Cambridge. He applied himself very intensely to the study of literature and contracted an intimate acquaintance with Lord Byron, which death alone put an interruption to. It was in his Lordship's company that he visited Greece and the other provinces of European Turkey; and though his talents and patriotism acquired great celebrity before his taking his seat in parliament, they shone there with additional lustre. At the time of Bonaparte's arrival from Elba, he visited France, and upon his return to England published on that event some letters which caused a great sensation. The publication which gained him the greatest celebrity, and led to his introduction into political life, was an excellent pamphlet which he wrote in answer to lord Erskine. It appeared in the latter end of 1819, and one part of it contained a severe attack on the House of Commons. This was construed into a breach of privilege, and the author was committed to Newgate, where he remained till the prorogation of the parliament. For this, however, he was amply repaid by the applause of the people, who warmly espoused his cause. So popular did he become that he was elected one of the representatives of Westminster, in spite of the combined influence of the Whig party and of the administration. During his whole political career he has shown himself the steady friend and zealous

advocate of liberty and parliamentary reform. His patriotic efforts have been nobly recompensed by his sovereign, who honoured him with a place in his councils as secretary of war.

DOCTOR MURRAY,

Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, born in 1768.

DOCTOR MURRAY was educated in the university of Salamanca, but his mind was untarnished by the smoke of the scholastic lamp, and he has a spirit of liberty within him which shows how compatible the ardent citizen is with the enthusiastic priest. He is meek, composed, and placid, and has an expression of patience, of sweetness, and benignity, united with strong intellectual intimations, which would fix the attention of any ordinary observer who chanced to see him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting his rank without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious; and even in reproof itself he does not put his Christian gentleness aside. His preaching is of the first order. It is difficult to hear his sermons upon charity without tears, and there is, independently of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, of which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters, that makes its way to the heart. When he stands in the pulpit, it is no exaggeration to say, that he diffuses a kind of piety about him; he seems to belong to the holy edifice, and it may be said of him with perfect truth —

“ At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn’d the venerable place.”

It is obvious that such a man, attended by all the influence which his office, his abilities, and his apostolic life confer upon him, must have added great weight to the proceedings of the Catholic Association, when, with a zeal in patriotism corresponding with his ardour in religion, he caused himself to be enrolled amongst its members. “The contemplation of the wrongs of my country (he exclaimed at a public meeting held in the beautiful and magnificent Catholic cathedral in Marlborough-street) — the contemplation of the wrongs of my country makes my soul burn

within me." As he spoke thus, he pressed to his heart the hand which the people were accustomed to see exalted from the altar in raising the host to Heaven. His fine countenance was inflamed with emotion ; and his whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which he was excited.—These are the men (alluding to several members of the Catholic Association) whom our government, in their wisdom, have placed in alienation from the state, and whose character has been sketched in the passage which I have quoted from the works of Dr. Doyle.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GREY,

was born in 1764.

Mr. GREY, now Earl Grey, during a long political career has constantly shown himself the zealous and eloquent advocate of the rights and liberty of the people. His efforts in the cause of parliamentary reform having been glanced at in his speech, p. 312, this sketch will be limited to the following estimate of his oratorical pretensions, from the New Monthly Magazine.—
 ‘ With this distinguished statesman will expire the last imitator of the Pitt—the stately grandeur — school of eloquence : not that I consider Lord Grey as at all possessing Pitt’s pretensions to the title of orator, but that majesty of sound and elaborate pomp of diction, and a steady equable flow of faultless periods, equally characterize his speeches. Lord Grey resembles Pitt, not only in the bright features, but in the defects of his senatorial character. There is the same sagacious application of general principles to particular occasions, the same application of sound, solemn, practical morality to political subjects—the same sonorous copiousness and polish of diction—the same evidence of elaborate preparation, and the same theatrical grandeur of mien and marmorean repose of manner, but without Pitt’s brilliant imagery and overwhelming sarcasm, and truly marvellous flow of the most perfect periods, and most melodious voice. —

‘ Lord Grey, as a debater, ranks only amongst the first of our second-rates. Placing Lords Plunket and Brougham out of the question, as men *sui generis*, far — with a long interval — above all their contemporaries, and without going out of the lords, we may unhesitatingly pronounce the noble ex-Premier as

inferior in constitutional knowledge and solid massive eloquence to Lord Grenville—in wit, fancy, and general acquirements, to Lord Holland—in perspicuity and elegance of statement to Lord Lyndhurst, and in every-day readiness and power of conciliating to Lord Goderich. But there is a moral air about the man, and a self-possession, and a deportment—which, aided by his tall, graceful, and imposing figure, well-formed, grave though by no means highly-intellectual features, and by his almost traditional reputation for consistency and proud integrity of conduct, imparts to his observations a weight which it would be impossible to conceive any of these noblemen in the possession of.

LANSDOWN,

was born in 1780.

The Marquis of LANSDOWN, President of the Council, during Earl Grey's administration was sent to Edinburgh to finish his education under the celebrated Dugald Stewart. He was brought into parliament very young, for the borough of Calne, and soon gave proofs of his being an able speaker. On the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the title and estate : his fortune is large, of which a great part lies in Ireland. From his profession of Whig principles he has been generally on the opposition side with Earl Grey's party in the House of Lords. Being one of the principal orators in that house, he has always been entrusted with the petition of the Irish Catholics and has faithfully advocated their cause, up to the period of its final success. 'As Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the 'Talents' short administration of 1806, lord Henry Petty gave some promise of statesman-like capacity : all that can be said of the Marquis of Lansdown in 1830 is, that his speeches now and then afford the signs of something more than common-place acquirement. It often struck me that this has been owing more to the Noble Marquis's position as leader of the 'Moderate' Whigs, than to a defect of native ability. As a Whig, out of office, he was necessarily on the side of the people against the aggression of Tory misrule ; as a 'Moderate,' he was as necessarily a trimmer in his advocacy of popular rights. Hence his acting, on the one hand, as a dead wall, for breaking the force of public opinion, as directed against the aggressions of the few ; and on the other, as a convenient

medium for refracting and blunting the rays of power, as directed against the will and interest of the many. Hence, too, what originated in necessity and design has ended in, I fear, an incurable habit. To make amends, however, Lord Lansdown possesses a manly bearing, and a character of highmindedness, which made him a useful ally in carrying the Reform measures of Lord Grey's liberal Government through their stages.'

PLUNKET.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM PLUNKET, now LORD PLUNKET, was born in the county of Fermannagh, in Ireland. His father was a respectable dissenting minister, and his brother, who died but a few years ago, one of the most eminent physicians in Dublin. Mr. Plunket received his classical education in Trinity College, Dublin, and commenced his law studies at Lincoln's Inn. His career at the Irish bar has been prosperous and irreproachable, equally distinguished for the researches of a lawyer and the urbanity of a gentleman. In public life, as a politician, he has been equally eminent, filling occasionally some of the first law offices of the country, and adding to perfect political consistency the highest powers as a statesman and an orator. In principles, he is considered as attached to Lord Grenville, and resigned his office as Attorney-General when the Whigs went out in 1807. His speech on the Catholic Question in 1813, considered at the time a masterly effort. The best specimens of his eloquence, however, are his speeches on the Union. If ever there were 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' they are to be found in those fragments, and will render his name immortal, not merely for the genius but for the indignant and inflexible integrity which they exhibit. At the time they were delivered, there was no bribe which would have been deemed too splendid to have purchased his acquiescence or even his silence; but his haughty spirit intimidated temptation, and he has not been without a better reward—his talents have made him independent, and the gratitude of his country ought to make him happy.

Since the above was written, Lord Plunket has become once more Attorney-General for Ireland: during Lord Grey's administration he was raised to the office of Lord Chancellor of that Kingdom,

BROUGHAM.

HENRY BROUGHAM, now LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, late HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, though born in that kingdom was educated at Edinburgh. The following extract is taken from his sketch in the New Monthly Magazine.

‘There is no place in which eminent lawyers are accustomed to appear which was not occasionally the scene of Brougham’s professional labours. I have seen him plead in the House of Lords—at the Privy Council—in the Court of chancery—in all the common-law courts, and before the lunacy commissioners assembled in the Gray’s Inn Coffee-house. But the peculiar professional home of the subject of our sketch was the Court of King’s Bench.—

‘To paint the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sarcastic scorn, were tasks congenial to Brougham’s powers. The excellence of knowledge—the nobleness of freedom—the stern grandeur of fixed resolution, all these were things which he spoke of as a man who felt them; but the softness of pity—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervency of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art.—

‘We can scarcely allude, for we are not sure that we at the moment remember them, to *all* the avocations connected with the public to which this extraordinary man has devoted his time; we might point to his addressing the students of the Glasgow University, or the Council of the London University—we might speak of his mornings at the Society for the diffusion of useful Knowledge, and his evenings at the Mechanics’ Institute, bearing all before him with the sway of superior energy and ability, which no one has courage enough to dispute,—but for those matters we have not room, and must beg to conduct our readers at once to the House of Commons, in which, for the last three years of his life as a commoner, Brougham had no rival who could stand a moment’s comparison with him. He was accustomed to take his seat near the Speaker’s end of the principal opposition bench, clad in old and ill-made garments of black, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, as

if it were his object to represent deep and dark reflexion, as well as the borough of Winchelsea. This was the place to see Henry Brougham in his glory...

'We should have wished to have compared him with Erskine and Curran at the bar, with Plunket and Romilly in the senate; to have weighed the usefulness of his labours, as well as contemplated the splendour of his genius; but had we done this, we should have written a volume, where our business was to write a sketch; — to his future biographer must be left the task of fully delineating his character and his powers. It would however, be unpardonable, even in so slight a notice as this, to pass over without a parting tribute of applause, to which we regret we are so unequal, his labours in the glorious cause of education and mental improvement. To his matchless energy, to his daring conception, and determined perseverance, is this great cause most signally indebted. The angry disputes of politics will perish, and be forgotten; the voice of the orator will be heard no more; and the thousands of hearts that beat with the inspiration of his eloquence, will be still as the turf beneath which they sleep; but even then, will our children, and our children's children, be tasting of that mighty tide of knowledge, which Brougham has done so much to set in motion, and myriads of instructed men will venerate his name.' (NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

It must be admitted however that a high sense of his own powers, and a contempt for those of other men, make him an indifferent critic. Into literature he entered as a partisan rather than a judge; he directed to expose, not to amend: it was his pleasure to utter a sneer instead of a sound opinion: and to speak ironically, when he ought to have spoken with gentleness and toleration.

• • • • •
 "Alas how changed is the present Lord Brougham from that Henry Brougham, who once led the van in the forward march of free opinion; whose hand was uplifted to strike the fetter from the slave, and whose voice sounded through the world as a trumpet in the days of the reform bill. The poet says that the recollection of former happiness aggravates misery; the severest censure upon Brougham would be to remind him of what *Henry Brougham* once was, and then to tell him what *Lord Brougham* now is.—We once looked upon him as one of

the lights of the age,—one of the safest guides in the yet untrodden ways to freedom. Who could have believed that the great advocate of the reform bill and the law reformer would have given a judicial opinion, that to meet in large numbers to procure changes in the legislature, was illegal,—if he was right, how illegal must have been the career by which he found his way to the woolsack ! In his endeavour to defend the monstrous judgment of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, he effaced as far as he could efface, with suicidal hand, the name of Henry Brougham from the muster roll of the friends of freedom. He was too old when transplanted into the ungenial soil of the House of Peers, and has withered at the top. Posterity however will describe him as he was when he grappled, and not unsuccessfully with Canning in the House of Commons (—"there were giants in those days"—), and will draw a veil, in mercy over the closing scenes of his career." (DUBLIN REVIEW.)

PEEL.

"SIR ROBERT PEEL started in life on the bigot interest—why? not because it suited the bias of his mind, which is really liberal, where there is no motive of ambition the other way, but because Canning was in possession of the opposite field. After Canning's death, the opportunity presently occurred of passing into the tide of toleration; he did so, and was execrated by the intolerants, and all but deified by the liberals. The same men who had worshipped Canning as the God of Liberty, then worshipped Peel as the God of Candour. It was blasphemy to say that he had either been insincere in his intolerant professions, or was insincere and interested in his conversion. Now, such has been his reverse, that those who were loudest in the praise of his greatness of mind in becoming an Emancipator, and who attributed to him all pure and exalted motives, are the freest in sneering at the ductility of his principles. Such is the injustice of party spirit. Read the *Globe* and *Chronicle* of 1829 on Peel's conduct on the Catholic claims, and read their cutting sarcasms a few years afterwards in reference to it. — The distinguishing characteristic of Sir Robert Peel's speeches is their perspicuity. Another great merit of his addresses is, that he

is always well made up on his subject, and never attempts to grasp more matter than either himself or his auditory can conveniently handle : a proof of great discretion which only the skill of experience could have taught him ; and which, aided by his plain, copious unlanguid English, will prevent his speeches from ever being wholly ineffective.'

This is not the place to discuss Sir Robert Peel's Irish policy. The bigoted and narrow-minded may rejoice at it, but their joy may be short-lived. The poisoned chalice may be presented to their own lips, and they may have to drink deep of the bitter cup they had intended for others.

The manner in which the state prosecution against O'Connell and others has been conducted, has flashed conviction on many minds, that Ireland cannot much longer be ruled as she has been. The symptoms of the coming earthquake have been felt, — not the earthquake itself. The accumulated wrongs of centuries of bad government are not to be cured by a trial ; but especially *such* a trial as that in the Court of Queen's Bench !

The ties which connect the two countries are daily becoming weaker, and a foreign war or other favourable juncture, concurring with the united power of a hostile faith, public opinion newly created, and a discontented population, may soon effect an eternal separation.

A final and satisfactory arrangement is devoutly to be wished, as nothing can be worse than a venal system that allows a foreign privileged aristocracy to create sinecure offices for their personal aggrandisement and obliges seven millions of Roman Catholics to pay immense sums in tithes, etc. to support about a thousand Bishops, dignitaries or incumbents of the Anglican church, the communicants of which do not amount to above half a million of souls. Such a corrupt system has not its parallel in either ancient or modern history.

LINGARD.

DR. LINGARD, an eminent historian and clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, has displayed considerable talents in defence of his religion, from the unjust charges brought against it by Protestant writers. In one of his publications on that sub-

ject, he stated that the Church of England was modern, compared with that of Rome; an assertion which so much irritated Dr. Kipling, that he was absurd enough to threaten the author with a process in Westminster-Hall, if he did not prove the truth of what he had stated. In 1809 he published the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' a work of considerable merit. Dr. Lingard, displeased with the system adopted by English historians and surprised at finding a great number of facts either omitted or purposely disfigured, undertook to write anew the 'History of England from the first invasion of the Romans,' a work which has met with the greatest success both in England and on the Continent.

To the merits of diligence, learning and critical acuteness, Dr. Lingard adds a talent for narration which we rarely find in authors distinguished for antiquarian search. His selection of materials from the voluminous works he has consulted, has been made with judgment and arranged with skill. His narrative is clear, full, and unembarrassed. — See introductory Essay, p. xxxiv, for his character as an historian.

O'CONNELL,

was born in Kerry, Ireland, about 1775.

On *our* side is VIRTUE AND ERIN—
On *theirs* is the SAXON AND GUILT.
Th. MOORE.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Alpha and Omega of Irish history, for the last twenty-five years; the representative of her virtues and her genius; her statesman, her orator, her liberator, her champion; the monument of her glory and the darling of her affections, received the early part of his education at St. Omer, and subsequently at Douai. His ancestors, who were chieftains of the O'Connell clans in Everagh and Clare ranked high in the councils of their country. Morgan O'Connell, father of the subject of this sketch, passed a princely life in his castle of Derrynane. His uncle the venerable Count O'Connell was general in the French service (Irish brigade), and several of his relatives distinguished themselves in the military service of Austria. Upon the Irish Catholics being admitted to follow

the profession of the law, he entered a student of the Middle Temple and was called to the bar in 1798. Mr. O'Connell, observing the degradation to which his fellow-countrymen had been politically reduced on account of their faithful attachment to the religion of their forefathers, has devoted his whole life to shake off the trammels of such unmerited bondage, and by his persevering and undaunted efforts has at last succeeded.

As a professional man, O'Connell is, perhaps, for general business, the most competent advocate at the Irish bar. Every requisite for a barrister of all-work is combined in him; some in perfection—all in sufficiency. He is in particular request in jury cases. There he is in his element. Next to the 'harp of his country' an Irish jury is the instrument on which he delights to play, and no one better understands its qualities and compass.—O'Connell, aided by Sheil, established the Catholic Association; but it was he alone who planned the Catholic rent, a fund which afforded relief to such free-holders as were oppressed by their landlords for voting according to the dictates of their conscience, as well as to those persons who were prosecuted in courts of justice for having defended themselves when attacked, or for having resisted the insults of the favoured party. It is to the Clare Election that Catholic Emancipation is in a great measure due, and such has been the animosity of the high Church party against O'Connell, that to please them the ministers of the day introduced into the Catholic relief bill a special clause for his exclusion from the House of Commons, in consequence of his having been elected previous to that bill being passed. O'Connell has represented the county of Clare with 325,000 inhabitants; Waterford, with 300,000 inhabitants; Kerry, with 260,000 inhabitants; and Meath, with 300,000 inhabitants; the county of Cork, with 730,000 inhabitants; he twice represented the City of Dublin.

O'Connell has been now for nearly half a century a busy actor upon an agitated scene. During that period no public character has been more zealously extolled, or more cordially reviled. To-day he is idolized by a people, to-morrow he is denounced from a throne. His name makes its noise with the million, and is engraven on every page of the book of politics of our time. He is the achiever of Catholic Emancipation,—the orator and Agitator of all Ireland—the lord mayor of Dublin and the hero of Repeal. O'Connell's career in the great world may be dotted

like so many milestones on the road of public events. His religious and political principles have long presented an unsurmountable barrier to his obtaining the highest judicial situation which his talents, his persevering industry and excellent character would otherwise have entitled him to. The administration of Lord Grey, however, at length thought proper to grant him a patent of precedence, an act which induced the friends of Ireland to hope that higher honours would be soon conferred as a recompense for the labours of one of her most distinguished patriots. The *Grand Agitator*, who prefers, to the envied honour of minister of the crown, an honour still more dear to his heart, the title of *Minister of the People*, refused to accept a place in Lord Melbourne's administration; but lent that ministry the support of his powerful influence to hinder the Tories from coming to power. O'Connell is constantly found at his post in the House of Commons; urging on measures calculated to produce a reform in the present corrupt order of things in his beloved country, and has been the means of the rejection of Lord Stanley's odious bill, having for its object to curtail the growing liberties of Ireland.

O'Connell not finding in the House of Commons sufficient sympathy for the interest of his country, addressed himself once more to all Ireland, proposing a dissolution of that antinational measure the Union. The Irish House of Commons voted their distinguished patriot Grattan a grant of fifty thousand pounds. The people of Ireland, who have been so unjustly deprived of their national legislature, resolved, by voluntary and annual donations, to recompense O'Connell for having spent his paternal estate and devoted his gigantic efforts to deliver his country from the abuses and profligacy of the Anglican church.—His patriotic endeavours, his admirable harangues and addresses to the people of England and Ireland tend to the same end; and entitle him not only to the admiration but to the gratitude of his country.

The following extract is abridged from his sketch in the DUBLIN REVIEW.

“O'Connell is not, of course, represented, as he used to be by his assailants,—a very incarnation of evil, a vampire, a noonday devil, a roaring lion going about seeking whom to devour. The day for such a tone is passing. Men have become tired of spitting at the sun, or of paying and applauding those who did. The plan now is to mingle falsehood and truth, censure and

praise; to admonish as a friend, that you may slander as an enemy.

“It is said that one of the chief means by which O’Connell has acquired his power and preserves it, is by flattering the people’s prejudices, by inflaming their passions, by unmeasured praise poured out upon whatever are the objects of their love, and unmeasured abuse poured out upon the objects of their hatred. O’Connell has made the people’s prejudices his own, because these prejudices were in favour of virtue and justice and rational freedom. He has described in thrilling words the wrongs which they suffered and still suffer. He who is reduced to slavery feels the weight of his chains a hundredfold more than he who was a bondman from his birth.

“O’Connell has often described the beauties of green Erin. But it is a lovely land, and the theme is one to fill the heart with emotions that quicken into resolves, and resolves that quicken into deeds. O’Connell appeals to the people’s feelings and to their prejudices : if he did not, he never would have rent the people’s chains asunder, nor bent — for he has yet to break — the rod of their oppressor’s power.

“Of all the popular leaders, of whom history or men’s memory has preserved a sufficient record, and who have had, like him, to combat against domestic tyranny, and whose whole influence and power rested upon popular opinion, not one, *not even one* can be found, who preserved such popularity, as he has preserved, so long, and who was less the creature of the people’s caprice, and who so uniformly resisted popular prejudice, when he believed himself right in resisting it.

“He has gone with prejudice — when it was right : we deny that he has gone with it, when it was wrong. To bear us out in our denial we need only point to a few notorious facts that have occurred since the passing of the Emancipation bill.

“We well remember the stand which he made against the abominable system of combination among the trades six or seven years ago. The Chartists were a party from whose co-operation O’Connell, if a mere popularity hunter, might expect to reap great advantages. Yet not only did he stand aloof from the contamination of their society ; he denounced them ; he held them up to the execration of his countrymen. And these things he did when their strength would have been (for the time) his strength ; when their machinations were embarrassing the power he was trying to weaken ; when it was not his interest to array

against himself a vast combination of popular talent, of deadly animosity, of great physical force. Men who never learned in O'Connell's school of politics stood confounded at seeing him not only casting away so powerful an auxiliary, but actually converting it into a hostile power.

“Again, the Irish poor law was certainly, at first, a popular measure. The great mass of the Clergy and the People were well disposed towards it. Here again the popular prejudice was wrong, and here again O'Connell set himself against it. Time has, it is true, proved the solidity of his arguments, and converted his prophecies into facts. Yet this is the man whose whole aim is, we are told, to practise upon popular delusions for his own base purposes!

“Again, the crowning glory of O'Connell's whole career, the great achievement which, though he did nothing else, or though all else that he did were forgotten, gives to his name a lustre beside which the renown of mighty kings, and conquerors, and statesmen, and popular chiefs, grows dim, is the achievement which he performed in spite of the people's prejudices, in spite of a habit which the misrule of centuries had strengthened. We need hardly add that we allude to the glorious principle of peaceful, legal, moral, and yet persevering—or rather, *therefore* persevering—Agitation, which he has not only preached, but made us to believe,—not only made us to believe but to practise—not only to practise but to embrace as a habit and a rule for ever.

“Oh, it was a splendid work to have awakened a whole nation that lay sleeping as if dead—to have braved successfully the greatest statesmen of the greatest empire in the world—to have conquered the religious, national, political and personal prejudices of Englishmen, and of many among his own countrymen—to have emancipated the Irish Catholics, whose emancipation, neither the fears of the dominant party during the ascendancy of Napoleon, nor the solemn pledge given or implied at the passing of the Union, nor the progress of the maxims of toleration, nor the advocacy of the most enlightened men, nor the eloquence of Grattan and Plunket, and the rest, nor the growth of religious indifferentism, nor the claims of humanity, or policy, or justice could have effected;—to have acquired in the great imperial parliament, on hostile ground, in the decline of life, and without the schooling which had been always deemed necessary for success on such a theatre—to have acquired an in-

fluence like to that which he was accustomed to wield over his own millions—to have turned out one ministry and kept in another—to have made proud and untameable members of the high nobility of England, like Lord Stanley, stagger, and writhe, and bite the barbed shafts of an eloquence cradled among the wilds of Kerry : these were, indeed, mighty works. But greater far, in our eyes, was the infusion of the new spirit of peace, order, virtue and perseverance, into the mind of the universal people—the breath of a new life breathed into the whole mass, and moulding its loose and jarring elements into moral beauty and power.

“ This is the glory of O’Connell. Not many years ago, the strength of the people was eaten up by jealousies, discords, despair, discontent, and apathy. Provinces, parishes, villages were divided. There was no common end, or common means, or common love, or common hope, or common faith. Spies and informers, and the rest of that loathsome brood of reptiles that increase and multiply under the malediction of unjust laws, fattened upon the folly and simplicity and weakness of the people. There were ribbon societies, and other societies, whose names we know not, or do not recollect, scattered over the north. The south was split up into a thousand factions. Among these parties there were nightly meetings, and watchwords, and appointed leaders. Their exploits were housebreakings, and waylayings, and pitched battles at fairs and markets, and burials, and even at weddings—but we need not enumerate what we all remember. They are gone, blessed be God!—they are all gone. The ribbonmen are gone—the Whitefeet and Blackfeet are gone—the Shanavests and Cravats are gone—the Three-year olds and the Four-year olds are gone—the bickerings between parish and parish, and between province and province, are gone—disunion and despair, and fickleness of purpose, and the old blindness and infatuation, are gone—the employment of spies, and of hired witnesses, except for the *exclusive* work of perjury, is gone—the professional employment of informers, and the old hangmen, and the old Peelers, and the old yeomen of the north, are gone. They are all gone. There is a new generation.

“ This, we again repeat, is *the* work of O’Connell. And how has he achieved it?—by flattering the bad prejudices of the people!—by making himself the pander of their passions! If this be so, then words have lost their significancy. What O’Con-

nell has succeeded in effecting, the very pastors of the people, beloved and revered as they are by the people, often attempted in vain, and hardly anywhere with complete success.

“A large number of the Americans have always exhibited a strong sympathy with the people of Ireland in their struggles for political rights. If there be any one vile passion stronger than another in the breasts of the slave-holding portion of the Americans, it is the untameable ferocity with which they cling to the practice and defence of their abominable slave-trade. Whoever dares to raise his voice against it among them, runs the imminent risk of having his brains dashed out in the open day. Whoever cooperates in the escape of a slave, runs the risk of being hanged according to the laws of the country. Such is the strength of the popular feeling on the side of iniquity. Yet against this feeling and this practice, O’Connell has brought all the powers of his massive intellect, all the brilliancy of his fancy, all the fervour of his heart to bear. He not only has denounced the slave-trade in its principle and practice, he loses no opportunity of denouncing it, he looks out for and makes opportunities of denouncing it, of vilifying it.

“In like manner he has always shown a cold, unfriendly disposition towards the great mass of the French Liberals as a party. He refused all communion with them, as was remarkably instanced in one of the most beautiful letters ever penned by him, written to one of that party some six or seven years ago. Now this line of conduct was to him most critical, and to one of less determined purpose to pursue the right path openly and at any risk, would have been, perhaps, fatal.

“O’Connell’s attack upon the French Liberals, during the restoration did him great injury through England; not so much for the attack itself as for the weapons he made use of. The English Liberals could not see, without surprise, O’Connell raising the old war-whoop of ‘atheism and infidelity’ against men seeking for the political rights of citizens, etc.” *

* It is hardly necessary to say that this sentence insinuates a gross slander. O’Connell attacked the French Liberals not for seeking for political rights, but for using, as a means for that purpose, the circulation of the most dangerous doctrines against religion; for seeking to establish their political rights on the foundation of Atheism, or Pantheism, or Deism.

There is no doubt that the fervent, uncompromising Catholic tone of O'Connell has been an obstacle to the triumphs of his principles, *in one way*, and *for the present*.

If ever man worked for the weal of his fellow men sincerely, zealously ; not to be purchased, not to be conquered ; the same through good report and evil report, the same in the day of hope and in the day of peril ; nor corrupted by flattery, nor embittered by slander, nor daunted by threats, nor deceived by promises, nor disheartened by defeat, nor made giddy by triumph ; nor too ardent in youth, nor too cautious in old age ; the severe censor of the people's faults and the idol of their hearts, the author of revolutions and the champion of the law, the friend of democracy and the respecter of rank, the terror of rulers and the prop of their authority, the trumpeter of agitation and the apostle of peace, the presiding spirit of the storm and the restrainer of its fury, the exciter and the chastener of a nation's passions, the announcer of truths to the teachers of men, and the silent listener in the porch of the temple and fervent worshipper at its altar—if such a man ever existed in the world, or could exist, that man is O'Connell.

His speeches in the case of Magee, the proprietor of the *Evening-Post*, of Blackwood *versus* Blackwood, of Mr. Barrett, the sensible and patriotic proprietor of the *Pilot*—his speech in the debate on the Reform Bill, in the Dublin Corporation, last year, place him in the very first rank of modern orators. It is not that he constructs periods of harmonious iambs and dactyls, like the orators of old. It is not that his speeches are imbedded with sentiments of deep philosophy like Burke's ; nor that they gleam, like Grattan's, one time with antitheses, another time with a crowd of striking thoughts, coming one upon the other, "like a quick fall of stars ;" nor that like Plunket's, the weight of the matter is only surpassed by the chastened and manly beauty of the language, in which nothing can be altered or taken away ; nor that, like Brougham's ("ere he fell flat and shamed his worshippers,"), they lift you up and bear you onward on a stream of copious diction, gradually rising and expanding like the sea. It is not that O'Connell surpasses, or even equals, any of these or other great orators in the peculiar excellence of each. The truth is that one of the qualities of his eloquence, which form its highest excellence, is, that putting yourself in the place of a hearer (and

this is the only way to judge of the real merits of a spoken discourse) you *see* no one peculiar, prominent excellence in it. There are in his speeches hardly any brilliant *passages*, little isolated gems, rounded and polished, perfect in themselves, and deriving little or none of their beauty from their connexion with what precedes or follows, or with the great object of the discourse. In this respect his style of oratory approaches, nearer than that of any other with which we are acquainted, to that of Demosthenes, in some, and these among the best, of his orations. We do not mean to say that there is a general resemblance in other respects; but in this the resemblance does appear to us very striking. O'Connell's first object, and beside which every thing else is forgotten, is to gain his point.

He fixes his eye first of all upon the goal, and he never turns aside his gaze until he has reached it. He, indeed, adjusts his dress, and braces his limbs, and measures the distance, and chooses the path that is least slippery and least obstructed; but, having done so, he forgets all but the one object before him.

There is another characteristic of O'Connell's eloquence. We allude to the extreme simplicity of his language, his perpetual avoidance of all false ornament, or of true, for mere ornament's sake. His repetitions—and no great orator since Demosthenes indulged in repetitions so much—never tire.

His figures and tropes are always parts of his discourse, furthering its end, like his arguments, and deriving their chief if not their whole beauty and force from the circumstances in which they are used. They are not, as in so many others, like flowers wreathed round him, bedizening his person and embarrassing his movements; they are parts of the armour in which he is clothed, or of the weapons which he wields. In the finest passages of his finest orations—among the finest that ever, from the lips of orator, swayed the judgment and the hearts of men, or made corruption tremble on the judgment seat—the words are common words, their construction most unartificial, the thoughts plain, and, *when expressed*, seem so obvious and natural, that the hearer for the moment imagines he himself would utter the same, if put into the speaker's place. We need only refer to one of the speeches we have already named, that for Magee, for illustrations of all we have been saying. One great cause—the primary one is the genius and judgment of the man—of these

characteristic qualities of O'Connell's eloquence is, that he is always in downright earnest. There never lived a public speaker, we firmly believe, by whom mere display has been more despised. To him tropes and figures and magnificent words and picturesque descriptions of themselves are as nothing.

Some critics are of opinion that O'Connell is "totally deficient in poetic feeling." This is of course meant as censure, but it is, in reality, the very highest praise. If by poetic feeling our critics understand that species of it which some one of the ancients called a drunken frenzy—poetic feeling which begets wild abortions of fancy, like fumes of intoxication, incongruous images, metaphors, whence, or what, or wherefore, no one can tell, broken and mingled and massed together, like bits of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope,—to the possession of this sort of poetic feeling O'Connell assuredly has not the smallest claim, and as little pretensions can he have to the softer inspiration which exhausts itself in images of flowers, and blushes, and murmuring streams, and such like materials of many a sweet song. He has very little in common with the poetical enthusiast or with the young lady who died the other day to the sound of an *Æolian* harp, or with any other of the ten thousand votaries of flash, or rant, or bombast. But that poetic feeling which grasps mighty realities—that poetic feeling which springs pure and healthy from the depths of a lofty and enlarged soul, and is nourished by the contemplation of great truths and heroic virtues, and by sympathy with real suffering for justice' sake—that poetic feeling which the great and good of all times have been, more or less, gifted with, as a power to help them in raising men's minds from the little to the sublime, from the base to the beautiful, in changing the hearts, in kindling the genius, in creating the new and nobler character of present and after generations—this poetic feeling O'Connell possesses, though fools cannot appreciate it, and the blind cannot see it, and the wicked hate it. His destiny is a high one, his mission is among men; his poetic feeling is of too lofty an order to be lost among singing birds and butterflies and gems.

And now, reader, after sketching his political character take a glimpse of his castle of Derrynane, his native home; where Whig, Tory and Radical are all entertained in the purest spirit of old Irish hospitality.—On the verge of a narrow creek formed by the Atlantic ocean, on the south western coast of

Ireland, and in the county of Kerry is Derrynane Abbey, the seat of O'Connell. The Mansion is of sufficient dimension to afford accommodation to his large family, numerous retainers, and a constant succession of visitors during the period of the year in which he is a resident there—the surrounding scenery is of a bold and romantic character.—The imposing beauties of that scenery have been described by himself in his own characteristic and exulting manner in a letter to Walter Savage Landor, the conversationist and poet.

“ I could show you at noon tide, when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely, mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean in majestic succession, expanding their gigantic force and throwing up stupendous masses of foam against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form an eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high steeped villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon imaginary intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long faded glories of that land which preserved literature and christianity when the rest of now civilized Europe was shrowded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes! My expanding spirit delighted in these day dreams till, catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter nor accumulating years diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth.”

O'Connell is undoubtedly the foremost man of the day; to be properly appreciated he must be seen and heard. He is the living justification of the beautiful character which Burrowes, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Irish bar, has given of Grattan.

“ I cannot repress my indignation,” exclaimed the eloquent Burrowes, “ at the audacious boldness of the calumny, which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberties and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in

the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labours and splendid achievements.—I remember that man the theme of universal panegyric—the wonder and the boast of Ireland for his genius and his virtue. His name silenced the sceptics upon the reality of genuine patriotism. Envy was lost in admiration, and even they whose crimes he scourged, blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered our then unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favour, or of royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye.—If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth, and to decay with the decline of our country be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots, who only become visible when their country vanishes.

“There is something most singularly curious and enviable in the fate of this great man; his character and his consequence, are, as it were, vitally interwoven with the greatness of his country—the one cannot be high, and the other low—the one cannot stand, the other perish; this was so well understood by those who have so long meditated to put down the liberties of Ireland, that, feeling that they could not seduce, they have incessantly laboured to calumniate her most vigilant centinel and ablest champion. They appealed to every unguarded prejudice, to every assailable weakness of a generous but credulous people. They watched every favourable moment of irritation, or of terror, to pour in the detested poison.—It will be found, on a retrospect of Ireland for the last thirty years, that her liberties never received a wound, that a correspondent stab was not levelled at his character. These impious labours cannot finally succeed; glory and liberty are not easily effaced. Our illustrious patriot and the liberties of Ireland will survive the storm.”

SHEIL,

was born in the South of Ireland.

This highly-talented and eloquent orator was one of the leading members of the Catholic Association. For a long period Mr. Sheil has retired from Bar practice and has betaken him-

self to another field where there was more scope for his talents, and where he could cultivate with greater ease those literary tastes for which his mind was so fitted. As a mere lawyer he never enjoyed any great reputation. The moment he got an opportunity, he bade a long farewell to the courts of law and equity. He has written some plays and has given, in a highly-coloured style, the general and political character of his countrymen. In his writings are to be met with the portraits of the leading members of the Bar as well as those of the Catholic Association, a description of the assizes in Ireland; and finally the grand drama of the Clare Election. The occasions on which Mr. Sheil has been brought before the public, were such as required a highly-animated and impassioned speaker, and as such he supplied that want. The notion that a fervid enthusiasm and a strong imagination are incompatible with the highest exercise of the understanding, is now classed amongst the exploded hypotheses of former times; and experience has shown that intellect is inert until impregnated by the fires of the soul. The absence of passion and enthusiasm on the part of a patriot struggling in the same cause that he did, would have formed a strong presumption of impotence in his temperament as destitute of these qualities, or misconception in his judgment in coercing them; and on the occasions on which circumstances required a different 'conduct' in his speeches, such as the case of Penenden Heath, we find our opinion of his graver powers fully verified by the chaster, more argumentative, and more philosophic tone, which he then ably and judiciously adopted. His admirable speech in defence of Mr. John O'Connell is one of his happiest efforts. It is in all respects worthy of his brilliant reputation. His vast power and capacity for producing dramatic effect never were displayed to greater advantage than on that memorable occasion. The Bar and judges had listened, entranced, to an orator who had earned almost European fame. During the Parliamentary debates of the last ten years, Mr. Sheil has fully realized the expectations entertained of his powerful eloquence, and may be most undoubtedly placed at the head of the oratorical list in the present House of Commons.

The reader is referred to the INTRODUCTORY ESSAY for the notices on the principal British Novelists, Historians, Biographers and Critics of the last fifty years.

THE END.

CONTENTS.

PRÉFACE de la première Édition.	I
PRÉFACE de la dernière édition.	IV

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY * :

	PAGES		PAGES
History of the English Language.	XI	last fifty years.	XXXVII
Taste.	XV	British Biographers of the last fifty years. . .	XXXIX
Construction of Sentences.	XV	Epistolary Writing. . .	XLI
Style.	XVII	Letters.	XLI
A diffuse Writer.	XVIII	Cicero's Epistles.	XLII
A plain Style.	XIX	Pliny's Letters.	XLII
An elegant Style.	XIX	English Letters.	XLIII
TILLOTSON.	XX	Historical Narration. . .	XLIII
Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE. . .	XX	Story-telling, with Examples and very amusing Anecdotes. . . .	XLIV
ADDISON.	XXI	Dialogue Writing.	XLVIII
Lord SHAFTESBURY. . . .	XXII	Description.	XLIX
Philosophical Writing. . .	XXIII	Fictitious Histories. . . .	L
Allegories.	XXIV	FIELDING and SMOLLETT. .	LII
Eloquence.	XXIV	SWIFT, DE FOE, and BERRY.	LIV
History of the Rise and Progress of English Eloquence.	XXV	British Novelists of the last fifty years.	LV
Irish Eloquence.	XXVII	Sir WALTER SCOTT. . . .	LX
English Eloquence during the reign of George III.	XXIX	British Critics of the last fifty years.	LX
Historical Composition. . .	XXX	Comedy.	LXIII
The great Historians of England : HUME, ROBERTSON, GIBBON.	XXXI	English Comedy.	LXIV
Dr. LINGARD's History of England.	XXXIV	SHAKSPEARE, JONSON, BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, DRYDEN.	LXV
The drawing of Character.	XXXV	CIBBER, VANBURGH, FARQUHAR, CONGREVE. . .	LXV
Cycles of Literature. . . .	XXXV	SHERIDAN, GOLDSMITH. . .	LXVII
British Historians of the		ELDER COLMAN, CUMBERLAND, GEORGE COLMAN. .	LXVIII

* The following observations on the different kinds of prose composition are chiefly taken from the works of SWIFT, JOHNSON, BLAIR, HAZLITT, Sir WALTER SCOTT, PHILLIPS, DRAKE, GIFFORD, GALT, DUNLOP, CUNNINGHAM, BULWER, etc. etc.; and from *the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, and the Westminster Reviews, the New Monthly Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine*, and the other most esteemed English periodicals.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

	PAGES		PAGES
The God of Nature. <i>Blair</i> .	1	his Son. <i>Burke</i> .	62
Address to the Creator.		The Painter. <i>Smollett</i> .	63
. <i>Shaftesbury</i> .	3	— Influence of Good Fortune	
Benefits of Rural Solitude.		on the Sentiments of Men.	
. <i>Hervey</i> .	3	 <i>Adam Smith</i> .	65
In Praise of Virtue. <i>Price</i> .	6	The Inconsistency of Man.	
The Vision of Mirza.		 <i>Kirwan</i> .	67
. <i>Spectator</i> .	8	The dead Ass. <i>Sterne</i> .	67
Youth and Age compared.		Nature. <i>Keate</i> .	69
. <i>Enfield</i> .	13	On a Taste for the Beauties	
Morning Scene <i>Lewis</i> .	14	of Nature. <i>Beattie</i> .	70
Address to the Sea. <i>Keate</i> .	15	Walk at Sunset,	
The Study of the Material		 <i>Mrs. Radcliffe</i> .	72
World. <i>Richardson</i> .	16	The Contemplation of Nature	
— Story of Obidah. <i>Rambler</i> .	16	an inexhaustible Source of	
— Advantages of a good		Enjoyment. <i>Fielding</i> .	73
Education. <i>Spectator</i> .	20	The party-coloured Shield.	
On the Immortality of the		 <i>Beaumont</i> .	74
Soul. <i>ib.</i>	22	Adaptation of animated Bo-	
The Mother. <i>W. Irving</i> .	26	dies to inanimate Nature.	
— Strength of Parental Affec-		 <i>Paley</i> .	76
tion. <i>Spectator</i> .	26	The Wisdom of Providence	
On Truth and Sincerity.		visible in the Works of the	
. <i>Tillotson</i> .	30	Creation.	
The Necessity of forming reli-		 <i>Sir Humphry Davy</i> .	77
gious Principles at an early		A visit to Bedlam. <i>Mackenzie</i> .	77
Age. <i>Blair</i> .	33	Création. <i>Blair</i> .	
Mispent Time how punished.		On study. <i>Bacon</i> .	84
. <i>Guardian</i> .	34	Filial Duty. <i>Aikin</i> .	85
On the Importance of Reli-		Fine Morality of the Gospel.	
gion. <i>Maturin</i> .	38	 <i>Beattie</i> .	90
From an eloquent Address		Woman. <i>Dodsley</i> .	91
to Deists. <i>Watson</i> .	39	The Torrid and Frigid Zones.	
— Address to Infidels. <i>Hall</i> .	40	 <i>Shaftesbury</i> .	93
Comforts of Religion.		Independence of the human	
. <i>Gregory</i> .	40	Mind. <i>Bolingbroke</i> .	94
Virtue, Man's true interest.		Inconsistency. <i>Law's Call</i> .	95
. <i>Harris</i> .	42	The Story of Alcander and	
Religion the Foundation of		Septimius.	96
Content. <i>Adventurer</i> .	43	— Church-yard. <i>Watts</i> .	100
On Honour. <i>Guardian</i> .	49	— Grave. <i>W. Irving</i> .	101
— Modesty. <i>Spectator</i> .	53	Comparison of our Saviour	
The bashful Man. <i>Anon</i> .	54	and Mahomet. <i>Sherlock</i> .	102
Resignation. <i>Bolingbroke</i> .	60	To the Sun. <i>Shaftesbury</i> .	103
Lamentation for the Loss of		Night. <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> .	104

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

	PAGES		PAGES
Beneficial Effects of a Taste		recommended. <i>ib.</i>	108
for the Belles Lettres. <i>Blair</i> .	107	Great Men have usually ap-	
The assiduous Study of the		peared at the same Time. <i>ib.</i>	109
Greek and Roman Classics		Four of these Ages marked	

	PAGES		PAGES
out by the Learned. <i>Blair</i> .	109	Character of SCHILLER and of	
On several Advantages which		some of his chief Produc-	
the Classics enjoyed		tions. . . <i>London Magazine</i> .	151
. <i>Blackwall</i> .	110	From Dr. JOHNSON'S Preface	
The old Critics to be studied.		to his Edition of SHAK-	
. <i>ib.</i>	114	SPEARE. <i>Johnson</i> .	153
A Comparison of the Greek		A short historical Account of	
and Roman Writers. <i>Felton</i> .	116	Athens. <i>Harris</i> .	160
HOMER. <i>Blair</i> .	118	The Decline of the Roman	
On the Odyssey of HOMER. <i>ib.</i>	119	Empire and Revolutions of	
— the Beauties of VIRGIL. <i>ib.</i>	120	Asia. <i>Gibbon</i> .	165
Comparison of HOMER and		— Irruptions of the Northern	
VIRGIL. <i>Pope</i> .	121	Hordes. <i>Robertson</i> .	167
On the Style of XENOPHON and		Capture of Rome by the Goths	
PLATO. <i>Knox</i> .	122	in the year 410. . . <i>Burnet</i> .	171
— DEMOSTHENES. . . . <i>Blair</i> .	124	History of the Limits and	
— CICERO. <i>ib.</i>	125	Extent of the Middle Age.	
CICERO and DEMOSTHENES		 <i>Harris</i> .	172
compared. <i>ib.</i>	126	Capture of Constantinople by	
LIVY and TACITUS remarkable		the Turks. <i>Gibbon</i> .	173
for historical painting. <i>ib.</i>	128	An account of the Destruction	
OSSIAN. <i>ib.</i>	130	of the Alexandrian Library.	
LUCAN. <i>ib.</i>	131	 <i>Harris</i> .	177
DANTE. <i>Edinburgh Review</i> .	132	Prospect of the Ruins of Rome.	
TASSO. <i>Blair</i> .	135	 <i>Gibbon</i> .	178
ARIOSTO. <i>ib.</i>	137	First Voyage of Columbus to	
CAMOENS. <i>ib.</i>	138	America. <i>Robertson</i> .	180
FENELON. <i>ib.</i>	140	Dissolution of the Long Par-	
VOLTAIRE considered as an		liament by Cromwell. . . .	
Epic Writer. <i>ib.</i>	142	 <i>Lingard</i> .	183
The French Tragic Writers. <i>ib.</i>	143	Reflections on the preceding	
CORNEILLE. <i>ib.</i>	144	Event. <i>Hume</i> .	187
RACINE. <i>ib.</i>	145	An account of the Siege of	
VOLTAIRE. <i>ib.</i>	145	Saragosa. <i>Southey</i> .	188
MOLIERE. <i>ib.</i>	146	The Destruction of Jerusa-	
LOPEZ de VEGA. <i>ib.</i>	147	lem. <i>The Wandering Jew</i> .	200
Character of GOETHE.		The Last Day of the Romans.	
. <i>Edinburgh Review</i> .	148	 <i>ib.</i>	206

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS AND LETTERS.

	PAGES		PAGES
JUNIUS BRUTUS over the dead		Stephen. . . <i>Lord Lyttelton</i> .	215
Body of Lucretia. . . <i>Livy</i> .	209	Fine and impassioned reply	
BRUTUS'S Speech in vindica-		of the Earl of Kildare to	
tion of Cæsar's Murder. . .		Cardinal Wolsey. <i>Campion</i> .	218
. <i>Shakspeare</i> .	211	From Lord MANSFIELD'S	
GALGACUS, the General of the		Speech on the Bill for pre-	
Caledonii, to his Army. . .		venting the Delays of Jus-	
. <i>Tacitus</i> .	212	tice.	222
The Earl of ARUNDEL'S Speech,		Lord STRAFFORD'S Speech,	
proposing an Accommoda-		before Sentence passed	
tion between Henry II. and		upon him for Treason. . . .	224

PAGES	PAGES
From Lord CHATHAM's Speech for the immediate Removal of the Troops from Boston in America. 227	Reform Bill, House of Lords, Oct. 3d. 1831. 312
— On moving an Amendment to the Address 232	— Lord BROUGHAM's Speech on the Reform Bill, Oct. 7th. 1831. 317
Lord CHATHAM on a Proposal to employ Indians in the War 235	— O'CONNELL's Speech on Church Rates and Parish Cess. 322
Lord ERSKINE's Speech on the prosecution of the 'Age of Reason,' a blasphemous libel. 236	— SHEIL's Speech on Educa- tion in Ireland. 328
— SHERIDAN's Speech upon the Begum Charge in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. 243	‡ IRISH STATE TRIALS 1843. Summary. 330
— GRATTAN's Speech on the Declaration of Right. 248	‡ From M. SHEIL's Speech. . . 341
— Upon the Declaration of Right being carried. 251	
— CURRAN's Speech in De- fence of HAMILTON ROWAN. 255	CHARACTERS.
— In Defence of Finnerty. . . 257	— TIMOUR OR TAMERLANE. Gibbon. 356
— Speech of CURRAN, in the House of Commons, Du- blin, 1790. 261	King ARTHUR and the ROUND. TABLE. <i>ib.</i> 357
— Speeches of BURKE and Fox on the French Revolution. Fox's Speech. 264	Character of ALFRED, King of England. Hume. 359
— BURKE's Reply. 266	— WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. <i>ib.</i> 360
— FOX's second Speech. . . . 268	— RICHARD I COEUR DE LION. <i>ib.</i> 361
Close of BURKE's last Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. 270	— Another of RICHARD I. Lingard. 362
From PITT's Speech on the Abolition of the Slave-trade. 271	— RICHARD COEUR DE LION and CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN. . 363
— Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH's Speech in Defence of Peltier. 276	— EDWARD I. Hume. 363
— The Speech of PLUNKET against the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. 285	— EDWARD III. <i>ib.</i> 364
— The Speech of the Marquis of LANSDOWN on the Failure of Lord Malmesbury to Ne- gotiate a Peace with France. 288	— Another of EDWARD III. Smollett. 366
The Opinion of J. C. HOBHOUSE in Respect to Parliamentary Reform. 289	— HENRY V. Lingard. 366
From JEFFREY's Speech on America. 291	— Lord FALKLAND. Clarendon. 368
Abstract of CANNING's Speech, on affording Aid to Portugal. 293	— HENRY VIII. Lingard. 370
From HUSKISSON's Speech on a Vote of Thanks to Sir E. Codrington for his gallant Conduct at Navarino. . . . 301	— CHARLES V. Robertson. 372
— PEEL's Speech on the Ca- tholic Question in 1829. . . 303	— FRANCIS I. <i>ib.</i> 375
Continuation of CURRAN's Speech in Defence of Ha- milton Rowan. 307	— ELIZABETH. Lingard. 379
From SHEIL's Speech on the Clare Election, 1828. . . . 309	— MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Robertson. 384
— Earl GREY's Speech on the	Description of JAMES I Sir Walter Scott. 385
	Character of CHARLES I. Smollett. 388
	— JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of MONTROSE. Sir Walter Scott. 389
	— CROMWELL. Hallam. 390
	— CHARLES II. Hume. 391
	— CLAVERHOUSE, Viscount of DUNDEE. Sir Walter Scott. 392
	— LADY RUSSELL. Barbauld. 393
	— WILLIAM III. Smollett. 394
	A Squire of Queen Anne's time. Grose. 395
	— BOLINGBROKE. Chesterfield. 397
	— MONTESQUIEU. Burke. 399
	— PULTENEY. Chesterfield. 400
	— Sir R. WALPOLE. <i>ib.</i> 401
	Lively description of King

CONTENTS.

777

	PAGES		PAGES
GEORGE III.	<i>Galt.</i> 402	LETTERS.	
Character of WASHINGTON.	<i>Ramsay.</i> 406	Letter of GAY to Mr. F.	441
—FRANKLIN.	<i>Edinburgh Review.</i> 409	POPE to the Earl of BUR-	
—PITT (Lord CHATHAM)	<i>Grattan.</i> 411	LINGTON.	444
—TOWNSHEND	<i>Burke.</i> 413	Lady M. W. MONTAGUE to the	
—PITT and FOX. <i>Edgeworth.</i> 414		Countess of MAR.	448
—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.	<i>Phillips.</i> 416	From a Letter of Sir WILLIAM	
Parallel between Napoleon		TEMPLE to Lady ESSEX.	451
and Cromwell.	<i>Hallam.</i> 418	JAMES Earl of DERBY, to Com-	
Character of GRATTAN. <i>Anon.</i>		missary General IRETON.	452
—CURRAN.	<i>ib.</i> 423	Sir WALTER RALEIGH to Prince	
Description of JUNIUS. <i>Burke.</i> 424		HENRY, son of JAMES I.	452
Character of KIRWAN.	<i>Grattan.</i> 426	Sir PHILIP SIDNEY to E. MOLLI-	
—BURKE	<i>ib.</i> 427	NEUX Esq.	454
—Father O'LEARY.	<i>ib.</i> 427	ALGERNON SIDNEY to one of	
Sketch of FLOOD.	<i>ib.</i> 428	his Friends.	455
The five first American Presi-		STEELE to POPE.	458
dents.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine.</i> 428	ATTERBURY, Bishop of Ro-	
Character of HOWARD. <i>Burke.</i> 433		CHESTER, to POPE.	459
—JAMES WATT.	<i>Jeffreys.</i> 433	GRAY to MASON.	460
—Doctor DOYLE.	<i>New Monthly Magazine.</i> 435	Dr. JOHNSON to the right ho-	
Contrast between CANNING		nourable the Earl of CHES-	
and BROUGHAM, in 1823.		TERFIELD.	461
with the Advice of the lat-		From JUNIUS's (Sir Philip	
ter to the students of the		Francis) Letter to the King.	462
university of Glasgow.		Dr. FRANKLIN to General LA-	
. <i>European Review.</i> 437		FAYETTE.	465
		To the Noblemen and Gen-	
		tlemen of the Caledonian	
		hunt. <i>Burns.</i> 467	
		Letter of the Princess CHAR-	
		LOTTE of Wales to her Mo-	
		ther.	469

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES AND DIALOGUES; WITH DESCRIPTIVE, HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	PAGES		PAGES
A Party at Vauxhall.	<i>Connoisseur</i> 473	Earthquake in Calabria.	<i>ib.</i> 526
Westminster Abbey.	<i>Washington Irving.</i> 478	Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.	
The broken Heart.	<i>ib.</i> 480	in 1717. <i>Berkeley.</i> 530	
—Story of Le Fevre. <i>Sterne.</i> 484		The Bold Dragoon.	
— — — a disabled Sailor.		 <i>W. Irving.</i> 533	
. <i>Goldsmith.</i> 495		Map of Italy. <i>Cobbett.</i> 542	
Sir Bertrand. <i>Aikin.</i> 499		A Dialogue between Addison.	
Execution of Mary, Queen of		and Swift.	
Scots. <i>Robertson.</i> 503		 <i>Dialogues of the Dead.</i> 543	
—Charles I. <i>Hume.</i> 507		Scene between the Jews Shy-	
Maria <i>Sterne.</i> 509		lock and Tubal.	
The Resignation of the Empe-		 <i>Shakspeare.</i> 548	
ror Charles V. <i>Robertson</i> 514		Humorous Scene between	
The Sword. <i>Sterne.</i> 518		Prince Henry and Falstaff.	
Reception of Christopher Co-		 <i>ib.</i> 549	
lumbus. <i>Roberston.</i> 520		Partiality. <i>Locke.</i> 552	
The Grotto of Antiparos.		Humorous Scene between	
. <i>Goldsmith.</i> 522		Dennis the Critic and the	
Matilda. <i>ib.</i> 525		Doctor. <i>Swift.</i> 553	
		Comparison of Watches.	
		 <i>Miss Edgeworth.</i> 557	

	PAGES		PAGES
Bayes' Rules for Composition, <i>Buckingham.</i>	559	Obstinate Battle between the English and Dutch Fleets, 1665. <i>Lingard.</i>	607
A Dialogue between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Young- er. <i>Dialogues of the Dead.</i>	561	The Hermit. <i>Shenstone.</i>	609
Humorous Scene at an Inn, between Boniface and Aim- well. <i>Farquhar.</i>	563	Venice in the Days of her Prosperity. <i>F. Cooper.</i>	612
Magnificent descriptive Dia- logue; in which Rebecca re- lates to Ivanhoe the Storm- ing of Front de-Bœuf's Cas- tle. <i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	566	North Cape. <i>Acerbi.</i>	617
Belcour and Stockwell. <i>Cumberland.</i>	571	Lake of Killarney. <i>Clarke.</i>	618
From a Dialogue between Shylock, Salanio and Sala- rino. <i>Shakspeare.</i>	573	The Cataract of Niagara. <i>Goldsmith.</i>	619
Miss Howe visiting the Re- mains of her dear Friend Miss Clarissa Harlowe. <i>Richardson.</i>	574	Description of a Valley in Abyssinia. . <i>Dr. Johnson.</i>	620
A Discourse between the Poet and Player. <i>Fielding.</i>	577	An atrocious Character. <i>Anonymous.</i>	621
Hamlet's Instructions to the Players. <i>Shakspeare.</i>	578	Great Plague of London. <i>Lingard.</i>	623
The Folly of disputing upon Trifles. . <i>Miss Edgeworth.</i>	580	Description of Sand-floods in Arabia. <i>Bruce.</i>	625
—Beggar and his Dog. <i>Mackenzie.</i>	581	The Simoom or hot Wind. <i>ib.</i>	627
Auction Scene from the School for Scandal. . . <i>Sheridan.</i>	585	On the Extinction of Ancient Manners. <i>Burke.</i>	627
Description of Constantinople. <i>Gibbon.</i>	589	Origin and Application of the Terms Whig and Tory. <i>Defoe.</i>	628
On Liberty. <i>Clarendon.</i>	595	Distinction between the two Parties of Whig and Tory. <i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	629
Eloquent Apology for Excess. <i>Erskine.</i>	595	On the Death of Nelson. <i>Southey.</i>	630
Liberty and Slavery. <i>Sterne.</i>	596	From Wandering Willie's Tale. . . <i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	632
On vanity. <i>Fielding.</i>	597	The Miser. <i>Hume.</i>	642
Faction. <i>Swift.</i>	598	The Life of an Editor. <i>Anonymous.</i>	642
On Drunkenness. <i>Fielding.</i>	600	Sheridan. <i>ib.</i>	643
Effects of Demosthenes's Ora- tory. <i>Sheridan.</i>	600	Royal Modesty. <i>ib.</i>	644
The Indian Anchorite. <i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>	601	A professor of Signs. <i>ib.</i>	645
Beautiful Description of the Castle of Udolpho. <i>Mrs. Radcliffe.</i>	603	The Vaults of St. Michan's. <i>New Monthly Magazine.</i> ...	647
Popular Customs in Ireland. <i>Lady Morgan.</i>	605	O'Connell's address to the people of England.	651
		The Pic-nic Party. . . <i>Album.</i>	654
		Infidelity and Christianity contrasted. <i>Hall.</i>	661
		View of Rome. <i>Eustace.</i>	664
		Celebration of divine service by the Pope. <i>ib.</i>	666
		Prospect from the Alps. <i>Baron Haller.</i>	669
		The planetary and terrestrial Worlds considered. <i>Spectator.</i>	670

INDEX TO BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

	PAGES		PAGES
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY	672	BURKE.	716
BEAUMONT.	674	COLMAN.	717
SHAKSPEARE.	674	BRUCE.	718
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.	678	KEATE.	718
BACON.	680	ENFIELD.	719
STRAFFORD.	682	BLAIR.	719
CLARENDON.	683	BEATTIE.	720
ALGERNON SIDNEY.	685	PALEY.	721
BUCKINGHAM.	686	FOX.	721
TILLOTSON.	686	PITT.	722
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.	687	CUMBERLAND.	723
DRYDEN.	687	MRS. BARBAULD.	724
LOCKE.	688	AIKIN.	725
FARQUHAR.	689	SHERIDAN.	725
SHAFTESBURY.	689	CURRAN	727
ADDISON.	690	GRATTAN.	728
CONGREVE.	691	ERSKINE.	729
STEELE.	692	KIRWAN	730
DEFOE.	692	RAMSAY	730
ATTERBURY.	693	WATSON.	730
FELTON.	693	FLOOD.	730
SWIFT.	693	MRS. RADCLIFFE.	733
POPE.	695	ROBERT HALL.	734
WATTS.	697	MACKENZIE.	735
BOLINGBROKE.	697	CANNING	735
BERKELEY.	698	HUSKISSON.	737
FIELDING.	699		
BLAKWALL.	700		
HERVEY.	700	* SIR WALTER SCOTT.	739
SHERLOCK.	700	JOHN GALT.	741
RICHARDSON.	701	MRS. EDGEWORTH.	743
LADY MONTAGUE.	702	WASHINGTON IRVING.	743
DODSLEY.	702	LADY MORGAN.	744
STERNE.	703	F. COOPER.	745
THORNTON.	703	JEFFREY.	746
SMOLLETT.	704	COBBETT.	748
CHESTERFIELD.	704	PHILLIPS.	748
LITTELTON.	705	MACKINTOSH.	749
HAWKESWORTH.	706	SOUTHEY.	750
GREGORY.	706	MATURIN.	750
GOLDSMITH.	707	HOBHOUSE.	751
HUME.	707	DOCTOR MURRAY.	752
CHATHAM.	708	GREY.	753
HARRIS.	710	LANDSOWN.	754
JOHNSON.	710	PLUNKET.	755
FRANKLIN.	712	BROUGHAM.	756
PRICE.	713	PEEL.	758
MANSFIELD.	714	LINGARD.	759
ROBERTSON.	714	O'CONNELL.	760
GIBBON.	715	SHEIL.	771

* With the exception of MATURIN, SCOTT, COBBETT, MACKINTOSH, SOUTHEY, all those whose names follow are still living.

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